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THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY:

BEING THE MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN ROBERT STOBO, SOMETIME AN OFFICER IN THE VIRGINIA REGIMENT, AND AFTERWARDS OF AMHERST'S REGIMENT.

XII.

LEFT alone, I grew numb and faint, and sat down on my couch with a feeling that rest was the thing I most desired on earth. The reaction from the tense hour I had spent, and the change from the iron climate above to the moist, malarious air of the dungeon also had their influence; so that, as I sat there, my eyes closed, and Gabord's last remark, which kept sounding painfully in my ear, floated away in fading echoes, and died. I was roused by the opening of the door. Doltaire entered. He advanced towards me with the manner of an admired comrade, and, with no trace of what would mark him as my foe, said, as he sniffed the air: —

"Monsieur, I have been selfish. I asked myself to breakfast with you, yet, while I love the new experience, I will deny myself in this. You shall breakfast with me, as you pass to your new lodgings. You must not say no," he added, as though we were in some salon. "I have a sleigh here at the door, and a fellow has already gone to fan my kitchen fires and forage for the table. Come," he went on, "let me help you with your cloak."

He threw my cloak around me, and turned towards the door. I had not spoken a word, for what with weakness, the announcement that I was to have new lodgings, and the sudden change in my affairs, I was like a child walking in its sleep. I could do no more than bow to him and force a smile, which must have told more than aught else of my state, for he stepped to my side and offered me his arm. I drew back from that with thanks, for there passed through me a quick hatred of myself that I should take favors of the man who had moved for my destruction, and to steal from me my promised wife, her life and character weighing little with him while working for his ends. Yet what folly to refuse advantages thus placed in my way! It was my duty to live if I could, to escape if that were possible, to use every means to foil my enemies. It was all a game; why should I not accept advances at my enemy's hands, and match dissimulation with dissimulation?

When I refused his arm, he smiled comically, and raised his shoulders deprecatingly.

"You forget your dignity, monsieur," I said presently as we walked on, Gabord meeting us and lighting us through the passages; "you voted me a villain, a spy, at my trial!"

"Technically and publicly, you are a spy, a vulgar criminal," he replied; "privately, you are a foolish, blundering gentleman."

"A soldier, also, you will admit, who keeps his compact with his enemy."

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"Otherwise we should not breakfast together this morning," he answered. "What difference would it make to this government if our private matter had been dragged in? Technically, you still would have been the spy. But I will say this, monsieur, to me you are a man better worth torture than death."

I grasped his meaning fully. On the one hand, he wanted the papers for the Grande Marquise; on the other, he guessed a little of my love for Alixe, and the jealousy of race and nature roused all the cruelty in him, which would, no doubt, have sent me to my death long ago had he not had a sense of humor — to see a longer sport.

"Do you ever stop to think of how this may end for you?" I asked quietly.

He seemed pleased with the question. "I have thought it might be interesting," he answered; "else, as I said, you should long ago have left this naughty world. Is it in your mind that we shall cross swords one day?"

"I feel it in my bones," said I, "that I shall kill you."

At that moment we stood at the entrance to the citadel, where a good pair of horses and a sleigh awaited us. We got in, the robes were piled around us, and the horses started off at a long trot. I was muffled to the ears, but I could see how white and beautiful was the world, how the frost glistened in the trees, how the cedars were weighted down with snow, and how snug the châteaux looked with the smoke curling up from their hunched chimneys.

Presently Doltaire replied to my last remark. "Conviction is the executioner of the stupid," said he. "When a man is not great enough to let change and chance guide him, he gets convictions, and dies a fool."

"Conviction has made men and nations strong," I rejoined.

"Has made men and nations asses," he retorted. "The Mahometan has conviction, so has the Christian: they die fighting each other, and the philosopher sits by and laughs. Expediency, monsieur, expediency is the real wisdom, the true master of this world. Expediency saved your life to-day; conviction would have sent you to a starry home."

As he spoke a thought came in on me. Here we were in the open world, traveling together, without a guard of any kind. Was it not possible to make a dash for freedom? The idea was put away from me, and yet it was a fresh accent of Doltaire's character that he tempted me in this way. As if he divined what I thought, he said to me — for I made no attempt to answer his question: —

"Men of sense never confuse issues, or choose the wrong time for their purposes. Foes may have unwritten truces."

There was the matter in a nutshell. He had done nothing carelessly; he was touching off our conflict with flashes of genius. He was the man who had roused in me last night the fiercest passions of my life, and yet this morning he had saved me from death, and, though he was still my sworn enemy, I was going to breakfast with him.

Already the streets of the town were filling; for it was the day before Christmas, and it would be the great market-day of the year. Few noticed us as we sped along down St. Louis Street and Mountain Hill, past the Bishop's palace, and on round the base of the hill. I could not conceive whither we were going, until, passing the Hôtel Dieu, I saw in front the Intendance. I remembered the last time I was there, and what had happened then, and a thought flashed through me that perhaps this was another trap. But I put it from me, and soon afterwards Doltaire said, —

"I have now a slice of the Intendance for my own, and we shall breakfast like squirrels in a loft."

As we drove into the open space before the palace, a company of soldiers

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standing before the great door began to march down to the road by which we came. With them was a prisoner. I saw at once that he was a British officer, but I did not recognize his face. I asked his name of Doltaire, and found it was one Lieutenant Stevenson, of Roger's Rangers, those brave New Englanders; after an interview with Bigot, he was being taken to the common jail. To my request that I might speak with him Doltaire assented, and at a sign from my companion the soldiers stopped, and Stevenson and I fixed our eyes on each other, in his a puzzled, disturbed expression. He was well built, of intrepid bearing, with a fine openness of manner joined to handsome features. But there was a recklessness in his eye which seemed to me to come nearer the swashbuckling character of a young French seigneur than the wariness of a British soldier.

I spoke his name and introduced myself. His surprise and pleasure were pronounced, for he had thought (as he said) that by this time I would be dead. I could see too that he was perplexed by my being with Doltaire. There was an instant's flash of his eye, as if a suspicion of my loyalty had crossed his mind; but it was gone on the instant, and immediately Doltaire, who also had interpreted the look, smiled, and said he had carried me off to breakfast while the furniture of my former prison was being shifted to my new one. After a word or two more, with Stevenson's assurance that the British had recovered from Braddock's defeat and would soon be knocking at the portals of the Château St. Louis, we parted, and soon Doltaire and I got out at the high stone steps.

As I looked round, it came to me how in this new country had been planted the roots of monopoly; how here there would soon be but two classes, the peasant and the petty noble. In this space surrounding the Intendance was gathered the history of New France. This palace, large enough for the king of an European country with a population of a million, was the official residence of the commercial ruler of a province. It was the house of the miller, and across the way was the King's storehouse, La Friponne, where the people were ground between the stones. The great square was already filling with people who had come to trade. Here were barrels of malt being unloaded; there, great sacks of grain, bags of dried fruits, bales of home-made cloth, and loads of fine-sawn boards and timber. Moving about among the peasants were the regular soldiers in their white uniforms faced with blue, red, yellow, or violet, with black three-cornered hats, and black gaiters from foot to knee, and the militia in coats of white with black facings. Behind a great collar of dog-skin a pair of jet-black eyes flashed out from under a pretty forehead; and presently one saw these same eyes grown sorrowful or dull under heavy knotted brows, which told of a life too vexed by care and labor to keep alive a spark of youth's romance. Now the bell in the tower above us rang a short peal, the signal for the opening of La Friponne, and the bustling crowd moved towards its doors. As I stood there on the great steps, I chanced to look along the plain, bare front of the palace to an annex at the end, and standing in a doorway opening on a pair of steps was Voban. I was amazed that he should be there — the man whose life had been spoiled by Bigot. At the same moment Doltaire motioned to him to return inside, which he did.

Doltaire laughed at my surprise, and as he showed me inside the palace said, "There is no barber in the world like Voban. Interesting! Interesting! I love to watch his eye when he draws the razor down my throat. It would be so easy to fetch it across; but Voban, as you see, is not a man of absolute conviction. It will be sport, some day, to put Bigot's valet to bed with a broken leg or

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a fit of spleen, and send Voban to shave him."

"Where is Mathilde?" I asked, as if I knew nothing of her whereabouts.

"Mathilde is where none may touch her, monsieur; under the protection of the daintiest lady of New France. It is the lady's whim; and when a lady is charming, an Intendant, even, must not trouble her caprice."

He did not need to speak more plainly. It was he who had prevented Bigot from taking Mathilde away from Alixe, and locking her up, or worse. I said nothing, however, and soon we were in a large room, sumptuously furnished, looking out on the great square. The morning sun stared in, some snowbirds twittered on the window-sill, and inside, a canary, in an alcove hung with plants and flowers, sang as if it were the heart of summer. All was warm and comfortable, and it was like a dream that I had just come from the dismal chance of a miserable death. My cloak and cap and leggings had been taken from me when I entered, as courteously as though I had been King Louis himself, and a great chair was drawn solicitously to the fire. All this was done by the servant, after one quick look from Doltaire. The servant seemed to understand his master perfectly, to read one look as though it were a volume, —

"The constant service of the antique world."

Such was Doltaire's influence. The closer you came to him, the more compelling was his fascination — an almost devilish attraction, notably selfish, yet capable of benevolence. I remember that once, two years before, I saw him lift a load from the back of a peasant woman and carry it home for her, putting into her hand a gold piece when he left her. At another time, an old man had fallen ill and died of a foul disease in a miserable upper room of a warehouse. Doltaire was passing at the moment when the body should be brought forth. The stricken widow of the dead man stood below, waiting, but no one would fetch the body down. Doltaire stopped and questioned her kindly, and in another minute he was driving the carter and another upstairs at the point of his sword. Together they brought the body down, and Doltaire followed it to the burying-ground; keeping the grave-digger at his task when he would have run away, and saying the responses to the priest in the short service read above the grave.

I said to him then, for it was not long after I came to Quebec, "You rail at the world and scoff at men and many decencies, and yet you do these things!"

To this he replied, — he was in my own lodgings, — "The brain may call all men liars and fools, but the senses feel the shock of misery which we do not ourselves inflict. Inflicting, we are prone to cruelty, as you have seen a schoolmaster begin punishment with tears, grow angry at the shrinking back under his cane, and give way to a sudden lust of torture. I have little pity for those who can help themselves — let them fight or eat the leek. But the child and the helpless and the sick it is a pleasure to aid. I love the poor as much as I love anything. I could live their life, if I were put to it. As a gentleman, I hate squalor and the puddles of wretchedness: but I could have worked at the plough or the anvil; I could have dug in the earth till my knuckles grew big and my shoulders hardened to a roundness, have eaten my beans and pork and pea-soup, and have been a healthy ox, munching the bread of industry and trailing the puissant pike, a diligent serf. I have no ethics, and yet I am on the side of the just when they do not put thorns in my bed to keep me awake at night."

Upon the walls hung suits of armor, swords of beautiful make, spears, belts of wonderful workmanship, a tattered banner, sashes knit by ladies' fingers, pouches, bandoleers, and many strong sketches of

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scenes that I knew well. Now and then a woman's head in oils or pencil peeped out from the abundant ornaments. I recalled then another thing he said at that time of which I write: —

"I have never juggled with my conscience — 'made believe' with it. My will was always stronger than my wish for anything, always stronger than temptation. I have chosen this way or that deliberately. I am ever ready to face consequences, and never to cry out. It is the ass who does not deserve either reward or punishment, who says that something carried him away, and, being weak, he fell. It is a poor man who is no stronger than his passions. I can understand the devil fighting God, and taking the long punishment without repentance, like a powerful prince as he was. I could understand a peasant, killing King Louis in the palace, being willing, if he had a hundred lives, to give them all, having done the deed he set out to do. If a man must have convictions of that sort, he can escape everlasting laughter — the final hell — only by facing the rebound of his wild deeds."

These were strange sentiments in the mouth of a man who was ever the mannered courtier, and as I sat there alone, while he was gone elsewhere for some minutes, many such things he had said came back to me, suggested, no doubt, by this new, inexplicable attitude towards myself. I could trace some of his sentiments, perhaps vaguely, to the fact that — as I had come to know through the Seigneur Duvarney — his mother was of peasant blood, the beautiful daughter of a farmer of Poictiers, who had died soon after giving birth to Doltaire. His peculiar nature had shown itself in his refusal to accept a title. It was his whim to be the plain "Monsieur;" behind which was, perhaps, some native arrogancy which made him prefer that to being a noble whose position, well known, must ever interfere with his ambitions. Then, too, maybe, the peasant in him — never in his face or form, which were patrician altogether — spoke for more truth and manliness than he was capable of, and so he chose to be the cynical, irresponsible courtier, while many of his instincts had urged him to the peasant's integrity. He had undisturbed, however, one instinct of the peasant — a directness, which was evident chiefly in the clearness of his thoughts.

As these things hurried through my mind, my body sunk in a kind of restfulness before the great fire, Doltaire came back.

"I will not keep you from breakfast," he said. "Voban must wait, if you will pass by untidiness."

A thought flashed through my mind. Maybe Voban had some word for me from Alixe! So I said instantly, "I am not hungry. Perhaps you will let me wait yonder while Voban tends you. As you said, it should be interesting."

"You will not mind the disorder of my dressing-room? Well, then, this way, and we can talk while Voban toys with fate."

So saying, he courteously led the way into another chamber, where Voban stood waiting. I spoke to him, and he bowed, but did not speak; and then Doltaire said: —

"You see, Voban, your labor on Monsieur was wasted so far as concerns the world to come. You trimmed him for the glorious company of the apostles, and see, he breakfasts with Monsieur Doltaire; in the Intendance, too, my Voban, which, as you know, is wicked — a very nest of wasps!"

I think I never saw more hate than shot out of Voban's eyes at that moment; but the lids drooped over them at once, and he made ready for his work, as Doltaire, putting aside his coat, seated himself, laughing. There was no little daring, as there was cruelty, in thus torturing a man whose life had been broken by Doltaire's associate. I wondered now and then if Doltaire were not really put-

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ting acid on the barber's bare nerves for some other purpose than mere general cruelty. It flashed into my mind that even as he would have understood the peasant's murder of King Louis, so he would have seen a logical end to a terrible game in Bigot's death at the hand of Voban. Possibly he wondered that Voban did not strike, and he himself took a delight in showing him his own wrongs occasionally. Then, again, it ran through my mind that Doltaire might wish for Bigot's death, to succeed him in his place. But this was put by as improbable, for the Intendant's place was not his ambition, or, favorite of La Pompadour as he had been, he would, desiring, have long ago achieved that end. And moreover, every evidence went to show that he would be glad to return to France, for in his heart he foresaw the final ruin of the colony and the triumph of the British. He had once said in my hearing: —

"Those swaggering Englishmen will keep coming on. They are too stupid to turn back. The eternal sameness of it all will so distress us we shall awake one morning, find them at our bedsides, give a kick, and die from sheer ennui. They 'll use our flags to boil their fat puddings in, they 'll roast oxen in the highways, and after our girls have married them they 'll look like kitchen wenches!"

But, indeed, beneath his dangerous irony there was a strain of impishness, and he would, if need be, laugh at his own troubles, and torture himself as he had tortured others. This morning he was full of an acid humor. As the razor came to his neck he said: —

"Voban, a barber must have patience. It is a sad thing to mistake friend for enemy. What is a friend? Is it one who says sweet words?"

There was a pause, in which the shaving went on, and then he continued: —

"Is it he who says, I have eaten Voban's bread, and Voban shall therefore go to prison, or be hurried to Walhalla? Or is it he who stays the iron hand, who puts nettles in Voban's cold, cold bed, that he may rise early and go forth among the heroes?"

I do not think Voban understood that, through some freak of purpose, Doltaire was telling him thus obliquely he had saved him from Bigot's cruelty, from prison or death. Once or twice he glanced at me, but not meaningly, for Doltaire was seated opposite a mirror, and could see each motion made by either of us. Presently Doltaire said to me idly: —

"I dine to-day at the Seigneur Duvarney's. You will be glad to hear that Mademoiselle bids fair to rival the charming Madame Cournal. Her followers are as many, so they say, and all in one short year she has suddenly thrown out a thousand new faculties and charms. Doubtless you remember she was gifted, but who would have thought she could have blossomed so! She was all light and softness and air; she is now all fire and skill as well. Matchless! matchless! Every day sees her with some new capacity, some fresh and delicate aplomb. She has set the town admiring, and jealous mothers prophesy trist ending for her. Her swift mastery of the social arts is weird, they say. La! la! The social arts! A good brain, a gift of penetration, a manner, — which is a grand necessity, and it must be with birth, — and no heart to speak of, and the rest is easy. No heart — there is the thing; with a good brain and senses all warm with life — to feel, but never to have the arrow strike home. You must never think to love and be loved, and be wise too. The emotions blind the judgment. Be heartless, be perfect with heavenly artifice, and, if you are a woman, have no vitriol on your tongue — you can rule at Versailles or Quebec. But with this difference: in Quebec you may be virtuous; at Versailles you must not. It is a pity that you may not meet Mademoiselle Duvarney. She would astound you. She was a simple ballad a year ago; to-morrow she may be an epic."

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He nodded at me reflectively, and went on: —

"'Mademoiselle,' said the Chevalier la Darante to her at dinner, some weeks ago, 'if I were young, I should adore you.' 'Monsieur,' she answered, 'you use that "if" to shirk the responsibility.' That put him on his mettle. 'Then, by the gods, I adore you now,' he answered. 'If I were old, I should blush to hear you say so,' was her reply. 'I empty out my heart, and away trips the disdainful nymph with a laugh,' he rejoined gayly, the rusty old courtier; 'there 's nothing left but to fall upon my sword!' 'Disdainful nymphs are the better scabbards for distinguished swords,' she said, with charming courtesy. Then, laughing softly, 'There is an Egyptian proverb which runs thus: "If thou, Dol, son of Hoshti, hast emptied out thy heart, and it bring no fruit in exchange, curse not thy gods and die, but build a pyramid in the vineyard where thy love was spent, and write upon it, *Pride hath no conqueror*."' It is a mind for a palace, is it not?"

I could see in the mirror facing him the provoking devilry of his eyes. I knew that he was trying how much he could stir me. He guessed my love for her, but I could see he was sure that she no longer — if she ever had — thought of me. Besides, with a lover's understanding, I saw also that he liked to talk of her; it was a pleasant subject to him. A hundred thoughts were rushing through my mind. But one, and the chiefest, was that I wished the hour was at hand when he and I could settle our affairs once and for all. His eyes, in the mirror, did not meet mine, but were fixed, as on some distant and pleasing prospect, though there was, as always, a slight disdain at his mouth. But the eyes were clear, resolute, and strong, never wavering, — and I never saw them waver, — yet in them something distant and inscrutable. It was a candid eye, and he was candid in his evil; he made no pretense; and though the means to his ends were wicked, they were never low. Presently, glancing round the room, I saw an easel on which was a canvas. He caught my glance.

"Silly work for a soldier and a gentleman," he said, "but silliness is a great privilege. It needs as much skill to carry folly as to be an ambassador. Now, you are often much too serious, Captain Stobo."

At that he rose, and, after putting on his coat, came over to the easel and threw up the cloth. What was my astonishment to find there a portrait of Alixe! It had been painted in by a few bold strokes, full of force and life, yet giving her face more of that look which comes to women bitterly wise in the ways of this world than I cared to see. The treatment was daring, and it cut me like a knife that the whole painting had a red glow: the dress was red, the light falling on the hair was red, the shine of the eyes was red also. It was fascinating, but weird, and, to me, distressful. There flashed through my mind the remembrance of Mathilde in her scarlet robe as she stood on the Heights that momentous night. I had no right to accuse him of producing this painful effect out of a shameful thought. I could do nothing and say nothing. I only stood and looked at the picture in silence. He kept gazing at it with a curious, half-quizzical smile, as if he were unconscious of my presence. At last he said, with a slight knitting of his brows: —

"It is strange — strange. I sketched that in two nights ago, by the light of the fire, after I had come from the Château St. Louis — from memory, as you see. It never struck me where the effect was taken from, that singular glow over all the face and figure. But now I see it; it returns: it is the impression of color in the senses, left from the night that ladybug Mathilde flashed out on the Heights! A fine effect, a fine effect! H'm! for another such one might give another such Mathilde!"

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At that moment we were both startled by a sound behind us, and, wheeling, we saw Voban, a mad look in his face, in the act of throwing at Doltaire a short spear which he had caught up from a corner. The spear flew from his hand even as Doltaire sprang aside, drawing his sword with great swiftness. I thought he must have been killed, but the rapidity of his action saved him, for the spear passed his shoulder so close that it tore away a shred of his coat, and stuck in the wall behind him. In another instant Doltaire had his sword-point at Voban's throat. The man did not cringe, did not speak a word, but his hands clinched, and the muscles of his face worked painfully. There was at first a fury in Doltaire's face and a metallic hardness in his eyes, and I was sure he meant to pass his sword through the other's body; but after standing for a moment, death hanging on his sword-point, he quietly lowered his weapon, and, sitting on a chair-arm, looked curiously at Voban, as one might sit and watch a mad animal within a cage. Voban did not stir, but stood rooted to the spot, his eyes, however, never moving from Doltaire. It was clear that he had looked for death, and now expected punishment and prison. Doltaire took out his handkerchief and wiped his cheek with it, for a sweat had gathered there. He turned to me soon, and said, in a singularly impersonal way, as though he were speaking of some animal: —

"He had great provocation. The Duchess de Valois had a young panther once which she had brought up from the milk. She was inquisitive, and used to try its temper. It was good sport, but one day she took away its food, gave it to the cat, and pointed her finger at monsieur the panther. The Duchess de Valois never bared her breast thereafter to an admiring world — a panther's claws leave scars." He paused, and presently continued: "You remember it, Voban; you were the Duke's valet then — you see I recall you. Well, the panther lost his head, both figuratively and in fact. The panther did not mean to kill, maybe, but to kill the lady's beauty was death to her. . . . Voban, yonder spear was poisoned!"

He wiped his face, and said to me, "I think you saw that at the dangerous moment I had no fear; yet now when the game is in my own hands, my cheek runs with cold sweat. How easy to be charged with cowardice! Like evaporation, the hot breath of peril passing suddenly into the cold air of safety leaves this" — he wiped his cheek again.

He rose, moved slowly to Voban, and, pricking him with his sword, said, "You are a bungler, barber. Now listen. I never wronged you; I have only been your blister. I prick your sores at home. Tut! tut! they prick them openly in the market-place. I gave you life a minute ago; I give you freedom now. Some day I may ask that life for a day's use, and then, Voban, then will you give it?"

There was a moment's pause, and the barber answered, "Monsieur, I owe you nothing. I would have killed you then; you may kill me, if you will."

Doltaire nodded musingly. Something was passing through his mind. I judged he was thinking that here was a man who as a servant would be invaluable.

"Well, well, we can discuss the thing at leisure, Voban," he said at last. "Meanwhile you may wait here till Captain Stobo has breakfasted, and then you shall be at his service; and I would have a word with you, also."

Then turning with a polite gesture to me, he led the way into the breakfast-room, and at once, half famished, I was seated at the table, drinking a glass of good wine, and busy with a broiled white-fish of delicate quality. We were silent for a time, and the bird in the alcove kept singing as though it were in Eden, while chiming in between the rhythms there came the silvery sound of sleigh-bells from the world without. I was in a sort of dream, and I felt there must be

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a rude awakening soon. After a while, Doltaire, who seemed thinking keenly, ordered the servant to take in a glass of wine to Voban.

He looked up at me after a little, as if he had come back from a long distance, and said, "It is my fate to have as foes the men I would have as friends, and as friends the men I would have as foes. The cause of my friends is often bad; the cause of my enemies is sometimes good. It is droll. I love directness, yet I have ever been the slave of complication. I delight in following my reason, yet I have been of the motes that stumble in the sunlight. I have enough cruelty in me, enough selfishness and will, to be a ruler, and yet I have never held an office in my life. I love true diplomacy, yet I have been comrade to the official liar, and am the captain of intrigue — la! la!"

"You have never had an enthusiasm, a purpose?" said I.

He laughed, a dry, ironical laugh. "I have both an enthusiasm and a purpose," he answered, "or you would by now be snug in bed forever."

I knew what he meant, though he could not guess I understood. He was referring to Alixe and the challenge she had given him. I did not feel that I had anything to get by playing a part of friendliness, and besides, he was a man to whom the boldest speaking was always palatable, even when most against himself.

"I am sure neither would bear daylight," said I.

"Why, I almost blush to say that they are both honest — would at this moment endure a moral microscope. The experience, I confess, is new, and has the glamour of originality."

"It will not stay honest," I retorted. "Honesty is a new toy with you. You will break it on the first rock that shows."

"I wonder," he answered, "I wonder . . . and yet I suppose you are right. Some devilish incident will twist things out of gear, and then the old Adam must improvise for safety and success. Yes, I suppose my one beautiful virtue will get a twist."

What he had said showed me his mind as in a mirror. He had no idea that I had the key to his enigmas. I felt as had Voban in the other room. I could see that he had set his mind on Alixe, and that she had roused in him what was perhaps the first honest passion of his life; that he was bent to win her. I knew — for he had talked of it many times — what his views on marriage were, and that he should think of Alixe at all in that connection showed the hold she had on him. But I saw also that, as he said, if the honest way was not easy, then he would come to other means. As he had told her, he was her hunter, and he would never give up.

What further talk we might have had I cannot tell, but while we were smoking and drinking coffee the door opened suddenly, and the servant said, "His Excellency the Marquis de Vaudreuil."

Doltaire got to his feet, a look of annoyance crossing his face; but he courteously met the Governor, and placed a chair for him. The Governor, however, said frostily, "Monsieur Doltaire, it must seem difficult for Captain Stobo to know who is Governor in Canada, since he has so many masters. I am not sure who needs assurance most upon the point, you or he. This is the second time he has been feasted at the Intendance when he should have been in prison. I came too late that other time; now it seems I am opportune."

Doltaire's reply was smooth: "Your Excellency will pardon the liberty. The Intendance was a sort of halfway house between the citadel and the jail."

"There is news from France," the Governor said, "brought from Gaspé. We meet in council at the Château in an hour. A guard is without to take Captain Stobo to the common jail."

In a moment more, after a courteous

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good-by from Doltaire, and a remark from the Governor to the effect that I had spoiled his night's sleep to no purpose, I was soon on my way to the common jail, where arriving, what was my pleased surprise to see Gabord! He had been told off to be my especial guard, his services at the citadel having been deemed so efficient. He was outwardly surly. As rough as he was ever before the world, and without speaking a word to me, he had a soldier lock me in a cell.

XIII.

My new abode was more cheerful than the one I had quitted in the citadel. It was not large, but it had a window, well barred, through which came the good strong light of the northern sky. A wooden bench for my bed stood in one corner, and, what cheered me much, there was a small iron stove. Apart from warmth, its fire would be companionable, and to tend it a means of passing the time. Almost the first thing I did was to examine it. It was round, and shaped like a small bulging keg on end. It had a lid on top, and in the side a small door with bars for draught, suggesting to me in little the delight of a fireplace. A small pipe from the side carried away the smoke into a chimney in the wall. It seemed to me luxurious, after the year I had spent in my miserable dungeon, and my spirits came back apace.

There was no fire yet, and it was bitter cold, so that I took to walking up and down to keep warmth in me. I was ill nourished, and I felt the cold intensely. But I trotted up and down, plans of escape already running through my head. I was as far off as you can imagine from that event of the early morning, when I stood waiting, half frozen, to be shot by Lancy's men. It is well for me that my spirits were ever capable of the quick rebound, else I might not now be writing these memoirs. I fell to thinking what joy this reprieve of mine would give to Alixe, and I was most curious to know what had occurred after she left me the night before. The night before — indeed, it seemed months since then, since I had held her in my arms, since her lips clung to mine in a warm sweetness, like a rose-leaf all dew and sun at once. Had she seen Doltaire? She must have seen him, or she would, as she said, have told all to the Governor; and that she had not done so was clear. I was sure that she had met Doltaire, and had come to know without doubt that he could and would stay the execution. Well, I should know one day by letter or from her own lips. I heard sooner than I looked for, as you shall see.

After I had been walking swiftly up and down for an hour or more, slapping my hands against my sides to keep them warm, — for it was so cold I ached and felt a nausea, — I was glad to see Gabord enter with a soldier carrying wood and shavings to light a fire in the stove. I do not think I could much longer have borne the chilling air, — a dampness, too, had risen from the floor, which had been washed that morning, — for my clothes were very light in texture and much worn. I had had but the one suit since I entered the dungeon, for my other suit, which was by no means smart, had been taken from me when I was first imprisoned in the citadel, the year before. As if many good things had been destined to come at once, soon afterwards another soldier entered with a knapsack, which he laid down on the bench. My delight was great when I saw it held my other poor suit of clothes, together with a rough set of woolens, a few handkerchiefs, two pairs of stockings, and a wool cap for night wear.

Gabord did not speak to me at all, but roughly hurried the soldier at his task of fire-lighting, and ordered the other to fetch a pair of stools and a jar of water.

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Meanwhile I stood near, watching, and stretched out my skinny hands to the grateful heat as soon as the fire was lighted. I had a boy's delight in noting how the draught pumped the fire into violence, shaking the stove till it puffed and roared. I was so filled, that moment, with the domestic spirit that I thought a steaming kettle on the little stove would give me a tabby-like comfort.

"Why not a kettle on the hob?" I said gayly to Gabord suddenly.

"Why not a cat before the fire, a bit of bacon on the coals, a pot of mulled wine at the elbow, and a wench's chin to chuck, baby-bumbo!" said Gabord in a mocking voice, which made the soldiers laugh at my expense. "And a spinet, too, for ducky dear, Scarrat; a piece of cake and cherry wine, and a soul to go to heaven! Tonnerre!" he added, with an oath, "these English prisoners want the world for a sou, and they 'd owe that till judgment day."

I felt at once the meaning of his words, for he turned his back on me and went to the window and tried the stanchions, seeming much concerned about them, and muttering to himself. Instantly I drew out from my pocket two gold pieces, and gave them to the soldier Scarrat; and the other soldier coming in just then, I did the same with him; and I could see that their respect for me mightily increased. Gabord, still muttering, turned to us again, and began to berate the soldiers for their laziness. As the two men turned to go, Scarrat, evidently feeling that something was due for the gold I had given him, said to Gabord, "Shall Monsieur have the kettle for his fire?"

Gabord took a step forward as if to strike the soldier, but stopped short, blew out his cheeks, and laughed in a loud, mocking way.

"Ay, ay, fetch Monsieur the kettle, and fetch him flax to spin, and a pinch of snuff, and hot flannels for his stomach, and every night at sundown you shall feed him with pretty biscuits soaked in milk. Ah, go to the devil and fetch the kettle, fool!" he added roughly again, and quickly the place was empty save for him and myself.

"Those two fellows are to sit outside your cage door, dickey-bird, and two are to march beneath your window yonder, so you shall not lack care if you seek to go abroad. Those are the new orders."

"And you, Gabord," said I, "are you not to be my jailer?" I said it sorrowfully, for I had a genuine feeling for him, and I could not keep that from my voice. I had no way of showing gratitude to him, for I did not dare give him gold. It was kindness in him to make it easy for me to fee his subordinates. He did not encourage bribery that I might find escape easier, but that they should not offer the unnecessary insult which he, of course, could not prevent; for if I complained to him he must remain silent, else they might suspect his attitude towards me, and my state would in the end be worse, and his own person in peril.

When I had spoken so feelingly, he stood for a moment, flushing and puffing, as if confused by the compliment in the tone, and then he answered, "I 'm to keep you safe till word comes from the King what 's to be done with you."

Then he suddenly became surly again, standing with legs apart and keys dangling; for Scarrat entered with the kettle, and put it on the stove. "You will bring blankets for Monsieur," he added, "and there 's an order on my table for tobacco, which you will send your comrade for."

In a moment we were left alone.

"You 'll live like a stuffed pig here, dormouse," he said, "though 't will be cold o' nights." Then, "There 's no wise man's wit like to a speck of a girl's in this world. Last night a lady gets an order to visit all the prisoners in this jail to-day, it being the time of the Great Birth. And down she comes here with her mother an hour agone, bringing all sorts of gifts, and she comes again this

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afternoon; and who 's to say her nay that carries an order from the Governor, if she says, 'Open dickey-bird's cage' — aho?"

I asked if I might see her alone.

He shrugged his shoulders; then said, "There are no orders. I must abide by old rules, but it may not be alone, I think."

"I do not fear to have you present," said I.

This pleased him. "The view is good from window," he answered quickly. "I cannot hear when I whistle 'Prenez-garde, Cavalier joli.'"

After another pass or two of words he left me, and I hastened to make a better toilet than I had done for a year. My old rusty suit which I exchanged for the one I had worn seemed almost sumptuous, and the woolen wear comforted my weakened body. Within an hour my cell looked snug, and I sat cosily by the fire, feeding it now and then with knots, and listening for steps without. The door at last opened suddenly, and I started up; but it was only Scarrat with blankets and some tobacco. He put them down without a word, and the other stood at the door, armed and on guard. I said nothing to Scarrat, but nodded my thanks, and he left, looking less malicious than on my first coming. It would have been easy to point a moral on the union of gold and complaisance, but I was too well content with the morning's events to reflect upon the mercenary spirit in humanity. I had a more pleasant prospect. I did not smoke yet; I reserved that until after Alixe should be gone. I did not know who had provided me with tobacco, but I suspected it was her gift, as it proved to be.

It must have been about four o'clock when there was a turning of keys and a shooting of bolts, the door opened, and Alixe stepped within, followed by Gabord, who, with a gruff "Monsieur!" closed the door after them. Alixe stood just inside the door, her eyes most bright, her face shining — so handsome, so full of nobility in carriage, such a deep look coming from her. Afterwards, when doubts and fears would cross my mind in bitter trials, when that she should stand firm for me and for her own truth and virtue seemed a task for angels, I would conjure her up as she stood there that moment, seeing me as one risen from the dead, and that perfect welcome in her eyes, that aspect of sincerity. Had she not proved her love? Did she not prove it then and after? I saw her lips frame my name thrice, though no word came forth, and my heart was bursting to cry out and clasp her to my breast. But still with that sweet, serious look on me, she put out her hand and stayed me.

Gabord, looking not at us at all, went straight to the window, and, standing on a stool, began again to examine the stanchions and to whistle. Then I stepped forward, and Alixe met me. She would not let me clasp her to my breast — she shrank from that in the presence of a stranger. But I took her hands and held them, and spoke her name softly, and she smiled up at me with so perfect a grace that I thought there never was aught like it in the world.

She was the first to break the sweet spell. I placed a seat for her, and sat down by her. She held out her fingers to the fire, and then, after a moment, she told me the story of last night's affair; not without some sighing and a little shrinking, too, for I could see how many things tried her in the hard part she had to play. As on the night before, her story was broken by a few questionings on my part, and by pauses on hers, together with whispered fears that Gabord could hear what we said. Though Gabord turned his head once or twice towards us, that was a matter of form, and I am sure he heard nothing. First she made me tell her briefly of the events of the morning, of which she knew, but not fully. This done, she began. I will

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set down her story as a whole, and you must understand as you read that it was told as women tell a story, with all little graces and diversions, and those small details with which even momentous things are enveloped in their eyes. I loved her all the more because of these, and I saw, as Doltaire had said, how admirably poised was her intellect, how acute her wit, how delicate and astute a diplomatist she was becoming; and yet, through all, preserving a simplicity of character almost impossible of belief. She had that faculty of seeing from thing to thing, of shaping thought to thought, of divining connections where all was obscurity to others, which is a kind of genius. I felt, as I looked at her, how that power, whose force I am sure she was far too modest to estimate, in one of lesser character might make havoc instead of blessing. Such qualities, in her directed to good ends, in wicked women have made them more tyrannical than kings or queens; and once Alixe said to me, breaking off as her story went on, "Oh, Robert, when I see what power I have to dissimulate — for it is that, call it by what name you will — when I see how I enjoy accomplishing against all difficulty, how I can blind even so skilled a diplomatist as Monsieur Doltaire, I almost tremble. I see how, if God had not given me something here" — she placed her hand upon her heart — "that saves me, I might be like Madame Cournal, and far worse, far worse than she. For I love power — I do love it; I can see that!"

She did not know that it was her strict honesty with herself that was her good safeguard.

But here is the story she told me: —

"When I left you, Robert, last night, I went at once to my home, and was glad to get in without being seen. At nine o'clock we were to be at the Château, and while my sister Georgette was helping me with my toilette — oh, how I wished she would go and leave me quite alone! — my head was in a whirl, and now and then I could feel my heart draw and shake like a half-choked pump, and there was a strange pain behind my eyes. Georgette is of such a warm disposition, so kind always to me, whom she would yield to in everything, so simple in her affections, that I seemed standing there by her like an intrigante, as one who had got wisdom at the price of something I had lost. But do not think, Robert, that for one instant I was sorry I played a part, and have done so for a long year and more. I would do it and more again, if it were for you. No, no, do not take my hand yet, dear, or I shall never tell my story. I shall only wish to sit and let my heart steep itself in gratitude.

"Georgette could not understand why it was I stopped all at once and caught her head to my breast, as she sat by me where I stood arranging my gown. I do not know quite why I did it, but perhaps it was from my yearning that never should she have a lover in such sorrow and danger as mine, and that never should she have to learn to mask her heart as I have done. Ah, sometimes I fear, Robert, that when all is over, and you are free, and you see what the world and all this playing at hide-and-seek have made me, you will feel that such as Georgette, who have never looked inside the hearts of wicked people, and read the tales therein for knowledge to defeat wickedness — that such as she were better fitted for your life and love. No, no, please do not touch me — not till you have heard all I am going to tell."

After a moment she continued quietly; yet her eye flashed out now and then, and now and then, also, something in her thoughts as to how she, a weak, powerless girl, had got her ends against astute evil men, sent a little laugh to her lips; for she had by nature as merry a heart as serious: —

"At nine o'clock we came to the Château from Ste. Anne Street, where our

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winter home is — yet how much do I prefer the Manor House! There were not many guests to supper, and Monsieur Doltaire was not among them. I affected a genial surprise, and asked the Governor if one of the two vacant chairs at the table was for Monsieur; and looking a little as though he would reprove me — for he does not like to think of me as interested in Monsieur — he said it was, but that Monsieur was somewhere out of town, and there was no surety that he would come. The other chair was for the Chevalier la Darante, one of the oldest and best of our nobility, who pretends great roughness and barbarism, but is a kind and honorable gentleman, though odd in his ways. He was one of your judges, Robert; and though he condemned you, he said that you had some reason on your side. And I will show you how he stood for you last night.

"I need not tell you how the supper passed, while I was planning — planning to reach the Governor if Monsieur Doltaire did not come; and if he did come, how to play my part so he should suspect nothing but a vain girl's caprice, and maybe heartlessness. Moment after moment went by, and he came not. I almost despaired. Presently the Chevalier la Darante entered, and, after apology, for he had been detained by an accident to his servant, he took the vacant chair beside me. I was glad of this. I had gone in upon the arm of a rusty gentleman of the Court, who is over here to get his health again, and does it by gaming and drinking at the Château Bigot. The Chevalier la Darante soon began to talk to me, and he spoke of you, saying that he had heard of your duel with my brother, and that formerly you had been much a guest at our house. I answered him with what carefulness I could, and brought round the question of your death, by hint and allusion getting him to speak of the mode of execution.

"Upon this point he spoke his mind strongly, saying that it was a case where the penalty should be the musket, not the rope. It was no subject for the supper-table, and the Governor felt this, and I feared he would show displeasure; but other gentlemen took up the matter, and he could not easily change the talk at the moment. The feeling was strong against you. My father stayed silent, but I could see he watched the effect upon the Governor. I knew that he himself had tried to get the mode of execution changed, but the Governor had been immovable. The Chevalier la Darante spoke most strongly, for he is afraid of no one, and he gave the other gentlemen raps upon the knuckles.

"'I swear,' he said at last, 'I am sorry now I gave in to his death at all, for it seems to me that there is much cruelty and hatred behind the case against him. He seemed to me a gentleman of force and fearlessness, and what he said had weight. Why was the gentleman not exchanged long ago? He was here three years before he was tried on this charge. Ay, there 's the point. Other prisoners were exchanged — why not he? If the gentleman is not given a decent death, after these years of captivity, I swear I will not leave Kamaraska again to set foot in Quebec.'

"At that the Governor gravely said, 'These are matters for our Council, dear Chevalier.' To this the Chevalier replied, 'I meant not reflection on your Excellency, but you are good enough to let the opinions of gentlemen not so wise as you weigh with you in your efforts to be just; and I have ever held that one wise autocrat was worth a score of juries.' There was an instant's pause, and then my father said quietly, 'If his Excellency had always councilors and colleagues like the Chevalier la Darante, his path would be easier, and Canada happier and richer.' This settled the matter, for the Governor, looking at them both for a moment, suddenly said, 'Gentlemen, you shall have your way, and I thank you

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for your confidence. If the ladies will pardon a sort of council of state here!' he added. You can guess that to ladies who see so little how men manage great affairs such a scene had interest, and what it was to myself you know well. The Governor called a servant, and ordered pen, ink, and paper; and there before us all he wrote an order to Gabord, your jailer, to be delivered before midnight.

"He had begun to read it aloud to us, when the curtains of the entrance-door parted, and Monsieur Doltaire stepped inside. The Governor did not hear him, and Monsieur stood for a moment listening. When the reading was finished, he gave a dry little laugh, and came down to the Governor, apologizing for his lateness, and bowing to the rest of us. He did not look at me at all, but once he glanced keenly at my father, and I felt sure that he had heard my father's words to the Governor.

"'Have the ladies been made councilors?' he asked lightly, and took his seat, which was opposite to mine. 'Have they all conspired to give a criminal one less episode in his life for which to blush? . . . May I not join the conspiracy?' he added, glancing round, and lifting a glass of wine. Not even yet had he looked at me. Then he waved his glass the circuit of the table, and said, 'I drink to the councilors, and applaud the conspirators,' and as he raised his glass to his lips his eyes came abruptly to mine and stayed, and he bowed profoundly. He drank, still looking, and then turned again to the Governor. I felt my heart stand still. Did he suspect my love for you, Robert? Had he discovered something? Was Gabord a traitor to us? Had I been watched, detected? I could have shrieked at the suspense. I was like one suddenly faced with a dreadful accusation, with which was a great fear. But I held myself still — oh, so still, so still — and as in a dream I heard the Governor say pleasantly, 'I would I had such conspirators always by me. I am sure you would wish them to take more responsibility than you will now assume in Canada.' Doltaire bowed and smiled, and the Governor went on: 'I am sure you will approve of Captain Stobo being shot instead of hanged. But indeed it has been my good friend the Chevalier la Darante who has given me the best council I have held in many a day.'

"To this Monsieur Doltaire replied, 'A council unknown to statute, but approved of those who stand for etiquette with one's foes at any cost. For myself, it is so unpleasant to think of the rope'" (here Alixe hid her face in her hands for a moment) "'that I should eat no breakfast to-morrow, if the gentleman from Virginia were to hang.' It was impossible to tell from his tone what was in his mind, and I dared not think of his failure to interfere as he had promised me. As yet he had done nothing, I could see, and in eight or nine hours more you were to die. He did not look at me again for some time, but talked to my mother and my father and the Chevalier la Darante, commenting on affairs in France and the war between our countries, but saying nothing of where he had been during the past week. He seemed paler and thinner than when I last saw him, and I felt that something had happened to him. You shall hear soon what it was.

"At last he turned from the Chevalier to me, and said, 'When did you hear from your brother, mademoiselle?' I told him; and he added, 'I have had a letter since, and after supper, if you will permit me, I will tell you of it.' Turning to my father and my mother, he assured them of Juste's well-being, and afterwards engaged in talk with the Governor, to whom he seemed to defer. When we all rose to go to the salon, he offered my mother his arm, and I went in upon the arm of the good Chevalier. In a few moments Monsieur Doltaire

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came to me, and remarked cheerfully, 'In this farther corner where the spinet sounds most we can talk best;' and we went near to the spinet, where Madame Lotbinière was playing. 'It is true,' he began, 'that I have had a letter from your brother. He begs me to use influence for his advancement. You see he writes to me instead of to the Governor. You can guess how I stand in France. Well, we shall see what I may do. . . . Have you not wondered concerning me this week?' he asked; and I said to him, 'I scarce expected you till after to-morrow, when you would plead some accident as cause for not fulfilling your pretty little boast.' He looked at me sharply for a minute, and then said, 'A pretty *little* boast, is it? H'm! you touch great things with light fingers.' I nodded. 'Yes,' said I, 'when I have no great faith.' 'You have marvelous coldness for a girl that promised warmth in her youth. Even I, who am old in these matters, cannot think of this Stobo's death without a twinge, for it is not like an affair of battle; but you seem to think of it in its relation to my "boast," as you call it. Is it not so?'

"I scarcely knew what to reply, but the natural thing came to me, and I said with apparent indignation, 'No, no, you must not make me out so cruel. I am not. No woman likes to hear of a fellow-creature being hanged or shot, and I am not so hard-hearted as you think. My brother is well — I have no feeling against Captain Stobo on his account; and as for spying — well, it is only a painful epithet for what is done here and everywhere all the time.' 'Dear me, dear me,' he said lightly, 'what a mind you have for argument! — a born casuist; and yet, like all women, you would let your sympathy rule you in matters of state. But come,' he added, 'where do you think I have been?' It was hard to answer him gayly, and yet it must be done, and so I said, 'You have probably put yourself in prison, that you should not keep your boast.' 'I have been in prison,' he answered, 'and I was on the wrong side, with no key.' I did not understand him, and I questioned him. 'I was locked in a chest-room of the Intendance,' he explained, 'but as yet I do not know by whom, nor am I sure why. After two days without food or drink, I managed to get out through the barred window. I spent three days in my room, ill, and here I am. You must not speak of this — you will not?' he asked me. 'To no one,' I answered gayly, 'but my other self.' 'Where is your other self?' he asked. 'In here,' I said, touching my bosom. I did not mean to turn my head away when I said it, but indeed I felt I could not look him in the eyes at the moment, for I was thinking of you.

"He mistook me; he thought I was coquetting with him, and he leaned forward to speak in my ear, so that I could feel his breath on my cheek. I turned faint, for I saw how terrible was this game I was playing; but oh, Robert, Robert," — her hands fluttered towards me, then drew back, — "it was for your sake, for your sake, that I let his hand rest on mine an instant, as he said, 'I am going hunting *there* to find your other self. Shall I know the face if I see it?' I drew my hand away, for it was torture to me, and I hated him, but I only said a little scornfully, 'You do not stand by your words. You said' — here I laughed a little disdainfully — 'that you would meet the first test to prove your right to follow the second boast.'

"He got to his feet, and said in a low, firm voice, 'Your memory is excellent, your aplomb perfect. You are young to know it all so well. But you bring your own punishment,' he added, with a wicked smile, 'and you shall pay hereafter. I am going to the Governor. Bigot has arrived, and is with Madame Cournal yonder. You shall have proof in half an hour.'

"At that he left me. An idea oc-

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curred to me. If he succeeded in staying your execution, you would in all likelihood be placed in the common jail. I would try to get an order from the Governor to visit the jail to distribute gifts to the prisoners, as my mother and I had done before on the day before Christmas. I asked my mother if I might beg the order of his Excellency, and she consented. So, while Doltaire was passing with Bigot and the Chevalier la Darante into another room, I asked the Governor; and that very moment, at my wish, he had his secretary write the order, which he countersigned and handed me, with a gift of gold for the prisoners. As he left my mother and myself, Monsieur Doltaire came back with Bigot, and, approaching the Governor, they led him away, engaging at once in serious talk. One thing I noticed: as Doltaire and Bigot came up, I could see Doltaire eying the Intendant askance, as though he would read treachery. For I feel sure that it was Bigot who contrived to have Doltaire shut up in the chest-room. I cannot guess the reason, quite, unless it be true, what gossips say, that Bigot is jealous of the notice Madame Cournal has given Doltaire, who visits much at her house.

"Well, they asked me to sing, and so I did; and can you guess what it was? Even the *voyageurs*' song,

'Brothers, we go to the Scarlet Hills,
(Little gold sun, come out of the dawn!)'

I know not how I sang it, for my heart, my thoughts, were far away in a whirl of clouds and mist, as you may see a flock of wild ducks in the haze upon a river, flying they know not whither, save that they follow the sound of the stream. I was just ending the song when Monsieur Doltaire leaned over me, and said in my ear, 'To-morrow I shall invite Monsieur Stobo from the scaffold to my breakfast-table — or, better still, invite myself to his own.' His hand caught mine, as I gave a little cry; for when I felt sure of your reprieve, I could not, Robert, I could not keep it back. He thought I was startled at his hand-pressure, and did not guess the real cause.

"'I have met one challenge, and I shall meet the other,' he said quickly. 'It is not so much a matter of power, either; it is that engine opportunity. You and I should go far in this wicked world,' he added. 'We think together, we see through ladders. I admire you, mademoiselle. Some men will say they love you; and they should, or they have no taste; and the more they love you, the better pleased am I — if you are best pleased with me. But it is possible for men to love and not to admire. It is a foolish thing to say that reverence must go with love. I know men who have lost their heads and their souls for women whom they knew infamous. But when one admires where one loves, then in the ebb and flow of passion the heart is safe, for admiration holds when the sense is cold.'

"You know well, Robert, how clever he is; how, listening to him, you must admit his talent and his power. But oh, believe that, though I am full of wonder at his cleverness, I cannot bear him very near me."

She paused. I looked most gravely at her, as well one might who saw so sweet a maid employing her heart thus, and the danger that faced her. She misread my look a little, maybe, for she said at once: —

"I must be honest with you, and so I tell you all — all, else the part I play were not possible to me. To you I can speak plainly, pour out my soul. Do not fear for me. I see a battle coming between that man and me, but I shall fight it stoutly, worthily, so that in this, at least, I shall never have to blush for you that you loved me. Be patient, Robert, and never doubt me; for that would make me close the doors of my heart, though I should never cease to aid you, never weary in labor for your well-being. If these things, and fight-

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ing all these wicked men, to make Doltaire help me to save you, have schooled to action some worse parts of me, there is yet in me that which shall never be brought low, never be dragged to the level of Versailles or the Château Bigot — never!"

She looked at me with such dignity and pride that my eyes filled with tears, and, not to be stayed, I reached out and took her hands, and would have clasped her to my breast, but she held back from me.

"You believe in me, Robert?" she said most earnestly. "You will never doubt me? You know that I am true and loyal."

"I believe in God, and you," I answered firmly and reverently, and then I took her in my arms and kissed her. I did not care at all whether or no Gabord saw; but indeed he did not, as Alixe told me afterwards, for, woman-like, even in this sweet crisis she had an eye for such details.

"What more said he?" I asked, my heart beating hard in the joy of that embrace.

"No more, or little more, for my mother came that instant and brought me to talk with the Chevalier la Darante, who wished to ask me for next summer to Kamaraska or Isle aux Coudres, where he has manor houses. Before I left Monsieur Doltaire, he said, 'I never made a promise but I wished to break it. This one shall balance all I 've broken, for I 'll never unwish it.'

"My mother heard this, and so I summoned all my will, and said gayly, 'Poor broken crockery! You stand a tower among the ruins.' This pleased him, and he answered, 'On the tower base is written, This crockery outlives all others.' My mother looked sharply at me, but said nothing, for she has come to think that I am heartless and cold to men and to the world, selfish in many things."

At this moment Gabord turned round, saying, "'T is time to be done. Madame comes."

"It is my mother," said Alixe, standing up, and hastily placing her hands in mine. "I must be gone. Good-by, good-by."

There was no chance for further adieu, and I saw her pass out with Gabord; but she turned at the last, and said in English, for she knew it a little now, "Believe, and remember."

Then the door closed, and she was gone. But from my window, not long after, I saw her and her mother pass across the yard and through a gateway, which closed after them. She did not look back; perhaps for fear of her mother's suspicion.

Gilbert Parker.

THE SHIP OF STATE AND THE STROKE OF FATE.

THERE has been in the last year a great revival of interest in Horace, — if one can speak of reviving what has never died or even slept. When Augustus Cæsar, in the year 17 B. C., called the whole people to behold the more than Centennial show, which none had ever seen before, nor ever should see again, the solemn record which he entrusted to marble, and which has only been unearthed in the last few years, set forth that "Quintus Horatius Flaccus composed the song;" the hymn, that is, to Apollo and Diana, which we call Carmen Sæculare. Horace had then risen, in spite of all detraction, to the first place among the Roman poets; Virgil, whose claims he would have been the last to dis-

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pute, had been cut off two years before. From that time to this, Horace has been awarded the darling object of his ambition, a rank among the lyric bards.

In the last year he has had the honor of being translated by the first orator and statesman of our time; nor has this version deterred a younger Oxonian brother, Mr. Deasley, from entering on the same field, while Mr. Graves has transferred the themes of sixteen odes into as many delicious satires on modern English politics, offering themselves as spoken by the same great statesman, but of which, we may fear, Mr. Gladstone on earth does not enjoy the humor as much as Horace in Elysium. The Roman has indeed, as he prophesied, visited the Britons; but they have not proved fierce to their guest. But his boldest visions never pictured that in a land beyond the utmost limit of his blessed fields and rich islands, and certainly endowed with no such heavenly climate, in a university whose name and the name of its site he could not have pronounced to save his life, a descendant of the blue-eyed German youth should edit him with love and learning.[1]

There can hardly be said to live the civilized man for whom Horace has not some message; nay, it may be said that he has been read and enjoyed by more men, in more countries, than any other writer, certainly than any other poet. He had sixteen hundred years' start of Cervantes and Shakespeare; Homer never began to compete with him in circulation; Horace is read by men who have forgotten the Virgil of their boyhood; he is indeed immortal and universal.

This wide acceptance he owes to many things combined: the charm of his verse, the sparkle and terseness of his language, the pungency and truth of his sentiments, and a rich stream of feeling which runs deepest when most still. Professor Sellar and Professor Tyrrell have pointed out that Horace is the perfect type of that *urbanitas* which the Romans claimed as one of their distinguishing qualities; and as a great and beautiful city surely draws to her the observant and thoughtful souls from every district, and if she does not keep them, sends them home refined and transmuted, so Horace exercises upon thousands of men the mystic influence of the Eternal City, in a way that more passionate, loftier, and deeper poets, Catullus, Virgil, and Lucretius, fail to do.

And just as Rome, though she has been for twenty centuries the home of all the world, has a character her own and inimitable; as ancient Rome and mediæval Rome are as different in their separate fascinations as each is from modern Rome, and all from any other city; so Horace, plainly and intimately as he speaks to every man, has a character belonging to his age, — incommunicable, although so attractive. It has been remarked again and again that he is untranslatable. This is absolutely true, and is not in the least disproved by exhibiting one or another ode where some clever man has made a respectable version. Let any one who admires and loves Horace read consecutively his ten favorite odes in the ten least unsuccessful versions, and the sad truth will be patent.

This is largely due to the fact that Horace was completely a man of his time and place, and those a time and a place where all sorts of influences united to set a brand — one hardly dares use a weaker word — on the minds of men. We call it the Augustan age; but we hardly realize what that means. It means that after a civil war lasting over a hundred years, when all the force and all the wealth and all the wit of the world had been combined to make Roman citizens cut each other's throats, a young man of thirty-three gave the imperial city peace, — a peace which the oldest man had not seen before for twenty continuous years, and which Marius and Sylla and Pompey

[1] The Odes of Horace, edited by Professor C. L. Smith of Harvard, Boston, 1894.

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and Cicero and Julius Cæsar, and scores of other public men who would have been accounted giants in any other age, had been powerless to effect. When Horace declared that two more victories would prove Augustus a present god, just as thunder proved Jupiter to be the king of heaven, that was not the gross adulation one now supposes; he was simply saying what every one at the time felt, — that the grand-nephew of Julius had wrought a miracle.

Horace, though born on the other side of Italy, was a Roman patriot; and it is an interesting fact, and a cheering one for Americans, that the very provinces which, twenty-five years before his birth, had revolted from Rome in the interest of a free Italy proved her most loyal subjects when admitted to full rights; such of them, that is, as survived the Social War. He claims for his own Apulians the highest right in the ancient symbols of Roman glory, — "the fire that burns for aye, and the shield that fell from heaven." As a patriot, the last and worst of the civil strifes, the thirty years' war from the consulship of Metellus to the rout of Actium, had shaken his soul back and forward. We call Cicero vacillating, but he vacillated more than others only because he was wiser and better. As Macaulay says about the vicissitudes of the French Revolution, a Roman who held the same views in Pompey's consulship, after the battle of Pharsalus, and after those of Philippi and of Actium, must have been either a divinely inspired prophet or a fool. From Horace's twenty-fourth year to his thirty-fourth, it is hard to imagine his drawing a free breath for three months together.

Accordingly, many of Horace's earlier lyrics show a strain of uncertainty and perplexity which never appears in the mass of those written after the nation had thoroughly settled down under its first real master. And in none is this strain more apparent than in the fourteenth ode of the first book, — *O navis*, which, Quintilian tells us with authority, is, being interpreted, "the ship of state." The very name suggests the closing lines of our own Longfellow's Building of the Ship; and with that passion for attempting the impossible which is not to be controlled, I have transferred — not translated — Horace's ode into Longfellow's metre: —

O ship, the billows rise again
To sweep thee back into the main!
  Oh, what art doing? Keep thee fast
    Within the harbor! Dost not view
    Thy battered side stripped of its crew?
  How the swift gale has strained thy mast
And groaning yards, while scarcely braves
Thy keel the overmastering waves
  With ropes unwrapped? Thy sails are torn,
  Thy gods have left thy prayers forlorn.
What though a Pontic pine, and growth
  Of noble woods, thy boast is vain
  Of name renowned, and ancient strain;
Such painted barks bind not the troth
  Of timid sailors; heed the shock
  Of winds that mark thee for their mock.
Wearied of late thy woes to bear,
Now held by love and longing care,
  I charge thee shun the treacherous seas
  That wash the shining Cyclades.

Where this or any version is likely to misrepresent the original is in failing to catch the very bold construction of the verse, the lines running one into another, so that four fifths of the poem form one continuous strain, which tosses about from side to side, like the ship herself. The succession of vowels and consonants is also very remarkable in the Latin. Every kind of change is rung on both, but there is a constant recurrence to *i*, the thinnest of vowels, and *n*, the most sonorous of consonants, giving the whole a keen, resonant pitch. There is an effect of quiver about the whole strain, answering exactly to unsteadiness, doubt, and fear in the writer's mind.

No one can avoid trying to read between the lines, and see what special allusions the ode contains to public men and events. It is easy to be too curious in this matter, attempting to detect, as some commentators have done, a specific indication of some person or transaction

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in every part of the ship's armor; but it is pretty plain that the poet cautions his countrymen against any attempt to recall the old aristocratic commonwealth, which had been struck down with Pompey, revived for an instant under Brutus, and only galvanized by Pompey's son. The total want in the old Roman constitution of any restraining or tightening force when party spirit chose to break loose is almost certainly indicated in the seventh and eighth lines, where the practice is alluded to, rarely seen in modern navigation, but common in ancient, of "undergirding the ship," as we have it in Acts xxvii. 17, drawing the ribs and keel together by sails and ropes.

The ode must have been written at some time when the old Republicans, with whom Horace had once associated, were trying to throw off the harness which Augustus — not yet so named — was tightening on them, and once more to revive the old unchecked plunges from aristocracy to democracy, and back again, which had been shaking Rome for a century. It is the composition of a patriot, but of a patriot who will give up anything — all the historic adventure and glory, all the chances of victory and wealth, that ocean always offers to the bold — for the inglorious but comfortable peace of harbor. The strange word *fortiter*, as strange as Dante's use of *forte* at the opening of the Divina Commedia, expresses a belief that not only discretion, but fear may be the better part of valor.

In shorter words, the note of cheer or hope is wanting; there is anxiety, caution, prudence, wisdom, and all that content which is akin to disgrace, but hope, in a lively sense, that one's best aspirations may be nearly or quite realized there is none. There could not be. The ancient Epicureanism did not admit it, nor, for the matter of that, the ancient Stoicism either. In a mild way Horace strikes the note of hope in his ode to Licinius, — *Rectius vives*, — where the same metaphor of a ship is used; but it is the sort of hope that is founded on the revolutions of nature, where good and bad weather occur in a fated round. The hope that is founded on the patience which comes from experience, and that from faith, is scarcely known to that training whose liveliest happiness is unruffled content.

In the year 1849 Mr. Longfellow published a new volume of poems, called The Seaside and the Fireside. The first piece was on the subject dear to every New England coast lad, and perhaps dearest of all to a son of Maine, — the entire work of building a ship, which leads up to a launch, the most supremely thrilling and touching exhibition of the mechanic arts in time of peace, or war either. He interwove with the actual history of the ship a delicate and tender underplot, which redeemed the poem from the faintest touch of materialism and "pathetic fallacy," the wedding and the launch uniting at the end. But in the last stanza the poet rises, unexpectedly, yet with perfect ease and propriety, into his renowned apostrophe to the ship of state, which it would be impertinent to quote at length. He evidently had Horace in mind. Every detail of the earlier poem finds its counterpart in the later: the winds and the rocks, the keel and the mast, the ropes and the sails, the history and ancestral glory, the anxious fears and longings, — they are all in the English as in the Latin. Moreover, it is no academic adaptation; like Horace's versions from Sappho and Alcæus, it was called out by a real crisis in American and in human history.

There have been few more anxious periods in the whole course of time than the year 1849, when The Building of the Ship was written. The great continental earthquake of 1848, which had shaken every throne in Central Europe, and driven sovereign after sovereign from his capital, had all subsided, leav-

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ing the edifice of despotism rooted more firmly than ever to the soil, and the hopes of humanity blighted. In fact, the reaction was so complete that it is impossible for the present generation to realize the feelings which made men who had lived under the first Napoleon believe that the revolution of 1848 was unparalleled for ages. In the United States, politics were in a most anxious state. General Taylor had been elected President by the Whigs, but under circumstances that permanently alienated many strong spirits from the Whig cause. A third party had been organized, and was strong among Mr. Longfellow's immediate friends. Everything pointed to a fierce strife in the new Congress over the admission of California as a State, and the organization of the rest of the Mexican acquisitions. The slavery question had been pushed to the front as never before; the Union was openly threatened at the South, and not always heartily defended at the North; and at this very time, when our internal state was most anxious, there was pouring in upon us an unprecedented flood of emigrants from what we believed to be the worst populations of Europe. Nor were our own people alone concerned for the safety of the republic. "Humanity, with all its fears, was hanging breathless on our fate." Many of Mr. Longfellow's best friends, both the old Whigs and the new Freesoilers, were disposed to gloomy views of public affairs, or believed that the only chance for the country was in the unquestioned triumph of one party after sharp discussions. Yet, from the beginning to the end of his ode, there is the single call to faith, to hope, to encouragement, to triumph; one promise of loyal, unquestioning support of the Union; and instead of the timid advice to hold the harbor, an appeal to "sail on, nor fear to breast the sea." It would be impossible for any one who did not know the poet's private associations to guess whom he meant by the "false lights on the shore." The lines were quoted with supreme satisfaction by hundreds who did not like the way Mr. Longfellow voted, and by thousands who did not know nor care how he voted. They have confirmed and inspired millions of patriots from that day to this. They stand at this hour our grandest national lyric; and they are so because they are instinct with the feeling that to Horace and Horace's age was impossible, — a Christian's faith and hope as opposed to an Epicurean's apathy and content. The hopes of future years are as essential a part of them as the "prayers and tears."

The same contrast may be seen even better by comparing a still finer ode of Horace with a very modest lyric which is scarcely known outside a limited circle, but which has softened the flow of tears from many aching eyes. Very few of Horace's lyrical passages rank higher than that one in the twenty-ninth ode of the third book — *Tyrrhena regum* — where he sets forth the temper of the self-sufficing man, who cares nothing for the morrow, because he rests calm in the possession of the unalterable past. It has been recast by Dryden in one of his most audacious yet most thrilling paraphrases; and when Dryden is at his height he can produce matchless effects by the simplest English words. Certainly with no idea of emulating him is the following version offered of a short passage, but in order, by keeping more closely to Horace's thought as developed in his verse, to enforce the contrast indicated: —

That man shall stand
Self-ruled and glad, who can each day
Say: I have lived; the father's hand
With sable cloud or shining ray
To-morrow's sky may hold; the past
Which lies behind he has no power
To render vain, nor shall recast
The conquests of the fleeting hour.
Fortune, her savage trade that loves,
And plays her wanton sport with glee,
Her honors back and forth removes,
Now kind to others, now to me.

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I praise her constant; if she shake
Her wings, I cast her gifts aside,
And, in my virtue wrapt, will take
My dowerless poverty for bride.

This is manly, but it is the manliness of despair. It is pious, but it is the piety that hardly regards Jupiter as a friend, and certainly not as essentially superior to man, even if mightier. There is content, but such content as rests wholly in the past.

Early in this century, Mr. Andrews Norton, a man of the most accurate scholarship and most positive convictions, but calm and deliberate to a fault, the very reverse of the typical lyrist, and who would have felt insulted, and not complimented, by being compared to Horace, entrusted the feelings of a heart wrung with suffering to the following lines, which may be left without comment to mark the irreconcilable conflict between ancient and modern religious emotion: —

"My God, I thank thee! May no thought
E'er deem thy chastisements severe;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

"Thy mercy bids all nature bloom,
The sun shines bright, and man is gay;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.

"Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

"Thy various messengers employ,
Thy purposes of love fulfill;
And, midst the wreck of human joy,
Let kneeling faith adore thy will."

William Everett.

AN ARCHITECT'S VACATION.

I.

RURAL ENGLAND.

A SMART trap met us at the little station, and soon we were bowling along over hard roads, by field and farm, by village inn and moss-grown country house, by flowering hedges and daisy-sown greens; for it was the month of May, and our driving-journey through an English countryside was just beginning.

We shall not soon forget the kind hospitalities of the hosts who first received us, yet, if the truth be told, the butler and valet made more impression on our simple minds than did any other members of the household. No useless functionaries, these noiseless men! They seized our luggage on arriving, and when, after a welcome and a cup of tea, we retired to dress for dinner, the valise had vanished, the chest of drawers held its contents, the evening suit and shirt, with stockings neatly drawn, lay on a chair, ready to be donned, and even the family photographs that accompanied us on our wanderings ornamented the dressing-table in a familiar manner. When morning came, the blinds were opened, the bath was prepared, and the timid sleeper, with one eye peeping from beneath the sheet, momentarily expected to be taken out and washed. The hall table held our coats and hats and gloves in order, when we descended; and best of all, when we went away, the whole was packed again without a word. Of course we held the usual desperate consultation as to how these paragons should be tipped; but they only gained in our good opinion by apparently thinking that what we gave them was exactly right. Clearly, the first lesson that England taught us was to get a valet as soon as we could.

Although we were two architects trav-

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eling with sketch-book and camera, and in spite of all that art and human life have done in England to interest just such travelers, it was Nature and her handiwork that first and foremost claimed our notice and our intense enthusiasm. Coming from a land which the summer sun dries and scorches, we were always charmed by this humid, changing landscape: the ever-varying skies, now bright with sunshine, now filled with threatening clouds, anon breaking in drenching showers that called forth mackintoshes and rubbers, and then again serene and fair; the roadside turf filled with daisies; the hedgerow, at first sweet with hawthorn, and later with wild rose and honeysuckle; and the fields green with crops, blood-red with poppies, or glowing with clover.

"Not a grand nature . . .
. . . All the fields
Are tied up fast with hedges, nosegay like;
The hills are crumpled plains — the plains pastures,
And if you seek for any wilderness
You find at best a park. A nature
Tamed and grown domestic . . .
A sweet familiar nature, stealing in
As a dog might, or child, to touch your hand,
Or pluck your gown, and humbly mind you so
Of presence and affection."

Everywhere, too, were evidences of an open-air life. Our first days were passed in a hunting-country. Every wind vane was a fox, and one side of all the main roads was finished with a soft surface for horsemen. Here and there were the brick kennels for the hunting-packs, and at Taporley the old inn has served the hunt dinner for the last one hundred years. We found Chester in the midst of a horse-fair. Hundreds of horses paraded the streets, with colored tapes and wisps of straw skillfully woven in their tails and manes, the whole scene recalling Rosa Bonheur's familiar picture. At Alcester, where we stopped for lunch, it was market-day. The inn was full of farmers, most of whom had come in the saddle on their stout cobs, to the sale of sheep and pigs; and while their masters stowed away beef and ale in the inn, the nags crunched their corn in the cobble-paved and brick-walled stables. The boys played cricket on the commons, and twice we came on great bowling-greens, where, in the long twilights, the villagers were playing at bowls and making wonderful twisting shots across a perfectly level circle of turf, perhaps two hundred feet in diameter. Every cottage seemed to have a cared-for garden in which old-fashioned flowers flourished. The hedges were often trimmed and cut into fanciful figures of bird and beast; while at the larger places, the lawn, the garden, and the trees received the same care as the house itself.

But if nature and the Englishman's love of it impressed us beyond anything in our journey, nearly as noticeable were the great contrasts of wealth and poverty, of vast parks and huddled towns, of grand mansions and damp cottages. Rarely in England are people more closely crowded together than in the back and squalid parts of Chester; and then, just across the river, you pass through miles of beautiful park lands, where the pheasants and rabbits of the Duke of Westminster seem far better off than many of his fellow-citizens in the adjoining town. Near Wrexham, we drove by the high walls of Wynstay Park, the home of a well-known Welshman. Here again a beautiful piece of country, shaded by great trees, is inhabited only by deer and wild creatures; while close to this paradise is the crowded and ugly brick-making town of Ruabon. And so throughout the country large tracts of fertile lands, where scattered houses are infrequent, alternate with crowded and huddled towns. A poor man can have no land on which to keep a cow; an old woman tells us how her discouraged neighbors have emigrated; no laborer is permitted to disfigure the landscape with a new home of his own: and such evidences that England is no place for a poor man are abundant.

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It is resting and quieting, to us whose lot is cast in a land of progress and change, to find the shopkeeper or the farmer having no apparent wish or ambition to change his lot. Such a condition is natural, no doubt, to a society governed by the few, and in which even the Church has instilled in each man the duty of being contented in that position to which God (or his fellow-man) has called him. But to the nervous American it offers a new view of life, and a calm and peaceful one, in spite of the thought that the gain of the few is the loss to the many.

When we forget the poor man and his surroundings, there is little left in England that is not beautiful. "Long and low" are words that best describe the elements of English building design. The long, low walls of the cathedrals offer striking contrasts to the masses of masonry that tower above such towns as Beauvais and Amiens, while the minute entrances at Wells have little relationship with the gorgeous portals of the great French churches. Castles like Penshurst, Stokesay, and even Warwick have the same English qualities, and you look in vain among them for the snap and dash and fire of the French châteaux, such as Pierrefonds or Falaise or Azay-le-Rideau, with their conical towers and many-vaned spirelets. In the same way, also, the cottages that throughout England blend so softly and so picturesquely with the peaceful landscape have widespread, homelike roofs, and lie close to the ground, so close that you step down into most of them.

Naturally, one great interest with us was these houses, large and small; and we soon noticed with astonishment how natural barriers, like a great hill, had once caused local diversity in building, — a diversity largely continued after railroads had made it unnecessary. Through Cheshire, timber-and-plaster farmhouses alternated with brick buildings. On leaving Shrewsbury, you cross a lofty hill and come down into the rough stone village of Much Wenlock, and so on until the crossing of another ridge brings you, at Chipping Norton and Woodstock, into towns with house fronts of cut stone, like those in France. That such an obstacle as a large hill should make this serious variation in such a small region much astonished us.

All along our route lay castles, once the defenders of the Welsh marches, — from the big castles at Ludlow and Shrewsbury to the little one at Stokesay. The latter lay in a fertile valley, and an ancient timber-and-plaster gate-house gave access to it through a wall inclosing church and castle. The church had the ordinary square tower with mast and vane, and within, an old Jacobean gallery and pulpit, and a squire's pew, where the high wainscoted walls were open only at an arcade surrounding the top. A wooden ceiling covered in the whole pew: in such a structure the squire could sleep soundly through the sermon, and not even the parson would know it. The castle itself had a fine keep, or tower, and a roof of large moss-grown stone slabs. Its great guest-hall was warmed by a central hearth, from which the smoke curled up to the open timber roof. A staircase of solid oak blocks led above, and in some of the rooms were remains of richly carved mantels. Ightham Mote, another mansion nearly as old, and also possessing a grand central hall, is literally surrounded by a moat filled with water, and is entered by a bridge, while the courtyard within is hemmed in by gray-stone walls and plaster gables.

When the need had passed of such moats and towers and halls for retainers, there came into vogue the great mansions that we see in Richardson's and Nash's books, some of brick and some of "post and pan," as the black oak and white plaster work is called. Grim wall surfaces gave way to long ranges of mullioned windows, although the widespread and scattered group of building without striking "motifs" still kept the national long-and-

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low look. We saw many such mansions, and admired the cheery sparkle that the white plaster work gave to a green landscape, and the mellowness of an old brick wall set in great trees. Again, the tile roofs, or the yet more beautiful roofs of great stone slabs, assume in the wet atmosphere such varied hues, such blotted-in and run-together tones, as nature never lends to art in this bright, clear land of ours. Our roofs never gain the mossy covering that lends the great charm to an English tile roof, and which is so much valued that we heard of one zealous house-builder who had given his new walls and roofs a coat of flour paste, and the next day had a many-colored growth of mould on his tiles.

In the Elizabethan and Jacobean interiors there is much high oak wainscoting on the walls, often continuing even to the ceiling itself, and the ceilings are covered with elaborate plaster work in strap or rib patterns or in modeled subjects. Even in its early days the oak was probably very dark, and the plaster work as now, either white or washed in some creamy tint. While such a contrast of black and white sounds raw, yet, with surroundings in harmony, — the great stone fireplace, the hangings of tapestry or other coarse fabrics, and the lattice-paned sashes, — these rooms are the most homelike and delightful in the world, rooms that we all admire in Nash's pages, and that possess a quiet charm to which modern decorative art seldom attains.

It is not alone the grand mansions that are suggestive. The small country and village houses are full of interest for the passer-by; but one nearly always steps down into them, and lands on a brick or tile floor laid on the earth. For picturesque attraction, little can surpass the great buttressed chimney that serves the ingle-nook, and the brick boiler in which ale is brewed and the clothes are boiled. Lattice-panes fill the windows, and odd-shaped dressers are decked with bright tins and crockery, while, whether because the climate favors flowers, or because the people are fond of them, every cottage seems to have its neat garden. Let us, however, admire, but not live in these damp and stuffy houses, as for dryness and cleanliness and health they certainly cannot stand comparison with our ugly Yankee cheap wooden cottages.

The towns and villages are full of ale-houses; cosy little places, with swinging signs of the Blue Bell, the Ship, the Mitre, and each with a snug bar and an inner kitchen, where sides of bacon hang on the ceiling beams, and the walls are lined with high-back settles, while boot-jacks and tankards and pewter dishes suggest possible comfort and cheer. As we sat hastily sketching such a village kitchen, one of the two or three old gaffers watching us asked if we were detectives; because, as he said, we seemed to be "taking it all down." But another day brought us better luck, and our well-appointed trap surprised a zealous village shop-girl, who was supplying us with photographs, into saying, with a blush, "Is not this Sir Charles ——?" a noble being, as we learned at the next village, who was then expected at his home near by.

But of all buildings that the English countryside offers for our admiration, nothing can equal the village church. We certainly never realized how generally it is to be found both rich and stately, with history built into it, with ancient monuments on its walls, and old glass and stone tracery in its windows; with the houses of the living closely nestled around it, and the graves of the dead sleeping in its shadow. From the gray walls of these ancient temples sturdy towers rise in the hill country, while lofty spires soar high from those on the fens and the plains. At Wrexham we climbed up into the large richly decorated tower, and found the great chime of bells arranged for striking by means of hand levers, or for ringing peals by long stirrups, a man to each bell. On the walls were elaborate painted and gilded tablets, recording how,

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on such a date, such a party of ringers had rung so many changes in such a time, duly attested by the clerk. Most of these churches are reached by a path among the graves in the churchyard, which is often surrounded by a wall, and entered through a picturesque lych gate. Nearly always the ground level is considerably above the church floor, suggestive of the ages through which it has received the village dead; but generally the churchyard is neatly cared for, and children play among the old stones, and call to one another with the voices that in both women and children we so often noticed as musical and sweet.

We shall long remember our Sunday in Ludlow. The closely peopled hill on which the town stands is flanked by a great Edwardian castle, and crowned by the high tower of the church. Early in the morning we were wakened by the chimes that, ringing merrily at that lofty height, made a rippling melody audible far up the river valley. We breakfasted in the old Jacobean coffee-room, and then the town seemed with one accord to go to service. The mayor and council met at the market-house in their robes of office, and, with the mace carried before them by the clerk, walked to church and sat together in the state seats. The pretty maid who had served our breakfast hastened away after them, and so did the landlord. So also did the dissenting anglers with whom we had breakfasted, and so in turn we wanderers from remote shores followed them and the rest of the town. The little surpliced choirboys threw their youthful spirits into the chants, and their voices rang most cheerily in the stone vaults of the tower, while the large congregation took up their part of the service as if they had as much to do with it as the clergyman. It seemed as if such surroundings would arouse the dullest preacher, but ours was probably more inured to the influences of the old church than we were. In spite, however, of his wearying platitudes and dogmas, it was most certainly divine worship that we joined in on that Sunday morning; and for all we saw, it was with all the town folk, and at the only church.

While we had often heard that Chumley as a family name was spelt Cholmondeley, we never expected to be bearers of a letter with that odd address. We hated to part with it at the great gate of a country-seat which may stand as the type of the remembrances that our journey left with us. From the lodge a sweeping avenue drove up to the fore court of a grand symmetrical stone house of the Elizabethan period, with great ranges of mullioned windows, and terraced walls, and balustrades of a semi-Italian character. Towards this entrance side of the house all the halls and corridors opened; while on the other, or lawn side, were ranges of rooms opening by mullioned windows to stone terraces, and to a view over a widespread lawn. The lofty rooms had stone fireplaces, and paneled wainscots, and modeled ceilings, somewhat too much "done up" in modern times, perhaps, but still in good historical character. In the upper stories, beside the family apartments, were long ranges of visitors' bedrooms, with a little holder on each door for the occupant's card. After we had studied the interior of the mansion, and after we had disposed of the grand lady who, as housekeeper, had done us the honors, but who was not above receiving the queen's money, we found our way through the intervening hedge, and were in the adjoining churchyard with the old graves and the crosses and the sun-dial. Like most of the churches we saw, this was of a late Gothic period, and within it were many family monuments: here a statue of a British officer on his knees holding aloft the hilt of his sword as a cross; there a recumbent alabaster statue of a lovely young wife. The church is backed by heavy dark trees; beyond the churchyard gate are the sparkling white gables of an old oak-and-plaster house; while

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over the moss-grown cottage roof proudly stalked a peacock with tail widespread.

An ancestral mansion with stately rooms, and lawns and terraces and gardens; a cosy farmhouse embowered in trees, with the peacock sunning himself on the roof; an ancient village church; a peaceful yew-shaded churchyard; the tombs of rich and poor for generations; the sun-dial that has cast its shadow so many quiet centuries; the rich, pleasant voices of the few passing villagers, — such are the peaceful memories of our holiday in England.

Robert Swain Peabody.

A PHILOSOPHER WITH AN EYE FOR BEAUTY.

Arthur Sands stood in the drawing-room and waited for Miss Amy Lunt to come down and receive him. His cheviot shirt and gaiters suggested that he had ridden over to the Lunts' on either a horse or a bicycle; his erect carriage settled the matter in favor of the nobler animal. He was not an Apollo, but he had as much beauty as one expects of a man; and though a closely cut beard covered the lower part of his face, the lines of his chin showed through sufficiently to prove that the covering was designed for an ornament, not for a screen. Taken all in all, he was not the sort of man that most young women would have kept waiting for twenty minutes. But Sands had watched the minute-hand of the clock move over more than a third of its monotonous race-track before he heard on the stairs the quick patter that he was waiting for, and it was perhaps five seconds later when Amy danced into the room with a step as light as Ellen Douglas's, though far less dignified. "The sweetest girl in the world, and the last I should want to marry," had been Sands's description of her the night before.

She saw in one instant that he was irritated, and in the next how to allay his irritation. She stopped in front of him, pouting, and would not shake hands.

"I had on my brown dress, and I knew you did n't like it, so I changed it for this green one that you used to like, and now — and now" —

Arthur's injured pride was turned in a moment to humble pleas for pardon. This was precisely what "the sweetest girl in the world" wanted, and having converted him, by the magic of one little lie, from an injured sovereign to an erring vassal, she gradually allowed him to assume a position of something like equality.

"A philosopher with an eye for beauty" Arthur's most intimate friend had called him. An eye for beauty! It is a peculiarity that is apt to accompany great minds. You may be sure it was not Xanthippe's amiability which led the wisest man in the world to marry her. A philosopher with an eye for beauty sitting on a sofa with the sweetest girl in the world, and the last that the philosopher would want to marry! Good heavens! what can be done before it is too late?

Before Miss Lunt sat down with the philosopher, she stood for a moment looking out of the oriel window at the sunset. She was sensitive to beauty of all kinds, and as she gazed at the white stretch of snow and the pillar-like elms and the clear glow lighting up the winter sky behind, a serious look crossed her girlish face, a look which was all the more fascinating because it was so rare. The next minute she had danced across the room and was beside her visitor on the sofa.

They talked of people, then of other people, then of still other people; and then, strange to say, of books. Miss Lunt

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had an object in introducing this unusual topic; she generally had an object in what she said.

"I don't like Meredith," she remarked; "he 's too hard to understand. But why do I talk to you of such things? You look on me as a perfect fool, a mere plaything, that it 's fun to talk to just so as to hear what she 'll say!"

Like Mademoiselle Bernhardt and other great actresses, Miss Amy Lunt had real tears ready at a moment's notice, and she also resembled them in that she felt her pretended emotions almost as much as if they had been real.

"I don't think you 're a fool at all," Sands said, laying his hand on her arm. "I think you 're the sweetest girl in the world!"

"And the last that you 'd want to marry!" Amy said. Oh, how fast epigrams fly! She buried her face in her hands, and sobbed like a little girl.

It was a critical moment, and Amy knew it. Either he would put his arm round her and tell her that he did want to marry her, or else he would not. As a matter of fact, he did.

"Why, the man 's a fool!" I think I hear the reader say, flinging down my poor story in disgust. What 's the matter, reader? Do you want all the people you read about to be sensible? No? Only the heroes? A sensible hero! My dear reader, I really cannot waste time talking to you.

The Sandses were one of the oldest families in the world. They traced their descent from several persons of eminence: from William Penn, from Roger Sherman, from King Egbert, and through the kings of Wales to a celebrated Hebrew whose genealogy joins right on where the Bible leaves off. So if the grand old gardener and his wife wanted to smile at the Sandses' ancestors, they were reduced to the humiliating occupation of smiling at themselves. Arthur's father and mother lived on Locust Street, in an orthodox Philadelphia house, red brick, with white doorsteps, door, shutters, and window-sill; only their house was twice as broad as its neighbors, and had two windows on each side of the front door. Mr. Sands had inherited a fortune from his father, and had invested it all in Pennsylvania Railroad stock. Can anything be conceived of more respectable, more honorable, than the facts I have mentioned? Some envious cavilers, whose grandfathers were probably fishmongers, pointed out that none of the Sandses had ever been known to do anything. But, as Arthur's father observed, what was there for them to do? You might as well find fault with the man who stands on the summit of Everest because he does n't climb.

The Sandses were naturally irritated that the future head of their family should become engaged to a person named Lunt. The Lunts were not descended from any one; at least so Mr. Sands said, though such a statement would be difficult to believe on any less trustworthy authority. After a bitter mental struggle, Mrs. Sands (who had been a MacSparen) put her pride in her pocket, and asked Miss Lunt to spend a week in Philadelphia. Amy went, and had a very gay time. As she was staying with Mrs. Sands, and was engaged to Arthur, she was asked everywhere. She would have been, as Charlie Peters observed, even if her name, instead of being Amy Lunt, had been Lucy Fur. But Mrs. Sands's arctic politeness and the constant effort of always behaving a little better than came natural made Amy glad to get back to Hartford again, where every one did not have quite so many ancestors, and where Mr. Lunt was not in the least looked down upon because his occupation chanced to be that of selling boots.

Arthur, as we have seen, had no especial reason for asking Amy to marry him, unless the fact that a woman is pretty and happens to be crying in your arms can be considered to constitute a sufficient reason for inviting her to be

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your wife. Miss Amy, on the other hand, had a great many reasons for wishing to marry Arthur. In the first place, he had a grand way about him, which he probably had inherited from King Egbert, or possibly from Abraham, and which had the effect of making all the other men in the neighborhood look small. Then he was good; and Amy had seen enough of the world to know that, next to distinction, goodness is the best quality to have in a husband. Then he was rich; and I hope no one will think the worse of my heroine because she did not object to that. He was clever, too, though it was Amy's opinion that he possessed just enough weak points for a skillful wife to guide him as she liked. He was big and strong, and what woman does not like to have a husband who can knock people down? Not that the accomplishment is of much practical value, but it is nice to know that he can. Arthur belonged to one of the best families in Philadelphia, too, and although blood was not one of Amy's hobbies, she was far from undervaluing it. But these were all general reasons. What really brought Amy to the point was the fact that she found herself practically engaged to two young men at the same time, and discovered that the simplest way out of her difficulty was to marry a third.

The engagement was not a long one. "*Periculum in mora*," and Amy did not want to lose Arthur. She took advantage of some of his nonsense about how he wished he could be married to-morrow, and named an early day, so that the whole engagement did not last two months. There was a grand wedding in the Centre Church, and Mr. Lunt had his annual shop-worn sale a month earlier than usual, so as to meet the extraordinary expense. He confessed that he spent more than he could afford, to prove to the Quakers that Philadelphia was not the only place in the world. But as Mr. and Mrs. Sands were the only Philadelphians who took the trouble to come, and as both of them were hopelessly convinced of the truth of the theory he wished to disprove, he felt that a large part of his outlay had been wasted. However, his daughter was married, and that was one reason why he had spent the money.

As to the two young men to whom Amy had previously plighted herself, they took different courses. I need hardly mention that they both sent her ruinously magnificent presents; that form of biting revenge is, I believe, always resorted to under the circumstances. If they imagined Amy's false heart to be chilled to remorse by these posthumous offerings of affection, they were egregiously deceived. If she ever thought of Franklin McElroy while using his beautiful silver breakfast service, it was only to reflect that she had got out of a bad scrape extremely well. And John Johns's great Dutch clock could never tick any self-condemnation into the place where Amy's heart ought to have been. McElroy afterwards married his typewriter, and never ate his breakfast without inwardly cursing his folly when he saw his wife pouring out his coffee from a copper coffee-pot. Johns married an elderly widow, whose charms were the more permanent as they were chiefly pecuniary. To return to Amy's wedding, McElroy was present, and even went so far as to kiss the bride, who naïvely observed in a whisper that it was n't the first time. Johns, a wiser man than his colleague in misery, stayed away.

It seems to be a generally accepted theory that a story in which the hero and heroine die immediately after their marriage is a tragedy. I feel that even the reader, for whose mental powers, though I have recently taken occasion to slight them, I really have a high regard, is of this opinion. But did it ever strike the reader what sort of a married life Hernani and Doña Sol would have passed, or how Romeo and Juliet would have fared at breakfast, that criterion of conjugal happiness? Does Romeo's behavior

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toward Rosaline (very likely a nicer girl than Juliet) augur well for his constancy towards Mrs. Montague (born Capulet)? Can you imagine greater torments than those which the romantic mountain ranger Hernani would have endured if condemned to a lifelong sentence of fine clothes, blank verse, and a faultless wife? Before you accuse a story of ending badly, just think how it might have ended if it had not ended as it did. Given two such creatures as Romeo and Juliet, I think Shakespeare did remarkably well.

As fortune, good or bad, would have it, Arthur Sands and his wife did not meet with violent deaths shortly after their marriage. When their wedding journey was over, they came back to Hartford, and took up their quarters in the large house in Prospect Street which Arthur had purchased some months before. Like a man who, merely because he felt like jumping, has leaped an abyss so wide that he finds himself unable to recross it, Arthur was now in an excellent position to contemplate the advantages of the ground he had just left.

There are three stages of love, through which some persons pass, and some do not. The first is just love, pure and simple; the second is love returned, or engaged love; and the third is legally permanent, or married love. Fortunately, most people are more in love after they are engaged than they were before their engagement, and still more in love when they are married, — at least for a while; so much so that those of their friends who are sensible avoid them for a time. But as Arthur and Amy had never, strictly speaking, been in love at all, their love could not grow any more than zero can grow, no matter how many times you keep multiplying it. Arthur kept multiplying his love for Amy by all sorts of things, good resolutions, prayers, thoughts about her beauty, kisses, everything you can think of, and it stayed just the same; that is to say, it was non-existent. It was a pity that it did not amount to something at first; even a very small fraction would have been sufficient. It is wonderful how large a little bit of a fraction will grow, if you only multiply it enough.

As to Amy, I cannot exactly tell you what she was thinking about. I can tell just what she did, and that will have to suffice. You see she was a very peculiar person, and her motives and aims were so utterly astounding and so involved that even if I could unravel them, I doubt if the reader could comprehend them. Amy had her wooden bowl at last; but the trouble with wooden bowls is that there are very few uses to which they can be put. They have a disagreeable way, too, of being split here and there; and often you find the workmanship very rough and incomplete, when you get the bowl into your possession and can examine it closely. And when you are pretty well out of conceit with it, you catch sight of another wooden bowl, — such a lovely one; and although it is on an upper shelf, so that you cannot see it very well, yet you are confident that this one is exquisite in design and perfect in execution; then you get chairs and boxes and step-ladders, and you climb and climb, and either you get it or you don't; but in either case, the first wooden bowl is relegated to its uses as a bowl, and, while it sometimes proves serviceable, it never calls forth any more enthusiasm on your part, though sometimes the neighbors admire it.

Arthur Sands was an intellectual man, and was extremely fond of reading. He possessed that aristocratic literary taste which leads some men to prefer honestly the books which the majority of mankind has agreed in preferring. He was continually reading the English classics. He liked Mr. Richard Harding Davis well enough, but he preferred Shakespeare. Before his marriage he spent a large part of his leisure time in reading; and one of the things he was proud of in Amy was her fondness for books. He looked forward to passing many happy evenings with her, in front of a blazing fire, read-

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ing Scott or Hawthorne aloud. Amy encouraged him in this vision of mild pleasure, though she had but little expectation of ever seeing it realized.

Amy liked to read, too; but Shakespeare and Milton and Scott had no charm for her. She had even graduated from Thackeray, or thought she had. In common with many other persons, she had somehow acquired the sensation of having read all the standard books without really ever having been through the tedious process of reading them. She had said so many times that she had read Paradise Lost that she felt just about as if she had. But to any one who knew her well — Arthur did not, at the time of his marriage — the idea of Amy Lunt sitting down to read Milton, or Carlyle, or Macaulay, or Matthew Arnold, or Green, or even Washington Irving, was too absurd to be taken seriously. The truth is, she had never read ten pages of any one of those authors. She liked Shelley, and had read a little of Keats; but Swinburne was the poet that she doted upon. The swooning luxuriousness of his verse enchanted her, and his utterly perverted moral standard was a sauce which seasoned long pages of verses which would otherwise have contained little to interest her. Edgar Allan Poe was the only American author that she cared for. She read principally in French, and books which Arthur would not have allowed in his house before his marriage were strewn freely about his tables after it. The truth was, Amy liked an author with a highly stimulated imagination; and if it happened to be diseased, why, so much the better.

"Now what shall we read?" said Arthur cheerfully, as he and his wife sat in front of the fire, the second evening after their return from their wedding journey. "Jane Austen, or George Eliot, or The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table?"

"I don't care, Arthur, — anything. I feel rather tired to-night."

"My poor child! But it will rest you to hear a little reading. I 'll tell you: I 'll pick out something and begin to read it, and then you can guess what it is."

He went to a bookcase, took down a book, opened it, and began to read: —

"'With a single drop of ink for a mirror, the Egyptian sorcerer undertakes to reveal to any chance comer far-reaching visions of the past. This is what I undertake to do for you, reader. With this drop of ink at the end of my pen I will show you the roomy workshop of Mr. Jonathan Burge, carpenter and builder in the village of Hayslope' — Now you know," Arthur said, interrupting himself. "Of course the 'Hayslope' would give it away, even if you had n't remembered Jonathan Burge. Did n't you always feel sorry for Mary Burge? Adam was so disagreeable to her."

"Yes, he was horrid," Amy said, wondering what the book could be. Then she boldly observed, "Adam was a pretty mean fellow, anyway, I think."

Arthur looked at her to see if she was joking. "You don't really mean that, do you, Amy?" he inquired.

"No, of course I did n't," Amy rejoined hurriedly. "Go ahead, Arthur."

Arthur read very well, and was, naturally, a little proud of the unusual accomplishment. When he finished the first chapter, he paused for a moment for Amy to say how much she liked the book, and also, perhaps, how well she thought he read.

"That 's the stupidest stuff I ever heard," she said, yawning.

Arthur bit his lip; but he was a person who seldom lost his self-control, — not often enough, perhaps.

"You 're tired, Amy," he said, rising, and stroking her hair. "You ought to go to bed, dear. We can go on with the book to-morrow night."

"Oh no, I 'm not especially tired," Amy replied coolly. "I 'm only bored with that book. I 'll tell you what we 'll do. You sit and read that, and I 'll run

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upstairs and get Une Femme. Then we 'll both be happy."

Again Arthur kept his temper. "Very well," he replied, and, returning to his seat, he began to read to himself. Amy brought her novel downstairs, and there for a couple of hours they sat; Arthur reading a book describing the manliest of men, Amy a work whose title should have been A Woman, Little As You Might Think It.

And so ended the reading aloud that poor Arthur had imagined as one of the pleasantest parts of his married life. Hundreds of stories, poems, plays, and histories, all narrowed down in an instant to one short chapter in a novel! "The way of the world," Arthur said bitterly to himself. He was perfectly right. It is the way of the world that if you marry a woman who does not like reading aloud, you must read by yourself. There were plenty of women in Hartford who liked reading aloud. Why did not Arthur marry one of them?

There are some marriages in which the man and the woman seem perfectly suited to each other, the virtues of the one successfully balancing the faults of the other; enough similarity to make life pleasant, enough divergence to make it interesting, enough love and trust to utterly snow under any misunderstanding that may arise. These are the marriages which have suggested to an optimistic world that matches are made in heaven. There are other matches which would seem to have been arranged in a very different locality. There are cases where it would seem to a man's friends that he has deliberately united himself to the most unsuitable helpmate that could possibly be found; that he would have done far better if he had gone to a dance and asked the first girl who came downstairs to marry him. Perhaps he would have done better, but probably not. In the first place, we must remember that a man cannot choose a wife from among all the girls he knows, but only from among such as will have him; that narrows most of us down to an absurd degree. Secondly, there are influences constantly at work in married life to bring out the hidden differences in two natures. Your friend might not get on so well with that first girl who came downstairs, after all. To look at them and hear them talk, you would think they were well suited to each other. They are both tall and handsome, and they are talking enthusiastically about skating. Yet she detests smoking, and will not have it in the house; and he must have his three cigars a day, and certainly will not pull his easy-chair outdoors to smoke them. She is an ardent prophet of woman's rights, and he has brought his fist down on the table and sworn that *his* wife, at least, shall never vote. Imagine him, with a cigar in his mouth, telling her to stay at home when she wants to go to a rally!

Arthur Sands, then, might have done worse. I happen to know the disagreeable things that occurred in his married life; but worse things might have occurred if he had married some one else. Yet Arthur was a fine man in his way, and I cannot help thinking that there are women in the world who could have made him happy. Years before he married Amy, he had asked another woman to marry him. She might have made him a better wife, but she refused him, while Amy, as we have seen, accepted him a little before she was asked. The trouble with the marriage of Amy and Arthur was that the qualities in her which had induced him to propose — so far as his proposal was voluntary — were not those which he cared anything about after they were married. Chief among them was beauty; but beauty may change to ugliness when we know the key to a face, just as ugliness may change to beauty. So soon as we have seen a beautiful face with an evil expression upon it, we do not care so much about looking at it. If we see such an expression often, the face becomes hateful to us. The mouth, how-

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ever it may smile, looks cruel, the nose proud, the eyes deceitful. An ugly face lighted up by goodness is good enough for me; and many a man will come home to-night and kiss such a face, and thank God that some haughty beauty refused him; and after supper he will sit in front of the fire, and watch the dear old eyes, and the dear turned-up nose, and the good generous mouth, with a very different feeling from that with which Arthur watched Amy. For beauty is not in itself a virtue, but only an ornament to virtue. Snakes are beautiful, but people don't like to look at them. They are graceful, but people don't like to watch their motions, except when they are going away. Almost any one would prefer to look at a toad, which, though ugly, has no disagreeable characteristics, except the unproved and certainly involuntary fault of giving people warts. Beauty, like illustrious lineage, makes nobility nobler, but it goes about as far towards improving wickedness or incompetency as a bright sun and a blue sky go towards making the day on which you have lost your mother seem agreeable.

Arthur was a religious man; not one of those who obtrude Scriptural texts and spiritual admonitions into his conversation, but one who prayed every night on his knees, and a good deal on his feet in the daytime; one who went to church every Sunday and made good resolutions, and who carried them out pretty conscientiously during the week; one who did not groan when he heard a man swear, and who could pound out an oath or two himself when it was absolutely necessary, but who had the accomplishment of making slanderers feel uncomfortable, and who came down like a falling house on mean or dirty conversation. He never appeared to better advantage than when he lost his temper; and as I have already hinted, it was a pity he lost it so seldom. Religion meant a great deal to him: it had determined his decision in every important crisis of his life except his marriage, which, as we have seen, may be considered, like a thunderstorm or an earthquake, as a phenomenon of nature, something beyond his control.

As to Amy's religious views, they are worth dwelling on, because I conceive them to be very similar to those of a great many young ladies of the present day. Without ever having taken the trouble to investigate the doctrines of any religious belief, she pronounced them all to be absurd. Now there is no fault to be found with a man who has sounded every faith to its depths, and who, dissatisfied with all, becomes a free-thinker. He may be unfortunate, but he does not appear to be in fault. Amy, however, having sounded nothing except a trumpet of defiance to all recognized faiths, became what may be termed a free non-thinker. The curious part of it was that she had a vague feeling of superiority to those who, like Arthur, belonged to some established order of religious belief. It is a very noticeable fact that Colonel Ingersoll, Professor Huxley, and others who attack the inspiration of the Bible are more familiar with the book than many of those who hold it in higher honor than they. Amy knew nothing about the Bible, except that she did not believe in it.

"Are n't you coming to church with me?" Arthur said, one Sunday morning. "You have n't a headache, or cold, or anything. No excuse. Come on, Amy!"

Amy thought the struggle might as well take place now as at any time.

"No, I don't believe I 'll come," she said languidly. "And to tell you the truth, Arthur, I don't intend to do much going to church, ever. It does n't do me a bit of good; it does me harm to hear a man say a lot of stuff with impunity, when I could shut him up easily enough if he 'd only let me answer him. I don't object to other people's going, if they want to; but as for me, it does me lots

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more good to sit at home and read some serious book that makes me think."

Arthur looked at the book in her hand. It was a volume of short stories by Guy de Maupassant. He left the room without speaking.

The Sandses had preserved the old Quaker custom of having a silent grace at meals. Arthur, who had been accustomed to it ever since he was a baby, tried to introduce it into his own household; but after a few weeks of endurance Amy's patience gave out.

"Come, Arthur," she said, "you can keep quiet all you want, but I 'm not going to sit like Patience on a something or other, just because you happen to be thanking God! It seems to me the worst of all times to thank him, anyway, before you know whether the dinner 's going to be good or not!"

The silent grace was discontinued.

Arthur was sadly disappointed because his wife proved to be utterly without religion of any kind; but he had no real right to his sense of injury. She was not a sham; she had not secured him by false pretenses. He married her because she was pretty and charming; and she certainly was both. He did not find out, after they were married, that her hair was false or that her face was enameled; she could be just as merry and winning after their marriage as she was before. The trouble was in him. He suddenly changed his standards. Before marriage he cared for nothing but beauty and charm; afterwards he gave no thought to those qualities, but was all for intellect and religion, and because Amy did not possess those peculiarities he was disappointed in her. But she had never pretended to be wise or religious. He was like a man who purchases an English thoroughbred because it is handsome and has magnificent paces; and after bringing it home, becomes accustomed to its beauty and grace, but feels indignant with it because it cannot haul stones or work at the plough, and wishes he had bought a cart-horse. There are all sorts of horses, and all sorts of women; and people ought to get the kind they want.

One of the problems which young married people have to face is the question of how much they shall go into society. Shall they go out to dinner three nights in a week, and go out immediately after dinner the four other nights? Or shall they stay quietly at home six nights, and go to the theatre the seventh? If they are very fond of each other, they generally like staying at home; if they are not, they like to go where they can see some one else.

It soon proved that Arthur, who, though he never, strictly speaking, loved Amy, yet had a very respectable imitation of love for her, preferred to stay at home, while Amy wanted to go out as often as possible. Now, though Arthur had a much stronger character than his wife, it was very noticeable that, in their disputes, she almost invariably got her way. The truth was that Arthur was so heavily handicapped that he had no chance. He had to consider not only what he wanted, but how far he could go on his side of the argument without bringing on some sort of rupture between Amy and himself. Amy, on the other hand, thought of nothing but what she wanted, and depended entirely on him to guard against ruptures. He was the stouter swordsman, but she fought with a rapier, while he was obliged to use a foil with a button on the end. Buttons sometimes come off, though, and then — one, two, three! a long carte thrust, and half a foot of crimsoned steel shows well enough whose wrist is the stronger.

As yet, however, the button was securely fastened to Arthur's foil.

"Why, Arthur, are n't you dressed yet? Did n't you know we 'd accepted for the Trimbles' dance?"

"Oh, Amy, have we got to go out to-night? Why, we were at the Danverses' last night, and the Winthrops' the night

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before; and to-morrow night, you know, we 've got tickets for Julia Marlowe. Do let 's stay in one evening in the week!"

"Now, upon my word, Arthur, this is too ridiculous! For Heaven's sake, stay at home, if you want to! I can tell them you 're sick; or perhaps we can invent a lie that will suit your conscience better than that one. We need n't stick close together all the time. I like parties, so I 'll go to them. You like staying at home and reading, so you need n't go. If you 'd rather be with your book than with me, all right. Only don't blame me if — if" —

Here Amy burst into tears: whether they were involuntary or manufactured I shall not pretend to say. At any rate, they answered their purpose. Arthur embraced her, and told her that he would go; and after a suitable amount of April weather the sun came out from behind the clouds, and Arthur received a kiss and Amy's forgiveness.

A series of victorious battles does not always mean a victorious war. Louis XIV. kept whipping William of Orange time after time, and yet, when it was all over, somehow or other William had come out ahead. Amy and Arthur had had a great many encounters, and Amy had been victorious every time; but, as was the case with the Grand Monarch, her supplies were getting exhausted. As a last resource, she had always been able to conquer Arthur's resistance by crying; but crying is like everything else, — people don't think much of it when they 're used to it. A rainstorm in the Desert of Arabia would drive the natives wild with awe and delight; but a rainstorm in Boston only makes the inhabitants feel like swearing.

Arthur was becoming annoyingly callous, so that Amy had to keep her rapier very sharp, and prod him more and more vigorously with it. Still, she was able to hold him pretty well in order as yet. He went to parties more and more unwillingly; but he went. The parties were pleasant enough, and he would have enjoyed going out, say, once a week; but to listen to Mrs. Potts of Hartford, and Miss Dillingham of Farmington, every night, when he might be listening to Shakespeare and Goethe and Victor Hugo, was beginning to bore him beyond endurance. The button on the end of his foil was getting loose.

Then a sudden check came to war and rapiers and foils and hostile feelings. Amy announced to Arthur that a child was to be born to them. From that moment till months after the baby was born, insubordination on Arthur's part was at an end. He could endure anything so long as there was a reason for Amy's querulousness and selfishness. He recognized that, in such a position, husband and wife have each a part to play: she has her sufferings to endure; he, her complaints. It is the custom of a not quite heartless world to draw a generous line through the weaknesses and follies, the fault-finding and irritability, of a woman who is waiting for her child to be born. Let us follow the world's example.

The baby proved to be a girl. She was named Caroline, after Mrs. Sands senior. "Your mother 'll probably do more for her than mine," Amy had said to Arthur.

Arthur was prodigiously fond of the child, and Amy really wanted to be. She would watch her husband with a wistful expression as he made a fool of himself over the baby, and almost wish that she could be silly like that, too. But her efforts to become fond of Caroline, if efforts she made, were unsuccessful; and many and many a time she was out at a dinner-party when Arthur was helping the nurse put the baby to bed. For you can't begin loving all of a sudden, any more than you can become a great general without preparation. If you want to be a distinguished commander, you must go to West Point, and then be a lieutenant for five years, and a captain for

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ten, and a major for three, and so on. You can't go through all the ranks in five minutes, like Fritz in La Grande Duchesse. And if a mother is to love a child with the real true mother's love, she must have loved her own mother, and her father, and her brothers and sisters, and lots of friends, and her husband more than all the rest put together. She can't begin without practice. Amy had an instinctive affection for her child, there was no doubt about that; the same affection that a lion, or a dog, or a snake, for aught I know, has for its young. She could not bear to hear it cry, and when it was vaccinated she flew at the doctor when she saw blood on the little arm. But she had not the slightest wish to nurse the child, so that, on the whole, perhaps, her affection was not quite the same as that of the lioness.

Children often renew the bond between husband and wife, so that those who are drifting apart are drawn together again. But little Caroline was not successful as a mediator. Arthur would sit with her on his knee, and talk to her complainingly about Amy. "She 's gone away and left us all alone, baby, just because she wants to dance with that Colonel Harrison, who 's on the governor's staff. I 'll colonel him, won't I, baby? But before that, she 's going to dine at the Trimbles'. The dinner 'll be over just about when you go to bed; and then Mrs. Potts will sing; but never you mind, baby, for papa 'll sing to you, and papa can sing better than she can. Is n't it funny that mamma likes to hear Mrs. Potts sing?"

From this elegant oration it can be seen that Arthur was beginning to deny himself the pleasure of escorting his wife to evening engagements. Amy was not entirely sorry, for she could behave more as she liked when he was not with her. She was growing afraid of Arthur, just because he never did complain when there was so much to complain of. She wished she knew what was going on inside of him. If she had only heard him say to baby that he would "colonel" Colonel Harrison, she might have known better what to do; but baby never told her.

It is remarkable to what an extent people can be talked about and never know it. Colonel Harrison and Mrs. Arthur Sands were both well up in the gossip of Hartford; but there was one flirtation of which neither had ever heard any one speak, and that was their own. Colonel Harrison was a very handsome man, — his enemies said he was pretty, — with a charmingly pink complexion and beautifully kept finger-nails. He was, to Amy's mind, the most entertaining talker in Hartford; at any rate, he was possessed of much more sympathy of a certain kind than Arthur was. For if you told Arthur the story of an adventure in which you had got the better of some one in rather a mean way, the greatest approbation you could expect from him was a grunt; whereas the colonel would be intensely amused, and had a very polite way of alluding to the anecdote at some future occasion. Then the colonel was a man of leisure, and could come and call on Amy while Arthur was stupidly earning his (and her) living. He had the glamour of being considered fast, too, — at least, he was so considered in dear, slow-going old Hartford, — and with some ladies that is a great point. It is a strange fact that many women rather like a man to be fast; when, if they knew the exact things he did, they would be apt to change the adjective to "vulgar." One of the most fascinating fast men I know gained a part of his reputation for speed by sitting on a curb-stone and throwing the mud of the gutter over his head. No woman would have been especially pleased with his conduct if she had happened to be under his escort at the time. Yet this is, comparatively speaking, a most innocent and even refined occupation for a fast man who really deserves his reputation. Of course there is no use taking the reader into a pigsty, but just multiply that mud-throw-

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ing incident by fifty, dearest reader, and then, if you happen to be a young woman, examine the result, and make up your mind whether you want to flirt with a person who does such things, or not. The trouble seems to come from our having a fatal tendency to call a spade a diamond. True, the ace of spades is the hardest card in the pack to distinguish, and it is certainly a most elegant-looking one; but it is a spade just the same, and we might as well call it so. We are apt to say of a man, "He 's fast, you know, but he 's a good-hearted fellow." That is all very well if we know what "fast" means. To the average woman, it means getting a little flushed with champagne once in a while, or going to the theatre in rather low company. To me, my friend in the gutter would seem to form rather a good allegorical picture of a fast man, if he had been engaged in throwing some of the mud at other people, and only a portion on his own head.

One day Arthur set out for Philadelphia, and at New Haven received a telegram from his father informing him that the journey was unnecessary. So, like King Shahzenan and other husbands of flirtatious wives, he came home very unexpectedly. He was not in the least surprised to see Colonel Harrison's dog-cart before the door; he had half expected that. But when he entered the house, he saw something better calculated to astonish him. It was a warm day in June, so that he passed into the parlor through the glass door, which stood open. With their backs toward him stood Amy and Colonel Harrison: she reading a letter; he, with his arm around her, apparently trying to kiss her cheek, an operation which she dexterously avoided by quick movements of her head, while she continued to read the letter.

It was really comical when Colonel Harrison, hearing a step behind him, turned round and encountered Arthur. The fascinating lover was so utterly and evidently inferior in every respect to the injured husband that even Arthur himself saw the humor of the situation. The pretty little fast man and the splendid great respectable one stood face to face for a moment; and at last Amy saw the difference. The beautiful little colonel scowled, and tried to look down his antagonist; and the general effect was very much as if the leader of the german should endeavor to look down Prince Bismarck. The contrast was too much for Amy, and, though her feelings were wrought to the highest pitch, she burst into a peal of half-hysterical laughter.

Arthur had smiled grimly at first, but he soon became serious again. He and the colonel looked at each other for a moment, and then Arthur said, "Will you come outside on the piazza, Colonel Harrison? I have something to say to you."

Colonel Harrison tried to speak. His voice failed him. He held himself very straight as he followed Arthur; but, in spite of all he could do, a look of terror crossed his face, which Amy did not fail to detect. She supposed that Arthur was going to chastise him in some way; but she made no attempt to interfere. "The little fool!" she said to herself. "He 's in for it now, and I 'm glad of it!" And then she began to wonder how she should get out of her own scrape.

Outside on the piazza everything went very quietly.

"I want to ask you to take your leave now, Colonel Harrison," Arthur said, "and also to request you not to come here again. Will you oblige me so far?"

"Do you mean to kick me out of the house?" the colonel sputtered.

"Only if you won't go any other way," Arthur replied. "When I came into the room there, my first impulse was to throw you out of the window; but the next moment I realized that the fact that you were small and weak was no reason why I should attack you, when I might have been afraid of a stronger man than I. However, it 's only fair to warn you that my patience is going fast."

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Colonel Harrison scowled again, and walked away with the same dignity which a boy exhibits when he scornfully leaves his comrades, — very grand, but expecting a snowball in the back of his head at any minute.

When Arthur came back into the room, Amy was crying. She ran up to him and caught his hands in hers. "I have n't done anything wrong, Arthur!" she protested. "Honestly I have n't. You don't think I have, do you?"

Arthur looked at her coldly. "Why, no," he said deliberately. "I don't believe you ever did more than flirt with the little man. You have n't enough of a heart to forget yourself entirely, Amy. Oh no, I don't believe you went very far with the colonel. He is n't exactly the sort of man to be jealous of."

Amy looked imploringly up into his face. "Then you 'll forgive me, won't you, Arthur? And it will all be the way it used to be when we were first married, and we both loved each other better than all the world?"

"I can't recall the time you speak of," he said. "As to forgiving you, I 've just learnt what sort of a woman you are, Amy, and I can't unlearn it merely because you go down on your knees and beg me to. I shan't bear any malice or keep alluding to Colonel Harrison, — I can promise you that, at any rate. But you need n't bother to cry; it does n't have any effect on me."

Amy looked at him with wide-opened eyes. "You 've never talked to me so before," she said in a frightened tone. "I 'm afraid you don't care for me any more, Arthur."

"No," he answered, "I 'm afraid I don't."

The button had come off the foil.

After a little pause, during which there seemed to be a great deal of electricity in the air, Arthur spoke again: "It 's only fair to tell you, Amy, that I 've told Colonel Harrison not to come here any more. If you meet him anywhere else, perhaps you will be so good as not to know him."

Amy looked up at the stern face before her. Was this her husband? "Very well, Arthur," she replied; "just as you say."

"And now," he went on, "we 're both a little over-excited, so I guess I 'll go in town. No, not now, Amy!" As she endeavored to kiss him, he put her aside, though not unkindly. Then, stopping at the door, "Will you be at home to dinner to-night?"

"I will if you want me to."

"Thank you, I should prefer it." With that he went out.

Amy flung herself into an armchair and tried to think. The events of the last half-hour had so completely changed her position that she could not accommodate herself to her new surroundings. Her husband proved to be a different sort of man from what she had expected. She felt like Baron Munchausen's horse, who thought he was tied to a small post, and the next morning found himself hitched to a steeple.

The truth is — and every woman must learn it sooner or later — a man is a very different sort of person when he 's in love with you and when he is n't. No autocracy can be more complete than that which a woman exercises over the man who loves her, even if his love, like Arthur's, is really only an extremely good imitation of love. A smile or a frown can raise him to the clouds or cast him down into the pit; a nod is sufficient to send him on the most difficult and dangerous enterprise; the least unkindness gives him pain; he throws away his armor, and exposes his naked breast to the arrows of her scorn and the poisoned darts of her satire. His nature bends the knee to hers, and she gives him agony or bliss with a word. It matters not how noble he is, or how frivolous she. That only accentuates matters. The nobler he is, the lowlier he kneels; the more frivolous she, the more she delights to scorn

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him. But when he awakes from his dream, mark the contrast. He recovers entirely from his infatuation in an instant; she cannot help caring for him a little; nay, she is overcome by a strange feeling of respect for this slave who has suddenly become her equal, and who bids fair to be her master. Her downfall is the more terrible because of the loftiness of her seat. In vain she snatches up the small weapons which she has used so long that she is unaccustomed to anything more formidable. Her arrows and darts drop harmless from her hands as she hears the first boom of cannon sounding from the hostile camp. She never knew he had any artillery!

Of course, if they are not married, the man merely goes away, after having given her a few good showers of grapeshot, and tells the next woman he falls in love with that he never really cared for her predecessor, — "at least, not the way I care for you!" But if they are married, they have to make up their minds to it; and now that all alluring mist is dissipated, and the two see each other as they are, the late autocrat is apt to go to the wall. There was no more temporizing in Arthur's policy toward his wife. The stronger nature asserted itself at last, and Amy always gave in, and never knew why.

"Well, Amy, are n't you coming to church?"

"I 've got a headache, Arthur!"

A look.

"I 'll go if you want me to."

"I think it would be better."

When there was a rebellion, it was like the French trying to get out of Sedan, — something that was understood beforehand by the enemy and guarded against.

"I won't have Annie sent away!"

"I 've already sent her away."

"I 'll have her back again."

"I told her that she was not to come back. I don't think she will."

"She 's the only maid I ever had that I liked!"

"She 's a bad woman, Amy; and she is n't coming back again. Will you please give me a cup of coffee?"

"Arthur!" — with tears — "you have no right to treat me so! I 'm going to go over to mamma's to-day and live with her till you learn to — to" —

"Your mother agrees with me that it was foolish of you to go over there the other time, and she has promised me she won't take you in again. Come, Amy, do you mean to give me my coffee?"

Silence, while the coffee is poured out.

"By the way, Amy, I think we 've had about enough of these outbreaks of yours. They don't improve your appearance or my temper. Just think it over, will you? I guess we can get on without them. Well, I 'm off now. Good-by."

Amy looked at him as he walked toward the door. "Are n't you going to kiss me good-by, Arthur?"

He came back and kissed her.

Amy felt a little ashamed of asking for that kiss, but somehow she could not get on without one when Arthur went away. It made her feel respectable. She did not exactly love Arthur, but she depended on him, and she kept admiring him more and more.

As to Arthur, his enforced sternness wore upon him. Like the marksman who cuts his arm and dips each bullet in his own blood, in order to insure his aim, he paid for the complete control that he gained over his wife by a constant drain on his own high spirits and energy. Yet the Colonel Harrison affair, which might have ended in Amy's utter ruin, compelled him to see that he must keep her under his thumb if he would save her from herself. Amy throve under the treatment. Sometimes it almost seemed as if she really loved her husband; certainly she came nearer loving him than she had ever been to loving any one else. The new system was a success. But Arthur's was a nature

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formed for pleasant, easy, genial intercourse; and though it had a background of uncommon strength, he hated to use the strength all the time, — just as an orchestra leader would hate to give a concert performed exclusively by his bass viols and trombones.

When a man falls sick, his friends look at his illness in different ways. Some regard it as a misfortune, others as a fault. The larger part of the population of the world, being liable to illness themselves, have a deep sympathy for all sorts of suffering, no matter what foolishness brought it about; as a mother rubs her child's knee, and kisses and coddles him, even though he fell down while climbing after the jam pot. But there is a school of reasoners, and I think a growing one, which regards illness as merely the natural result of imprudence.

"I have a toothache."

"How long is it since you went to the dentist?"

"Three years."

"Then I 'm not sorry for you. If you had gone every six months, as I have, you would not be suffering now."

This logic, besides being disagreeable, is not so sound as it at first appears; for, granted that the sufferer is in fault, is that any reason why we should not be sorry for him? Nay, is it not a reason why we should be sorrier for him than ever? I am sorry for the man unjustly condemned to prison, but I am far sorrier for the man who, besides being compelled to carry chains about with him, is also obliged to carry the consciousness that he deserves them.

Arthur belonged distinctly to the sympathetic school. One day when the streets were drowned in melted snow, Amy went out in her low shoes and caught a bad cold. Arthur had warned her several times against tempting Providence in just that way; but on returning home he refrained from uttering the four monosyllables the use of which I have sometimes suspected to be the unpardonable sin. In fact, he was very much frightened, though he did not tell Amy so; for he had noticed, what she herself had never observed, that hers was a constitution which gave no sign of weakness till a total collapse was at hand. She was like a ship with its flag nailed to the mast, so that if you see the flag go down you can be sure the ship is going down too. Arthur had a headache every week or so, and caught cold half a dozen times in a winter; but he had not been really sick since he could remember. Amy never had headaches — except the convenient kind which all women have, save you, dear reader. Only twice since Arthur had known her had she felt any physical discomfort, and each time she had been seriously ill. So when he came home from the office, and she told him she had a cold, he made her go to bed at once, and sent for the doctor; and when the doctor said he was afraid it was pneumonia, Arthur was not surprised.

It was a great relief to him to be able to behave pleasantly to Amy, and not to have to keep bullying her all the time. After all, there are few pleasures like waiting on a sick person! We do not mind being called martyrs and saints when we do it, but secretly we are perfectly conscious that we like it; or, if we are not conscious of it, we become so as soon as any one else proposes to take our place. For some inscrutable reason, we come to love the invalid all the more because he is so foolish and impatient and exasperating, just as I am very sure the angels in heaven are a great deal fonder of us because we are not mixtures of Socrates and Job and Moses. A great deal of Arthur's old feeling for Amy came back, now that she was pale and suffering and had lost her good looks. As for her, she was one of the sick people who are seized with a mania for having one particular person always near. She could hardly eat or go to sleep when Arthur was out of the room.

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The trained nurse was with her at night, but Arthur had to be with her almost the entire day. Her sister Isabel came in to help take care of her, but she had to go away again. Amy wanted Arthur. The poor girl had become possessed with the idea that she would not live, and, in spite of the doctor's prohibition of talking, she insisted on telling her husband a great many things, foolish things that she had done. She told him about the other two engagements by which she had bound herself just before she engaged herself to him, and about a great many other things, some of them wicked, and some only silly. And Arthur would answer her conscience-stricken whispers with a pressure of the hand and a kiss now and then, and would absolve her from all her sins and follies as if he had been a father confessor. Once they talked of Colonel Harrison. Arthur told her how he had met the colonel one dark night on Asylum Avenue, and how the little man had crossed to the opposite side, not supposing that Arthur had seen him. It was pathetic to hear Amy's weak little laugh at the valiant colonel's discomfiture. Then Arthur told how he had helped Harrison to get a diplomatic appointment; and how the colonel had thanked him, and apologized for what he termed his blackguardly conduct; and how Arthur had asked him to come and call on Mrs. Sands when she was on her feet again; and how the tears had come into the colonel's eyes, and he had assured Arthur that he had never met such a perfect gentleman. Then Amy laughed once more, and said she should like to see the little fool again, if Arthur would be there too; but as to being on her feet any more, she never expected that. Sometimes Amy had the baby brought in, and spent a long time looking first at Caroline and then at Arthur, and then at a looking-glass in her hand, trying to see how much the child looked like Arthur, and how much like her. And each time she was delighted, for the baby looked exactly like Arthur, and acted like him, too, and apparently had nothing of Amy in her composition.

There is nothing in books that strikes us as so sudden, and usually so inartistic, as the occurrence of a death. "Orlando died." Our feeling commonly is, "I don't believe it." The truth is that no amount of preparation can properly furnish the mind for the reception of such a revolutionary statement. That Orlando, whose progress I have perhaps traced for years, whom I have learned to admire, with whom I have almost identified myself, should come to a full stop, should disappear never to return, is too much for my imagination. "Orlando's death is too sudden," I write in my criticism of the book. Yet the suddenness, the shock, the bad taste, if I may say so, of the thing, may all be observed far more strongly in real life. "Your cousin Margaret is dead," some one says. "I don't believe it," is again the first response that comes into my mind, though I may not utter it. It is hard to assimilate the fact that she is dead: it is indigestible, and the acids of the mind must work on it a long time before they master it. After hearing that cousin Margaret is dead, I might perhaps be surprised if I were to meet her on the street; but I am almost equally surprised not to meet her.

Amy did not live three weeks from the day on which she fell ill. The doctor had been anxious from the first, for she would not fight against her sickness; she seemed perfectly content to die. All that she felt uneasy about was the pain and trouble and anxiety she had given Arthur ever since they were married; and he forgave her all these things so often that after a time she appeared to think of them less. They had one little talk about religion. She asked him what he believed; and with manly awkwardness he told her his simple faith. She said she would try to believe that, too; for whether it was true or not, if it was good enough for him, it was good enough

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for her. She kept her consciousness to the end, and just before she died she stretched out her arms to Arthur. He kissed her, and no doubt the poor girl felt that that kiss was the seal of his forgiveness for all the trials she had brought upon him; for her face was happy after that, and she smiled at him as he sat by the bedside and held her cold fingers in his great, warm, manly hand. Then the life gradually faded out of her face, and the cold fingers grew colder, and with one final labored throb the foolish, false, repentant little heart stopped beating.

So Arthur was left alone: an older man than the Arthur Sands who asked Amy Lunt to marry him; a wiser man, perhaps,— perhaps not. For experience does not teach; it merely accentuates.

Amy's sister Isabel had been, as a child, one of the most affectionate and unconscious little persons that ever lived. Amy had spoiled her. But, spoiled as she was, the old affection looked out of her great brown eyes, though it might not be in her heart; and whether she was unconscious or not, she looked as if she were. Just as Bernadotte or Davout learned from Napoleon how to move armies, so she had learned from Amy how to move men up and down on her board, with all the heartlessness and much of the skill of a professional chess-player. And if the board fell off her lap, and the pieces tumbled into the fire, why, at the worst she could get a new set and start a new game.

Isabel had tried her hand at a little mild flirtation with Arthur while he was still married; but Arthur was too good a husband for that sort of thing; and Amy, who could see about as far into a stone post as most people, suggested to Isabel that if she wanted hunting, she had better hunt something else, and leave her sister's tame buffalo alone. After Amy's death, however, things were different. Arthur did not deceive himself about Amy: he knew that he had been very unhappy with her. But he was just as wretched now that his home was broken up as if it had been a happy one. He was much at the Lunts', and Isabel's sympathy and sisterly tenderness were a great comfort to him.

It is one of the curious things in life how sure we are of the future, and how seldom the future bears us out. "I shall love you forever," the boy says to the girl. What does he know about "forever"? It is easier to say than "for five minutes," and certainly sounds more romantic; but, as a matter of fact, there are a great many five minutes in the world, and very few forevers. The strange part of the boy's statement is that he gives a promise which depends for its fulfillment on forces over which he has absolutely no control. If he had said, "I shall kiss you once a day forever," or even, "I shall think of you forever," he might have made a good try at it; but "I shall love you forever"! He might as well say, "I shall have it sunny weather forever." This statement might possibly be true, if the boy lived in the Desert of Sahara; but, true or false, he puts it in a very foolish way, for he has nothing to do with the sun or the rain any more than he has with the motions of his own heart. If a rainstorm came up, he could not send it away; and if he suddenly stopped loving his sweetheart, no amount of trying could make him begin again.

So when a man loses his wife. If any individual could be found at the same time impudent and courageous enough to ask him, the day after the funeral, if he intended to marry again, the widower would probably awake from his stupor of sorrow long enough to kick the meddler downstairs. But if he could be prevailed upon to give a definite answer, he would say, "No! Never! I have enough to do to sorrow over what I have lost!" Yet the chances are even that he will be married again in two years. The truth is, we

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don't know anything about how we shall feel in the future. I know of a lady who woke up one morning and found that she had forgotten everything that had ever happened to her. The same thing happens to us all every morning, to a lesser degree. A man may say, "I shall mourn for my wife just as deeply twenty years hence as I do to-day;" but no amount of saying so will make him do it, and nothing else will make him do it, either. We can regulate the mourning on our hats, but not that in our hearts.

Amy's illness had brought on an Indian summer to Arthur's affection, and he never loved her so dearly as the day she died. He grieved for her deeply and truly, and added to his grief by vain regrets because he had not been to her a better husband. It would not be true to say that he determined never to marry again: he never thought about it, any more than he thought about committing murder. It was one of the impossibilities. For some months he went nowhere except to the Lunts'. He felt drawn to them because they shared his grief. They were very kind to him, especially Isabel, who always knew by instinct just what he wanted. When he came in to have her sing and play to him, he did not need to ask her; she knew what he had come for, and she knew just the sort of things he would like to hear. For though she had outgrown her old, simple-hearted, affectionate nature, she could reassume it when she chose; just as the world-worn actress plays Camille or Fedora, and yet has not forgotten her first part of Little Bo-Peep, though she has not acted it since she was an innocent child.

There are degrees of grief just as there are degrees of joy; and Arthur was never less miserable than when he sat listening to Isabel's singing. No one ever sang with deeper feeling than Isabel; and I, for one, do not blame Arthur for thinking that she had a warm, tender heart. It gave him pleasure to look at her, too: she was beautiful at the piano. Her wonderful wavy light-brown hair and her innocent face formed a quaint but fascinating contrast to the unrelieved black of her dress. A beautiful woman is never so beautiful as when in mourning; the holiness of sorrow gives her an added charm. When the playing was over, Isabel would talk to Arthur, or more often would listen to him while he told her stories of Amy, and how things would have gone so much better if only he had acted rightly. Then she would comfort him as only an affectionate woman can, and he would shake his head, but smile at the same time, and feel glad he came.

So Arthur became dependent upon Isabel. It was not that he had forgotten Amy: it was because he liked to talk and think about her that he wanted to be with Isabel, — at least it was so at first. Afterwards Isabel's own charm began to take possession of him. When he was conscious of it, he tried to fight against it; very much as a fly first begins operations for avoiding a spider's web after he is already securely caught in it. One day Arthur realized that he was walking up the Lunts' avenue so that he might see Isabel, and not so that he might see Amy's sister. He stopped on the piazza, irresolute. Perhaps he had better not go in. "Arthur!" came a silver voice from the parlor window. And the jump that his heart gave had very little to do with the woman who had been Mrs. Arthur Sands one short year ago.

Arthur was not entirely deceived about Isabel's character. Skillful as she was at dissimulation, she could not entirely hide her real self from a man who saw her almost every day, and who, though preoccupied, was far from stupid. But Arthur was a person whose thoughts did not naturally run towards the faults of the girl he was in love with. Though a good orthodox Congregationalist in his religious faith, he was a Unitarian in love matters: he was a firm believer in heaven, and did his best not to think

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about any other place. He was obliged to see that Isabel was sometimes cross and overbearing to her mother, but he thought the less of it because she was always sunny and considerate to him. Several times he could not help noticing that her sense of honor (a virtue the possession of which is difficult to simulate) was not up to his own high standard. This was hard on Isabel, for, as regarded her sense of honor, by judicious inflation she had managed to make something perilously like nothing assume really respectable proportions; and for Arthur to notice that it was wavering, and did not seem to be very solid, merely showed that he was hard to satisfy. He perceived more than once that she was talking to produce a certain effect, and not because she really believed the things she said. She saw that he noticed this, but she could not always guard against it. It is hard to pretend to be truthful when you are not, because the essence of truth is that you are not pretending.

Isabel knew a great deal better than I do how Arthur ought to be managed, but if I might presume to criticise one little point, I should suggest that she need not have given herself so much trouble to seem better than she was. The gist of the matter was right here: Arthur came to see her because she was sympathetic, affectionate, fascinating, and pretty; and if he came to see her enough, he would marry her. He did not come to see her because she had a high sense of honor or a great regard for truth. Unfortunately, those qualities do not draw well. In a wife they are of inestimably more importance than fascination or beauty; but no one ever went to call on a girl because she did not tell lies.

When it came to the point, everything went quietly enough. Arthur and Isabel were in the parlor together; Isabel standing in the oriel window looking at the sunset, while Arthur looked at her. Suddenly it came over him that he would give anything in the world for the right to hold that girl in his arms and kiss that cheek which would have tempted a saint. He rose to his feet. "Isabel!" he said.

When she turned and their eyes met, she knew that the battle was won.

What 's the matter, reader? There you are again, banging my poor story against the table! What do you mean by calling Arthur a fool and an egregious ass? I 'd let you know that my hero was neither! He was a man who, having done a foolish thing, was suddenly brought back to the point he started from, and, having another opportunity, did it again. Most of us would. We don't get much wiser as we get older. Arthur Sands was a good man and a sensible one. He had one weak point: he was peculiarly sensitive to the charm of an attractive and beautiful woman. Carried away by his feelings, he married a foolish, heartless girl, and spent three unhappy years with her. When it was all over, and he had another chance given him, he was carried away by his feelings again, and this time married a girl a little less foolish and a little more heartless than the other. But she was fascinating, — there was no doubt about that. It was all perfectly natural. Unwise he was, perhaps, but who is not unwise in that way? Do you think you would have escaped, reader, or would have wanted to escape, if Isabel had really undertaken to marry you?

Robert Beverly Hale.

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VAIN FREEDOM.

So I am free whom Love held thrall so long!
  Now will I flaunt my colors on the air,
  And with triumphal music scale heaven's stair,
Till all those shining choirs shall hush their song,
And hark in silent wonder to the strong,
  Compelling harmonies that boldly dare
  Their holy ears, and make the blest aware
That, free like them, I stand their ranks among.

Nay! but my triumph mocks me, — chills the day:
  Bound would I be, and suffer, and be sad,
    Rather than free, and with no heart to ache.
Strong God of Love, still hold me in thy sway!
  Give back my human pain; let me go mad
    With the old dreams, old tortures, for Love's sake.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

A TALK OVER AUTOGRAPHS.

THIRD PAPER.

For many years I was a regular contributor to the Saturday Review, — the "Superfine Review" of Thackeray, the "Great Saturday Reviler" of John Bright. With the political part of that journal I had nothing whatever to do. Its politics, the editor told me, were Liberal with a small *l*. The *l* was so small that I never discovered it. In religious matters the Saturday Review was a pillar of the old-fashioned Church and State party. If the first editor was orthodox, he must nevertheless have been a somewhat strange prop for a church, for he swore like a trooper. There was, I was told, only one man in the office who could stand up against his volley of oaths, and that was the manager, — a quiet-looking old gentleman, whose name of David Jones, pleasant as it looked at the bottom of his quarterly checks, was in itself somewhat suggestive of marine profanity. He was so religious a man that he would not have submitted to be damned even by a prince without rebuke. The proprietor of the paper, Mr. Beresford Hope, one of the two members of Parliament for the University of Cambridge, used every year to give the contributors a grand dinner at Greenwich. How oppressive was the bill of fare! What courses had to be struggled through, — courses each with its own appropriate wine! One year I chanced to sit by one of the first physicians of London. When he saw me pass over course after course, and reject wine after wine, he broke out into indignant remonstrances. My delicate state of health, I said, forced me to be abstemious. "My dear sir," he replied, "you should have done as I always do on such occasions. For the last three days I have carefully prepared myself for this dinner, and you can easily

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see how thorough and successful my preparation has been." I told him that he reminded me of the great Abernethy, who, early in the century, had stood at the head of the medical profession in England. In one of his works he had laid it down as an invariable rule that no more than eight ounces of animal food should be taken in a single day. From time to time he would give a dinner to the most promising of his hospital students. "Now, my lads," he used to say, as they sat down to a well-spread table, "hang the eight-ounce rule;" and they did suspend it for that night, at least. I went on to say that I always wished, at these Greenwich dinners, that every guest were provided with the placard which in certain towns I had seen hung outside the omnibuses when there was room for no more passengers, — "Full inside." Furnished with it, a man, when he had had enough, could enjoy a quiet talk with those sitting near him without being worried at every moment by the waiter thrusting dishes and bottles of wine over his shoulder.

At one of these Saturday Review dinners, the cook had forgotten to bring up the rear of the long line of dainties with those boiled beans and bacon in which the man of oaths took special delight. This happened before I had begun to write for the paper, so that I did not witness the strange scene which followed. The landlord was sent for, and on him was opened a battery of the strongest and most original profanity, worthy of the rage of a man who, having dined on turtle-soup, fish of a dozen varieties, fowl, flesh, and venison, felt that, without beans and bacon, all was vanity and vexation of spirit. The memory of such a man should surely be honored in Boston.

Scarcely less strange a pillar of the Anglican Church was my kind friend the second editor. In his early manhood he had filled the pulpit in the Unitarian chapel in London in which Mr. Moncure Conway so long officiated in later years. A Unitarian, I believe, he remained till the end of his life. Like Lord Chancellor Eldon, he was a buttress rather than a pillar of the Church, for he was never seen inside. His were the palmy days of the Saturday Review. He was supported by a large and strong staff of reviewers. Matthew Arnold once said to me that it was easy to see that every subject was entrusted to a writer who was master of it. Among the contributors were E. A. Freeman and J. R. Green, the historians, Sir Henry Maine and Lord Justice Bowen, Sir James Stephen and his brother Mr. Leslie Stephen, and Professor Owen. It was in the Saturday Review that Mr. Freeman and some of the younger writers of his school so often exposed the blunders into which Mr. Froude was always falling. In this exposure, Mr. Green, I have little doubt, often bore his part. I was told that when he was still a young writer, — unhappily he did not live to be an old one, — at an evening party, the lady of the house brought him up to introduce him to Mr. Froude. The great man looked coldly at him for a moment, and then exclaimed, "Saturday Reviewer! Don't want to know him." It is a pity that Mr. Froude could not have laid to heart the lessons that were taught him by his reviewers, however bitter was the language in which they were imparted. Of strict accuracy he seemed incapable by nature; just as Johnson's friend, Bennet Langton, "had no turn to economy," so Mr. Froude had no turn to truthfulness. Where nature had fallen short, inclination and study did little to remedy the deficiency. He was not, perhaps, aware of his failings. I once sent him a few notes about some errors in his Life of Carlyle. He replied, "The utmost care will not prevent mistakes. Printers blunder when no blunders could be anticipated, and the eye passes over them unconsciously." In this defense of himself against the suspicion of carelessness he was so careless as to send his letter unsigned.

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My friend the editor, from whom I have been led away by this digression, however severe was the formidable Review which he so ably conducted, was himself the most kindly and gentle of men. He was rarely to be seen anywhere but in his office and his home. He never went to a club, and he never dined out except on a Saturday when the week's work was done. His daughter, under the name of Ross Niel, had published a few volumes of poetical plays, written with great taste and spirit. His one relief from work was music. Every evening he played on the violoncello, while she accompanied him on the piano. However late his task was finished, — and every Thursday night it went on to the small hours of the morning, — he soothed his tired nerves by this little concert. How the nerves of the authors were soothed, who were often so mercilessly criticised, is matter for conjecture.

He once sent me for review the longest modern novel I have ever seen. It could scarcely have fallen short of Richardson's Clarissa. It was so long that some of the volumes I made no pretense of reading. I did not even cut their leaves. To my surprise, my article was not inserted, though I received for it the usual payment. The author — an old soldier — had just had a play brought out at one of the London theatres, and had received some compliments in the Saturday Review. He wrote so grateful a letter of acknowledgment that my friend owned to me that he had not the heart to ridicule his foolish novel, and so had committed my article to the waste-paper basket.

One day he told me of a vexatious blunder into which he had fallen. I had sent him an article on school histories, in which I maintained that Goldsmith's History of Greece with all its errors, written as it was by a man of genius, was a far better book for young people than Dr. Smith's History with all its accuracy and all its dullness. Dr. Smith was a big man in the literary world of London, not by his schoolbooks, though they brought him in many thousands of pounds every year, but as the editor of the Quarterly Review, that famous Review which, years earlier, was thought to have "snuffed out" poor Keats's soul. He had long wished to know my friend, and had asked a common acquaintance to let them meet at his dinner-table. The dinner was fixed for a certain Saturday. On the morning of that very day appeared my article. It had been in type for some weeks. That it contained an attack on Dr. Smith's History had altogether escaped my friend's memory. The awkward blunder which he had made he discovered an hour or two before the dinner-party. It was with a heavy heart that he went to meet this brother editor. It was impossible to allude to the article, and explain his entire innocence of any wish to give offense. He felt sure it would be believed that it was a premeditated slight. The meeting was a cool one. Dr. Smith, he told me with a smile, never expressed the slightest wish to see him again.

My friend had also an amusing story to tell of the editor of the Westminster Review, one Mr. H——, a successor, though not the immediate successor, of John Stuart Mill in that post. Mr. H—— published a book on theology, in which he supported his views by citations from the Greek fathers. Of Greek, however, he knew next to nothing, and so he sought the aid of a learned friend in his translations of these passages. Unfortunately, it too frequently happened that learning and his theological theories were at variance. In those cases it was learning that had to yield. The fathers were made to say, not what they had said, but what they ought to have said, and what undoubtedly they would have said had each of them been a Mr. H——. He begged my friend, who was at this time assistant editor of the Sat-

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urday Review, and whom he had long known, to get his book noticed in that journal. All he asked for was a review, — whether favorable or unfavorable he cared not a jot. The work was accordingly sent to a learned critic, who, without any pity, mercilessly exposed the writer's monstrous blunders. So severe was the criticism that the assistant editor did all he could to keep it from appearing. Just as, in the Reign of Terror, a friendly clerk in the office of the Committee of Public Safety often saved a man's life by keeping the paper containing his case at the bottom of the pile, so the assistant editor for many weeks kept this review at the bottom of the pile of articles that were awaiting insertion. The only result was a succession of bitter reproaches from the author for his indifference to an old friend, who asked for nothing but a review, and cared not whether it was friendly or hostile. At last the review was printed. Mr. H—— at once quarreled with his old friend, and never spoke to him again.

It was not till about the year 1869 that I became a contributor to the Saturday Review; but when I had once begun to write there were few numbers for some years in which I had not an article. The editor discovered in me a certain vein of humor, and for the most part sent me books to review which deserved little more than ridicule. What havoc I made among the novelists and the minor poets! I amused my readers because I was first amused myself by the absurdities which I everywhere found in these writers, and by the odd fancies which rose in my mind as I read their works. At last, however, my humor began to fail. It was over the minor poets that I first became dejected. Even in their tragedies I no longer found anything amusing. I entreated my friendly editor to hand them over to a fresher hand. With the novelists I struggled on for some while; but finally even they could no longer raise a natural laugh. My mirth was becoming forced, and I let them follow the poets. Now and then, it is true, I lighted upon a pretty story. I recall with pleasure Mrs. Parr's Dorothy Fox and Mrs. Walford's Mr. Smith. Whenever I met modest worth, I hope I always did it justice.

One result of all this novel-reading was a total incapacity, lasting for many years, of reading any novels except those which were the favorites of my younger days. To read a novel became so inseparably connected, in my mind, with three pounds ten shillings (about seventeen dollars), the usual payment for a Saturday Review article, that without the one I could not undertake the other. All in vain have friends urged me to read the works of Black, Blackmore, Hardy, Howells, Henry James, Stevenson, and Kipling. Not a single story of any one of these writers have I ever read, or am I likely ever to read. Perhaps, however, I should be less confident on this matter, for I have just been induced to listen to Miss Jewett's A Marsh Island. It pleased me so much that I see it is possible that stories may solace the hours of my old age, as it draws on, as they charmed those of my youth.

Among my autographs there are not a few letters from those who had suffered from my reviews. They were forwarded to me by the editor; for my name was not known, as the contributions were anonymous. An enraged poetess warned me that the day would come when women would have their rights. Then the dastardly man who insolently compared the flights of a swan to the waddlings of the domestic duck would have to meet her whom he had thus wronged, face to face, pistol in hand. She was far fiercer than a brother poet who had insisted on being reviewed. "When I read my own poems," he wrote to the editor, "and remember that they are written by a man not yet twenty-one, I am astounded at my own genius. Other men would say ability; but genius I say, and genius I

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mean." All I recall of his verse is a single line, in which he describes how the sea

"Burst in one terrific boil."

A year or so later we received from him the following letter: —

SIR, — You reduced me to a jelly *re* my Throbs of Genius. Can you find it in you to discover balm in Gilead for After-Throbs?

Your broken-boned

AUGUSTUS JINKS.[1]

He wrote too late. My review of After-Throbs appeared the very day on which I received his letter, and it was not balm that it contained. Unhappy poet! may his genius have long ceased to astound him, but may it be the object of the ardent if somewhat perplexed admiration of a dutiful and loving wife!

Now and then my reviews brought me letters of a different character. One was from a grand-niece of Sir Walter Scott, who was grateful for the resentment I had shown when a popular female novelist, with a great parade of conferring a benefit on the world, began to serve up a miserable hash of his stories, each in a penny number some twenty or thirty pages long. In her abridgment of Rob Roy she had been so shameless as to make one of the purest of writers guilty of a coarse jest. There was something in this abridgment which led me to suspect that it had not been made from the original, but in the very wantonness of indolence from the dramatized version. I turned to the play, and my suspicions were confirmed, for there I found this same coarse jest. "It is," wrote Scott's niece, "a real pleasure to me to thank you, those who would have done so far better than I being all dead. . . . There is something touching in the fact that Sir Walter's fame lives in children; we must be men and women to thoroughly appreciate him, but it is as children that we learn to love him and his creations."

The following letter came to me from the west coast of Ireland: —

DEAR MR. LITERARY CRITIC, — I 'd rather like to make your acquaintance in the flesh, as I have done long since in the spirit — for you seem to have a good deal of fun in you, and *some* feeling; I say *some* feeling with caution, for in many ways you are utterly without heart, witness the cruel way you cut up those poor lady-novelists. You hash their grammar — their best and most finely-turned phrases, their plots, their spelling, everything is made mince-meat of, without mercy, and without remorse. In the review I have just laid down after some minutes of quiet enjoyment of MRS. ——'s novel, how you ravened like a wolf among her pet descriptions (there 's a bit of metaphor for you now to carp at), and then you were coarse, not to say brutal, when you said that you could have seen her heroine hanged with much complacency. I often think you are a sour discontented old bachelor with a natural antipathy to the sex — when suddenly you turn round and by a little sentence betray more feeling than I could give you credit for, which makes me suppose you are lord of a happy household of girls and boys with quite a fund of general benevolence in your composition.

Now it was not to tell you all this I have taken the trouble on this blessed Valentine's Day to sit down and write to you. It is to tell you (and here, if you have got so far, you smile sardonically) I too am among the foolish women. I have written a book — of verses — and published them. I have put dashes purposely between each word to give you time to breathe — and I want to know will you review it? or has it come to you? or would you if I sent you a copy? You said in one of your late Saturdays that though nearly every one who can rhyme

[1] I have changed the names of the poet and his works, so that he may not be recognized.

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tries his or her hand at a sonnet — very few succeed. I send you four sonnets. Do you think them any good? Some reviewer in this sweet little Ireland, peaceful, prosperous, happy Ireland — said I had been following in Mrs. Browning's footsteps, of course I love and honour her — and admire her with all my heart, but I never had the presumption to fancy I could follow her even afar off. One day after I had read these remarks, the thought stuck to me, till I wrote these things I send you. When first her sonnets from the Portuguese were given me — I lived on them.

I don't know if this letter will ever reach its destination. I have a very vague idea about a reviewer in the Saturday. He is a sort of myth — and yet a very palpable reality. . . . I 'd almost rather be cut up than passed over in contemptuous silence, and I don't think any one with a soul worth calling a soul would let it be "snuffed out by an article." I 'm perfectly sure Keats never deserved that line of Byron's — poor fellow — there was "death in his hand" long before the review in the Quarterly was put into it.

Farewell. May you live to write many more critiques — but not on me — clever, satirical, abusive, amusing, admirable, as yours sometimes are. I say *sometimes* — as I before said *some* — for you are not infallible.

Truly yours, —— ——.

I cannot call to mind whether we received this lady's poems. Her letter shows that she might have done something better than write sonnets. Anybody can write sonnets, though few can read them.

The following letter was written to one of my uncles, a young barrister, by Major John Cartwright, a radical of the old school. So early as 1774 he had published a Letter in Defence of American Independence. He was at that time an officer in the navy. Fond as he was of his profession, he threw it up rather than take part in the war against our colonies. He entered the militia, and rose to the rank of major. Three years before the date of his letter, he had been present at a meeting held in Birmingham for the purpose of electing a "legislatorial attorney," who was to knock at the door of the House of Commons, and claim the right to look after the interests of that great town in Parliament. With all its population, its industry, and its wealth, it was unrepresented. In its case, and in the case of many another English town in those evil days, taxation went without representation. The major and four gentlemen who stood by his side at the meeting were put on their trial at the Warwick assizes for misdemeanor. Another of my uncles had been on the platform, but he was young and insignificant enough to escape prosecution. His brother, the barrister, was one of Cartwright's counsel. On the morning of the trial, the old fellow said to him, "I hope they will send me to prison. It will be the best thing for the cause, for I am sure to die there. I hope they will send me to prison." The judge was too wise to make such a martyr. Cartwright's four friends were punished with imprisonment, but he himself was let off with a fine of a hundred pounds. From one of the pockets of his waistcoat, which, after the fashion of the previous century, he wore of a great size, he drew out a large canvas bag, from which he slowly counted one hundred pounds in gold. "He believed, he said, they were all *good sovereigns*." Even the judge himself was amused by his composed manner and his dry tone. Cartwright outlived his trial three years, dying at the age of eighty-four. His statue stands before his house in Burton Crescent, London. His niece, Mrs. Penrose, under the assumed name of Mrs. Markham, used to be well known to the children of my younger days by her histories.

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DEAR HILL, — Col. de Vergier and two other French officers, escaped from Bourbon Dungeons, dine with me on *Thursday at* 5.

Make one with us if you can.

Yours truly,

J. CARTWRIGHT.

Remember the Titles of the several Acts respecting Juries.

BURTON CRESCENT,
Tuesday, 12 *Nov.* 1822.

M. D. HILL, ESQ.
Boswell Court, Carey Street,
Lincoln's Inn.

The major, it is said, usually signed his letters, "Yours radically." These French officers had escaped from that tyranny which the armies of the allies had imposed on France, and on so much of Europe, after the defeat of Napoleon. The common tyrant had been caged in St. Helena, but over each unhappy nation the tyrant of the ancient stock was only the more firmly fixed. What the rulers of the earth were doing in the year in which this letter was written is thus shown by Miss Martineau: "The king of Prussia amused himself and his advisers with devising a plan of a new order of nobility which should suddenly become as imposing and influential as if it had been a thousand years old. Ferdinand of Spain was inventing tinsel ornaments for the Virgin. The restored Bourbons of France were studying how best to impose dumbness on their noisy nation. The king of Sardinia was swimming paper ducks in a wash basin to while away his time." My father met one of the French officers who had escaped from the Bourbon dungeons, who said to him, in English with a foreign accent which added not a little to his humor, "I was once hanged in France, but, very fortunately, I was not present on the occasion." He and his fellow-prisoners who had been happy enough to escape the gallows, to which some of their associates were sent, had been hanged in effigy. The same officer told my father that many of his countrymen maintained that the French had gained the battle of Trafalgar. "Yes, I reply," the officer continued. "It is true we gained the battle; but, unfortunately, our French sailors were so ignorant of navigation that they steered their own ships, and their English prizes also, straight into English harbors."

From a Bourbon king by an easy transition we arrive at Charles I.; for both stubbornly moved along the same narrow groove of dull bigotry and tyranny. In this case I have no autograph, but something perhaps as interesting as an autograph, — a handbill announcing the public sale of the property of the Crown. It runs as follows: —

"The Contractors for sale of the Lands and Possessions of the late King, Queen, and Prince have resolved to begin their sittings for Sales upon Monday the Fourth of March 1649, as to all such of the said Lands (onely) before that time Surveyed and Certified to the Register, whereof there shall be immediate Tenancies; from which day the respective preemptions of the immediate Tenants are to begin: And for all such of the Lands, wherof there are such immediate Tenancies, and wherof the Surveys shall be returned after that day, the said respective preemptions to commence according to a late Additional Act of the 18th of February 1649.

WILLIAM TAYLEURE, CLERK
attending the Contractors."

How great is the transition when we pass from the old radical major and the contractors for the sale of the king's lands to the poet laureate Southey, a man who, with all his noble qualities, had broken, like the Lost Leader, from the van and the freemen, and sunk to the rear and the slave! A few months after the date of the following letter, young George Ticknor met him at an evening party. "There was little company present," writes Ticknor, "and soon after I went in I found myself in a corner with Southey, from which neither of us moved until nearly

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midnight. He immediately began to talk about America. Of Roger Williams and John Eliot I was ashamed to find that he knew more than I did. Roger Williams, he thought, deserved the reputation which Penn has obtained, and Eliot he pronounced one of the most extraordinary men of any country. As he was once traveling in a post-chaise to London, he bought at a stall in Nottingham Mather's Magnalia, which he read all the way to town, and found it one of the most amusing books he had ever seen. He had read most of our American poetry, and estimated it more highly than we are accustomed to." Two years later, Ticknor, who visited Southey at Keswick, recorded: "He considers himself an author by profession, and therefore, as he told me, never writes anything which will not sell, in the hours he regularly devotes to labor. For this reason his poetry has been strictly his amusement. His light reading after supper is now in the fifty-three folios of the Acta Sanctorum." Macaulay wrote of him: "A good father, husband, brother, friend, but prone to hate people whom he did not know, solely on account of differences of opinion, and in his hatred singularly bitter and rancorous. Then he was arrogant beyond any man in literary history. To do him justice, he had a fine, manly spirit where money was concerned." Like Johnson, whom he resembled in his generosity, Southey had known the meaning of the word *impransus*. "When Joan of Arc was in the press," he wrote, "I often walked the streets at dinner-time for want of a dinner, when I had not eighteen pence for the ordinary, nor bread and cheese at my lodgings. But do not suppose that I thought of my dinner when I was walking; my head was full of what I was composing." It may well be doubted whether he was more bitter in his hatred towards any one than Macaulay was towards Brougham and Croker: Brougham, of whom he wrote, "His powers gone. His spite immortal. A dead nettle;" and Croker, whom "he detested more than cold boiled veal," and whose "varlet's jacket" he promised "to dust in the next number of the Blue and Yellow [the Edinburgh Review]." Southey's arrogance had been fostered by Landor, who, in the beautiful lines beginning,

"It was a dream (ah! what is not a dream?)"

comparing him with Virgil, had described the English poet laureate as

"Higher in intellect, more conversant
With earth and heaven, and whatso lies between."

Landor's monstrous laudation had perhaps been won by Southey's admiration of his brother bard. Writing of him, he said, "He is the only man living of whose praise I was ambitious, or whose censure would have humbled me."

The lady to whom Southey's letter was addressed was a correspondent of Pascal Paoli, the Corsican patriot, and of Mrs. Hemans; I have letters addressed to her by both of them. J. Rickman, who franked it, was the secretary of the Speaker of the House of Commons. "His outside," wrote Southey, "has so little polish about it that once, having gone from Christ Church to Pool in his own boat, he was taken by the press gang; his robust figure, hard-working hands, and strong voice all tending to deceive them."

KESWICK, 23 *Dec.*, 1816.

DEAR MADAM, — I am very much obliged to you for the manuscript music. The ears which nature has given me are of no use when music is the case, — but my eldest daughter has some allotment of a sense in which I am deficient, — and the tune seems to give pleasure to all who hear it.

Mrs Bonamy informed me that Mr M. Coates was, at that time, hopelessly ill. I have not seen him since I had the pleasure of meeting you at his table, — and probably he is no longer an inhabitant

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of this world! Of my other Bristol friends so few are now remaining, that I do not think I shall ever have heart to set foot within my native city again. — Should you ever visit this part of England (the most beautiful part of it) it will give both M^rs^ Southey and myself great pleasure to show you the environs of Keswick.

Believe me my dear Madam
Your obliged
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

LONDON, *Twenty Sixth Dec.*, 1816
MISS MAYNARD,
6 Portland Place, Clifton,
Bristol.
Free. J. RICKMAN.

His indifference to music Southey shared with many men of genius. "Sir Isaac Newton, hearing Handel play on the harpsichord, could find nothing worthy to remark but the elasticity of his fingers." That great man, by the way, cared as little for poetry as for music: "once being asked his opinion of it, he quoted a sentiment of Barrow that it was ingenious nonsense." Pope, who had so exquisite an ear for the melody of verse, had no more music in his soul than Newton. One day, at a concert, he asked Dr. Arbuthnot whether the rapture of the company over Handel and his band did not proceed solely from affectation. Johnson, in the Hebrides, used often to stand for some time with his ear close to the great drone of the bagpipe; nevertheless, much as he must have endeared himself to his Highland host by this devotion, he owned that it was not till he was past seventy that he was ever affected by musical sounds. What first moved him were the French horns at a Freemason's funeral procession. Wordsworth's ear, if I am not mistaken, was almost as deficient as his brother poet's.

Southey, twenty years after the date of his letter, had the heart once more to set foot in his native city. If he was saddened by the loss of the friends of his youth, he had a father's quiet pleasure in showing his son the home of his early years. "We visited together all his old haunts," the young man wrote, — "the house where he was born, the schools he had been sent to. He had forgotten nothing, — no short cut, no by-way; and he would surprise me often by darting down some alley, or threading some narrow lane, — the same which in his schoolboy days he had traversed."

From Southey I pass to De Quincey. What a curious account has Carlyle given us of the poet laureate's outburst of anger against the opium-eater! "I asked mildly, with no appearance of special interest, but with more than I really felt, 'Do you know De Quincey?' 'Yes, sir,' said Southey, with extraordinary animosity, 'and if you have opportunity, I'll thank you to tell him he is one of the greatest scoundrels living!' I laughed lightly, said I had myself little acquaintance with the man, and could not wish to recommend myself by that message. Southey's face, as I looked at it, was become of slate color, the eyes glancing, the attitude rigid, the figure altogether a picture of Rhadamanthine rage, — that is, rage conscious to itself of being just. He doubtless felt I would expect some explanation from him. 'I have told Hartley Coleridge,' said he, 'that he ought to take a strong cudgel, proceed straight to Edinburgh, and give De Quincey, publicly in the streets there, a sound beating, as a calumniator, cowardly spy, traitor, base betrayer of the hospitable social hearth for one thing!'" The thrashing would have been well deserved, though one of the Wordsworths should have had a hand in it; for both the poet and his sister, quite as much as Coleridge, had found him "a base betrayer of the hospitable social hearth." The hospitality and kindness which he had for years received from them he repaid by laying bare, in magazine articles, the privacy of their quiet home, and by strokes of envy all the more malignant

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because they were covert. It was, it seems probable, the recollection of De Quincey's treachery which led Mr. Lowell to describe him as "a kind of inspired *cad*." "Though my intercourse with Southey," De Quincey writes, "was at no time very strict, I was yet on such terms that I might in a qualified sense call myself his friend." If Southey's advice had been followed, and if the cudgel had been brought down on the opium-eater's back, De Quincey might have cried out to this "friend in a qualified sense" in the words of the old epigram:

"When late I attempted your pity to move
Why seemed you so deaf to my prayers?
Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But why did you kick me down stairs?"

There would have been no need for Hartley Coleridge to take a strong cudgel; it was not a case for "an oak-plant of a tremendous size," such as old Johnson kept by him when he received "the menaces of the ruffian" Macpherson. For De Quincey a cane would have sufficed. "He was," writes Carlyle, "one of the smallest man figures I ever saw; shaped like a pair of tongs, and hardly above five feet in all." "What would one give to have him in a box, and take him out to talk!" said Mrs. Carlyle. Hartley Coleridge was scarcely the man to send to cudgel any one, even a dwarf. With his constant drinking, it was as much as he could have done to keep himself upright; that he should be expected to knock a man down was surely unreasonable. In those summer holidays of my boyhood which I spent at Ambleside I often heard stories of his intemperance. He was living at that time in a cottage on the road to Rydal, supporting himself mainly by giving lessons. No prudent person, I was told, in offering him refreshments, ever had more than a single glass of wine brought in. If the whole bottle was set before him, he was sure to finish it. One summer, on my returning to Ambleside, I learnt that he was dead. He had been overcome with drink at some friend's house or at an inn. Staggering homewards, he had crept into a low shed, where he had passed the night on the bare earth. The chill which he caught carried him off in a few days. Every one spoke of him with kindly pity. His only enemy was himself.

The following letter was written to the wife of my uncle the barrister; in what year I do not know: —

Monday Night *Oct.* 12.

My dear Madam, — I have been obliged to go to bed from mere overpowering want of sleep, and *thus* — viz. by sleeping too long (having only this minute awakened) — I have unavoidably broken up our plan, which was to have come up in a coach, and have left it to your choice either to return with us (viz. our party of last night), or else to retain us as your companions during Mr Hill's absence: — This on the assumption that you had no other engagement. At present, though too late for this choice, yet *on the same assumption of your being not otherwise engaged*, I write to propose that Mrs De Quincey, myself and my daughter, should come up: — we shall take tea before coming. But we are not quite sure whether we were right in understanding that you did not yourself mean to accompany the gentlemen to the dinner-party. One word of answer will suffice — viz. Yes, meaning that you *are* at home and disengaged, or *not* better occupied in reading, writing, etc. No, meaning generally that you *are* unavoidably engaged.

Believe me, my dear Madam,
Ever your faithful Servant
Thomas De Quincey.

On September 23, 1828, my uncle had written to his wife: "I found De Quincey, who has for the tenth time renounced opium, which he said he had not tasted for one hundred and eighty days. He received me with great warmth." In some Reminiscences which my uncle

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left he says: "De Quincey possessed but few books, and those few were generally where he was not. His habits of life to other evils added that of procrastination, and this practice caused him often to revolve the matter of his works for years before he reduced his thoughts to writing." A curious instance of this revolving habit is thus described by Mrs. Carlyle: "A boy of the English opium-eater's told me once he would begin Greek presently; but his father wished him to learn it through the medium of Latin, and he was not entered in Latin yet because his father wished to teach him from a grammar of his own, which he had not yet begun to write." In the fewness of the books which De Quincey possessed he was like Wordsworth and Landor. Wordsworth had never had many books, while Landor gave away his almost as fast as he got them. It was the want of them which led him into those errors as to facts and those inaccuracies in quotation with which his writings are thickly strewn. When I was an undergraduate at Oxford, one of my comrades, the late Professor John Nichol, of Glasgow, son of the author of The Architecture of the Heavens, told me that his father first met De Quincey at a dinner-party in Edinburgh. The little man came very late, dressed in a rusty suit of black. In the drawing-room, after dinner, he and Dr. Nichol stood together in a corner, engaged in talk, when, in a slow, measured tone, De Quincey said to his new acquaintance, "Dr. Nichol, can you lend me twopence?" He borrowed money, my friend added, to lay out on opium, and always asked for very small sums, knowing that they would not be refused. Dr. Nichol was so much charmed with his talk that he asked him to visit him, and had him for his guest for some weeks.

In 1880, General Gordon's brother, Sir Henry W. Gordon, entrusted me with the interesting duty of editing the letters which that great man had written to his sister during the six years of his government of the Soudan. Sir Henry had at first hoped that the work would be undertaken by my brother-in-law, Sir John Scott, at that time vice-president of the international court at Alexandria, now judicial adviser to the Egyptian government. He, fortunately for me, felt that his official position would not allow him to write with the necessary freedom. On his recommendation I was entrusted with the task.[1] During these six years of command, vast as was the region over which Gordon exercised almost absolute power, he held no higher rank than colonel. On him was conferred no promotion and no reward. Decorations and honors, year after year, on New Year's Day and the Queen's birthday, fell in showers; none fell on him.

Though he had given his consent to the publication of his letters, he refused to take any direct part in the work. Whatever information I needed I had to get from him through his brother. At first his answers to my questions were copied by Sir Henry. Before long, one came to me in Gordon's own hand, with the addition of a few words advising his brother henceforth to spare himself the trouble of making copies. I noticed how anxious he was to avoid giving pain. Thus, in a paper which I have had the pleasure of depositing in the library of Williams College, he says, "In this memo. allusions are made to Baker which must be wrapped up." Baker was Sir Samuel Baker, the African explorer. Gordon had asked that a few words should be added to the final chapter, in acknowledgment of the kindness shown him on a certain occasion by the Duke of Cambridge and General Sir Lintorn Simmons. All my proofs were read by his brother, but the proof of the last sheet he saw himself, as I discovered when it was returned to me. Against the passage where I said that the duke and Sir Lin-

[1] I published my book under the title, Colonel Gordon in Central Africa.

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torn doubtless felt that in honoring him they were honoring themselves he had written in the margin, in pencil, "Oh! oh!"

The following trifling incident shows the kindness of this great man's heart. I had never met him, for he did not wish to see me till the book was published. After its publication, it so happened that we were never in London at the same time. He chanced to pay a visit to Bournemouth, where, as he had learnt from some common friend, my youngest son was at school. He went to see the little fellow, talked kindly to him, and gave him a half-crown.

I do not know whether this anecdote is in print. I had it from my publisher, who in his turn had it from Sir Henry Gordon. The Prince of Wales invited the general to dinner, soon after his return to England from the East. The hero replied that he regretted he could not accept the invitation, as by the hour named for the meal he was always in bed. The prince at once begged him to come to lunch.

The following letter was written to my brother-in-law: —

U[NITED] S[ERVICE] CLUB, PALL MALL.
16. 2. 80.

MY DEAR MR. SCOTT, — I am sending out the Deed Box, full of the papers, addressed to Morrice, Pacha to whom I have written; you will not mind paying him any expences; I will pay the Box as far as I can. One paper on Abyssinia will come to you by post in a short time, also some other papers I have, and which have not yet come from Egypt. I send you two books, one as much in praise as the other is in blame of me. I do so because I wish to *point* my remark, that the praise or blame of man does not affect a man's welfare; many would have been troubled at having a book written about them, such as Lindley wrote. Thank God, it has never done me any harm, though its publication cost £1000.

R—— W—— did a noble act, he called on me, so I at once apologized for my rude telegram and am going to call on him.

I send you the key of Box and pity you reading *those* letters.

Believe me, with kind regards to Mrs Scott and your children,

Yours sincerely and obliged,
C. G. GORDON.

I have in my collection the originals of the two following telegrams sent to Gordon when he was acting as the representative of England on the European Commission of the Danube.[1] I reproduce them exactly as they were written, with all their faults in spelling.

THERAPIA, 1 *September*, 1873.
COLONEL GORDON, GALATZ:

I have received the following telegram from nubar pasha sir Samuel Baka etant de retour le Kedive disereroit s'assures les services du Colonel Gordon pour organiser pays haut nil, et poursuivre suppression de la traite ne sachant pas si Colonel Gordon est encore au Danube le Kedive m'a chargé de recourrir a votre excellence pour s'enquerir s'il accepterait cette mission et ces fonctions.

H. ELLIOT.

On this telegraph form is written with a red pencil, "exped à M. le Colonel. Tuescha." (Signature undecipherable.) There is an indorsement in Sir Henry Gordon's hand: "Sir Henry Elliott ambassador writing to Gordon, offering to Gordon to go to take Baker's place."

CAIRO.

Colonel Gordon comissaire gouvernement anglais pour Comission Danube.

[1] To this Commission each of the Great Powers sent a member. Its chief duty was the improvement of the mouth of the Danube. By 1881 the depth of water on the bar had been increased from six feet to twenty-one feet.

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Son altesse a été heureuse de votre lettre et acceptation le gouvernement anglais vous accordera lautorisation que son altesse a fait demander dés que vous le demandez vousmém formelement et directement au ministre de la guerre

j'ai repondu a votre lettre mais attendu feriez bien de faire votre demande pour autorisation. NUBAR

[Indorsed by Sir Henry Gordon] "Nubar Pacha's telegraph to Gordon deciding his leaving Danube for Equator."

I have Gordon's own copy of Beke's British Captives in Abyssinia. The frontispiece of this work is a picture of a British captive at Magdala, chained hand and foot, and watched by a native armed with a spear and shield. Underneath Gordon has written in pencil, "I got well out of Johannis power." Johannis was the king of Abyssinia. In 1879 Gordon was sent to him on a mission by the Khedive. The following brief account by Gordon of his lieutenant-general, Romulus Gessi, I inserted in part in my book. Some lines I suppressed, lest they might give that brave soldier offense. He died, however, of the hardships he had undergone before the publication took place.

"NOTE. Romulus Gessi aged 49 short compact figure, cool most determined man, born genius for practical ingenuity in mechanics. ought to have been born in 1600 not 1832. Piratical disposition same as Francis Drake; has been engaged in many petty political affairs, was Interpreter to H. M. Forces in Crimea in 1854–55, born at Multcha [?] Italian subject one day with £1000 another with ½d.

"He is Liva [?] Pacha (General Brigade Pacha), he is 2nd Class of Osmanli order."

How great a curse European discovery and European trade have brought on Africa is shown in the following brief note in Gordon's autograph: —

"I mentioned that the slave districts were entered first by an Englishman; the trade never was so great before, as it became after the voyages of Petherick related in this book.[1] *He* opened the country, and these Ivory stations he created rapidly became slave centres, such as Baker describes in his Albert Nyanza. C. G. G."

In another note, speaking of the end of his first term of command, he says, "I returned with the sad conviction that no good could ever be done in these parts, and that it would have been better had Sir S. Baker's expedition never been sent." The discoverer and the missionary have generally gone before the trader, while the trader has too often been followed by the slave-dealer, who spreads desolation far and wide. Less than forty years ago, along the banks of the Upper Nile, for hundreds of miles, were thriving villages where Gordon found only a waste. Even in those parts of Africa where the kidnapper has not penetrated, the white man, following in the steps of the discoverer and the missionary, has introduced his poisonous spirits, adding one more horror to the savage life of the tropics. "I do not much wish well to discoveries," wrote Johnson, "for I am always afraid that they will end in conquest and robbery." Horace Walpole tells of a black servant, a remarkably sensible man, who had lived in England many years. His mistress was having read aloud to her the account of the Pelew Islands. "Somebody happened to say we were sending a ship thither; the black, who was in the room, exclaimed, 'Then there is an end of their happiness.'"

George Birkbeck Hill.

[1] Egypt, the Soudan, and Central Africa, by John Petherick.

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THE SONG OF THE VEERY.

THE moonbeams over Arno's vale a silver flood were pouring,
When first I heard the nightingale his long-lost love deploring.
So passionate, so full of pain, it sounded strange and eerie;
I longed to hear a simpler strain, — the wood-notes of the veery.

The laverock sings a bonny lay above the Scottish heather;
It sprinkles down from far away like light and love together;
He drops the golden notes to greet his brooding mate, his dearie;
I only know one song more sweet, — the vespers of the veery.

In English gardens, green and bright and full of fruity treasure,
I heard the blackbird with delight repeat his merry measure:
The ballad was a pleasant one, the tune was loud and cheery,
And yet, with every setting sun, I listened for the veery.

But far away, and far away, the tawny thrush is singing;
New England woods, at close of day, with that clear chant are ringing.
And when my light of life is low, and heart and flesh are weary,
I fain would hear, before I go, the wood-notes of the veery.

Henry van Dyke.

"BEAUTIFUL AND BRAVE WAS HE."

JUNE was drawing to a close: hermit thrushes and veeries had turned their energies to seeking food for hungry young mouths; rose-breasted grosbeaks and golden orioles, as well as their more humbly clad fellow-creatures, were passing their days near the ground, in the same absorbing work; treetops were deserted, and singing was nearly over.

It was well, then, that I should leave my beloved woods, and betake myself to a barren country road where, in a lonely thorn-tree, a bird of another sort than these had set up late housekeeping.

The reputation of this bird of solitary tastes is not attractive. He is quarrelsome and unfriendly with his kind, and aggressive and malicious toward others, says the Oracle. His pleasure is to torture and destroy; no sweet or tender sentiment may cling about his life; in fact, he is altogether unlovely. So declare the books, and so, with additions and exaggerations, says nearly every one who takes birds for his theme. He is branded everywhere as the "butcher-bird," and it seems to be the aim of each writer to discover in his conduct something a little more sanguinary, a shade more depraved, than any predecessor has done.

Now, if the truth is what we are seeking, is it not desirable to see for ourselves, or, as Emerson puts it, "leave others' eyes, and bring your own"? If one can give to the task patient observation, with a loving spirit, a desire to interpret faithfully and to see the best instead of the worst, may he not perchance find that the bird is not the monster he is

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pictured? And though the story be not so sensational, is it not better to clear up than to blacken the reputation of a fellow-creature, even a very small one in feathers?

This thing it had long been in my heart to do, — to see with my own eyes what enormities the beautiful butcher-bird is guilty of. I left hermits and veeries, I said adieu to sandpipers and grosbeaks, and went to the village to abide with the shrike family. No more delightful mornings in the blessed woods; no more long, dreamy twilights filled with the music of thrushes and the singing brook; no more charming views of the near Green Mountains, gray in the morning light, glorious rosy purple under the setting sun; no more solitary communion with helpful and healing nature. My household gods must now be set up among people, with their cares and troubles, where the immense tragedy of human life is constantly forced into notice; and in no place in the wide world is there more tragedy in every-day life than in peaceful and pious New England.

Change of residence was not so simple an affair with me as it is with the birds; would that it were! I had to spend half a day packing, and another half undoing the work. I had to secure another temporary home, where certain conveniences to which we human beings are slaves should not be lacking, and with a family one could endure under the same roof. All this must needs be settled before I could call on my new neighbors. Time and patience accomplished everything, although the mercury was soaring aloft among the nineties all the time; and at last came the morning when I seated myself before the household I proposed to interview for the benefit of the readers of our day, who demand (say the newspaper authorities) facts and details of daily lives that were of old considered private matters.

On these lines, therefore, I proceeded to study my shrikes. What I discovered by watching early and late, by peeping at them before breakfast and spying upon them after supper, — what they eat and drink, how they behave to one another and their neighbors, what they have to say or to sing, in fact their whole story so far as it was revealed to me, — I shall set down, nothing extenuating. Other observers may have seen very different things, but that only proves what I am constantly asserting: that birds are individuals; that because one shrike does a certain thing is no sign that another will do the same; it is not safe to judge the species *en masse*. This, therefore, is the true chronicle of what I saw of one pair of loggerhead shrikes (*Lanius ludovicianus*), in the northern extremity of Vermont, about the first of July, 1894.

The discovery of the nest in the thorn-tree was not my own. A friend and fellow bird-lover, driving one evening up this road, startled a bird from the nest, and, checking her horse, looked on in amazement while, one after another, six full-grown shrikes emerged from the tree and flew away. Pondering this strange circumstance she drove on, and when returning looked sharply out for the thorn-tree. This time one bird flew from the nest, which seemed to settle the question of ownership. The next day and the next this experience was repeated, and then the news was brought to me in the woods.

It was a lonely road, leading to nothing except a pasture and a distant farm or two, and the presence of a member of the human race was almost as rare as in the forest itself. On one side stretched a pasture with high rail fence; on the other, a meadow guarded by barbed wire. A traveler over this uninviting way soon left the last house in the village behind, and then the only human dwellings in sight were some deserted farm buildings on a hill a mile or more away. Not a tree offered grateful shade, and not a

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bush relieved the bare monotony of this No Thoroughfare.

But it had its full share of feathered residents. Just beyond the last house, a wren, bubbling over with joy, always poured out his enchanting little song as I passed. Under the deep grass of the meadow dwelt bobolinks and meadow larks; from the pasture rose the silver threadlike song of the savanna sparrow and the martial note of the kingbird. Occasionally I had a call from a family of flickers, or goldenwings, from the woods beyond the pasture: the four young ones naïve and imperative in their manners, bowing vehemently, with emphatic "peauk" that seemed to demand the reason of my presence in their world; while the more experienced elders uttered their low "ka-ka-ka," whether of warning to the young or of pride in their spirit one could only guess. A hard-working oriole papa, with a peremptory youngster in tow, now and then appeared in the pasture, and swallows, both barn and eaves, came in merry, chattering flocks from their homes at the edge of the village.

About the middle of the long stretch of road was a solitary maple-tree, and about thirty feet from it, and just within the pasture fence, the thorn, and the nest of my hopes. Approaching quietly on that first morning, I unfolded my camp-chair and sat down in the shade of the maple. The thorn-tree before me was perhaps fifteen feet high. It divided near the ground into two branches, which drew apart, bent over, and became nearly horizontal at their extremities. On one of these main stems, near the end, where it was not more than an inch and a half in diameter, with neither cross-branch nor twig to make it secure, was placed the nest. It was a large structure, at least twice the size of a robin's nest, made apparently of coarse twigs and roots, with what looked like bits of turf or moss showing through the sides, and why it did not fall off in the first strong wind was a mystery. Parallel with the limb on which it rested, and only a few inches above it, was another branch, that must, one would think, be seriously in the way of the coming and going, the feeding and care-taking, inseparable from life in the nest.

From my post of observation, the thorn-tree was silhouetted against the sky, for it stood on the edge of a slight descent. Every twig and leaf was distinctly visible, while the openings in the foliage were so numerous that not a wing could flit by without my seeing it. The nest itself was partially veiled by a bunch of leaves. What the view might be from the other side I did not investigate that morning; I preferred to leave the birds the slight screen afforded by the foliage, for since there could be no pretense of hiding myself from them, my desire was to let them fancy themselves hidden from me, and so feel free from constraint and be natural in their actions. I hoped, by approaching quietly and unobtrusively, by being careful never to frighten or disturb them in any way, to convince them that I was harmless, and to induce them to forget, or at least ignore, my silent presence. And it seemed possible that I might be gratified, for I had been seated but a few minutes when a shrike flew up from the ground and entered the nest, and, I was pleased to see, with no apparent concern about me.

For the next three hours I took my eyes off the nest only to follow the movements of the owners thereof; and I learned that sitting had begun, and that the brooding bird was fed by her mate. He came, always from a distance, directly to the nest, alighted on the edge, leaned over and gave one poke downward, while low yearning or pleading cries reached my ears. Without lingering an instant he flew to a perch a foot above, stood there half a minute, and then went to the ground. Not more than thirty seconds elapsed before he returned to his mate, the cries greeted him, the mouthful was administered, and he took

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his leave in exactly the same way as before. He was a personage of methodical habits. This little performance of seeking food on the ground and carrying it to his partner on the nest was repeated five or six times in close succession, and then he rose higher than his tree and took flight for a distant hill, looking, as he flew, like a fluttering bit of black-and-white patchwork. On further acquaintance, I found this to be the regular habit of the bird: to come to his nest and feed his mate thoroughly, and then to take himself away for about half an hour, though later he fell to lingering and watching me.

Left thus alone and well fed, madam was quiet for some time, perhaps ten minutes, and then she went out for exercise or for lunch; flying directly to the ground near the tree, and returning in a few minutes to her place.

On one occasion I saw what sort of food the shrike collected. He had alighted on the wire fence, apparently to inquire into my business, when his eyes fell upon something desirable — from his point of view. Instantly he dropped to the road, picked up a black object, worm or beetle, an inch long, and took it at once to his mate. Sometimes he carried his prey to a post, and beat it awhile before presenting it to her; and one evening, somewhat later than usual, he was found industriously gleaning food from the hosts of the air, flying up in the manner of a flycatcher, and to all appearance with perfect success.

The loggerhead shrike is one of our most beautiful birds, clear blue-gray above, and snowy white below. His black wings are elegantly marked with white, and his black tail, when spread like a fan, as he wheels to alight, showing broad tips and outer feathers of white, is one of his most striking marks. He is a little smaller than a robin, and his mate is of the same size, and as finely dressed as he. The resemblance he is said to bear to the mocking-bird I have never been able to see. His form, his size, his coloring, and his movements are, to my sight, in every way different from those of the Southern bird.

The manners of the shrike are as fine as one would expect from so distinguished-looking a personage, dignified, reposeful, and unusually silent. I have seen him, once or twice, flirt his half-opened tail and jerk his wings, but he rarely showed even so much impatience or restlessness. He sat on the fence and regarded me, or he drove away an intrusive neighbor, with the same calm and serious air with which he did everything. I have heard of pranks and fantastic performances, of strange, uncouth, and absurd cries, and of course it is impossible to say what vagaries he might have indulged in if he had thought himself unobserved, but in many hours and days of close study of this bird I saw nothing of the kind. The only utterance I heard from him, excepting his song, of which I shall speak presently, was a rattling cry with which he pursued an intruder, and a soft, coaxing "yeap" when he came to the nest and found his mate absent.

One of the most prominent traits of this bird, as we find him depicted in the books and the popular writings, is his quarrelsome and cruel disposition; and "brigand," "assassin," "murderer," and "butcher" are names commonly applied to him.

I watched the shrike several hours daily for weeks, and from the first I was every moment on the alert for the slightest manifestation of these characteristics; and what did I find out? First as to his quarrelsome disposition, his unfriendliness with his own species. I have already spoken of the amicable association, in the very nesting-tree, of half a dozen of the birds, as reported by a trustworthy and experienced observer. On one occasion, somewhat later, I saw an exhibition of a similar friendliness among four adult shrikes. They were

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frolicking about another thorn-tree in the same pasture, in the most peaceful manner; and while I looked, one of them picked up a tidbit from the ground and flew to the nest I was watching, thus proving that the nesting-bird was one of the group. At least twice afterward, when silently approaching the nest, I found two other shrikes hopping about with the one I was studying, on the ground, almost under the tree. On my appearance the strangers flew, and the nest-owner went up to his mate with an offering. We do not think of calling the robin or bluebird particularly quarrelsome, yet fancy one of these birds allowing another of his species to come to his home-tree! Every close observer of bird-ways knows that it is apparently the first article in the avian creed to keep every other bird away from the nest.

And how did the terrible "brigand" treat his neighbors? The robin, indeed, he drove away, but meadow larks sang and "sputtered" at their pleasure, not only beside him on the fence, but on his own small tree; goldfinches flew over, singing and calling, and no notice was taken of them; sparrows hopped about among the branches of the thorn at their discretion; a chickadee one day made searching examination of nearly every twig and leaf, going close to and over the nest, where the sitting bird must have seen him, yet not a peep arose. Sometimes, when madam left her nest for refreshment, she would sweep by a bird who happened to be on the tree, thus making him fly, but she never followed or showed any special interest in him. Whatever other shrikes may be or do, at least this pair, and the three or four others who visited them, were amiable with their neighbors, small as well as great.

If bravery is a virtue, — and why is it not, in feathers as well as in broadcloth? — the shrike should stand high in our estimation, for he does not hesitate to attack and make his prey animals which few birds of his size dare touch; not only mice, but creatures as well armed as gophers and others.

I was particularly desirous to hear the song of the shrike. He is not classed with singing birds, and is not, I think, usually credited with being musical. But Thoreau speaks of his song, and others mention it. John Burroughs tells of a shrike singing in his vicinity in winter, "a crude broken warble," — "saluting the sun as a robin might have done." Winter, indeed, seems to be his chosen time for singing, and an ornithologist in St. Albans says that in that season he sings by the hour in the streets of the town.

Therefore did I sit unobtrusively on the near side of the thorn-tree, leaving the birds their screen, to encourage them to sing; and at last I had my reward. One very hot day I did not reach my place under the maple till after nine o'clock, and I found the shrike, as I frequently did, on the fence, on guard. In a few moments, when I had become quiet, he went to the nest, and sitting there on the edge, hidden from my distinct view, he condescended to sing, a low, sweet song, truly musical, though simple in construction, being merely a single clear note followed by a trill several tones higher. After delivering this attractive little aria a dozen or more times, he flew out of the tree and over my head, and sang no more.

My curiosity about his song being thus gratified, I decided to seek a better post of observation; for I hoped every day to find that sitting was over, and the young had appeared. I therefore walked farther up the road, quite past the tree, and took my seat beside the fence, where I could see the whole nest perfectly. The birds at once recognized that all hope of concealment was over, and became much more wary. The singer came less frequently, and was received in silence. Also he took me under strict surveillance, perching on a dead branch of the maple-tree, and sitting there half an hour at a time, motionless but wide awake; ready,

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no doubt, to defend the nest if I made hostile demonstrations toward it.

For a long time I had my lonely road to myself, almost the sole passer-by being a boy who drove the village cows back and forth, and whom I had taken pains to interest in the safety of the little family. But such a state of things could not last. One morning, as I sat in my usual place, I noticed a party of girls starting out with baskets and pails after berries. They scattered over the meadow, and while I trembled for meadow lark and bobolink babies, I hoped they would not see me; but one of them came directly to the thorn-tree. As she approached I turned away, as if I had no particular interest in the tree, but, unfortunately, just as she was passing, the bird flew off the nest. The girl looked up, and instantly shouted to me, "Oh, here 's a bird's-nest!" "Yes," I replied, knowing that my best policy was to claim it, "that 's the nest I am watching." After a sharp look at the tree she went on; but I was much disturbed, for I regard a nest discovered almost the same as a nest robbed. Would she tell? Should I some day find the nest broken up or destroyed? Every morning, after that, I took my long, lonely walk with misgivings, and did not feel easy till I had seen the birds.

One very notorious habit of the shrike I had been especially desirous of investigating, — that of impaling his prey. Judging from what has been written about him, it must be a common performance, his daily business, and I confidently expected to see his thorn-tree adorned, from roots to topmost twig, with grasshoppers and beetles, not to mention small birds and animals. Early in my visits to him I looked the tree over carefully, and, not content with my own eyes, called in the aid of a friend. Moreover, we together made diligent search in the only other thorn-tree in the vicinity, one spoken of above. Not a sign could we discover in either tree of any such use of a thorn, though thorns were there in abundance.

Again, one day I saw the bird very busy about the barbed-wire fence, and remembering to have seen the statement that shrikes in the West, where thorn-trees are absent, impale their grasshoppers on the barbs, I thought, "Now I have surely caught you at it!" I did not disturb him, and he worked at that spot some time. But when he had gone I hastened over to see what beetle or bird he had laid up, when behold, the barbs were as empty as the thorns. In fact, I was never able to find the smallest evidence that the bird ever does impale anything, and the St. Albans ornithologist spoken of adds as his testimony that he has often examined the haunts of this bird, but has never found anything impaled.

The same was true in another case where I had opportunity to study the habits of a family of shrikes, both parents and full-grown young ones. I not only watched them closely, but, with the help of other eyes beside my own, I diligently searched the only thorn-tree in the neighborhood, without discovering a trace of its having been used as a larder. Their common diet was insects gathered from a cultivated field, the wire fence of which was their constant perch, and once I saw a young one feasting upon a field mouse.

All this, of course, does not prove that the shrike never impales his prey, but it does prove that he does not spend all his time at the work; and while I have no doubt he has the habit, I believe the accounts of it are very much exaggerated.

On the morning of the Fourth of July, a cool, and in that remote part of the world a delightfully quiet day, I felt an unaccountable disinclination to make my usual visit to the shrikes. Refusing, however, to yield to that feeling, I forced myself to take the long walk, and seat myself in my usual place. But I could not feel much surprise when, after more than an hour's close watching, the birds failed to appear, and I became convinced that they were gone. Whether shot by man or boy, robbed by beast or bird or

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human, it was plain I had seen the last of the thorn-tree family; for I knew positively that in that hour no one had gone to or come from the nest, and I was sure, from my knowledge of her, that the sitting bird would not remain an hour without eating, even if her mate had stayed away so long. Of course, I concluded, that girl had told her discovery, and some boy had heard, and broken up the home. I looked carefully on every side. The nest seemed undisturbed, but not a sign of life appeared about it, and sadly enough I folded my chair and went back to the village.

Six days passed, in which I avoided going up the lonely road, the scene of my disappointment, but I turned my attention to bird affairs in the town. One case which interested me greatly was of "pauperizing" a bird. It was a least flycatcher, and her undoing was her acceptance of nesting material, which her human friend, the oft-mentioned local bird-lover, supplied. To secure a unique nest for herself, when the flycatcher babies should have abandoned it, this wily personage, who was the accepted providence of half the birds in the vicinity, and on terms of great familiarity with some of them, threw out narrow strips of cloth of various colors, to tempt the small nest-builder. At first the wise little madam refused to use the gayer pieces, but being beguiled by the device of sewing a bright one between two of duller hue, her scruples were overcome; and after that, her fall into total dependence was easy and complete. She accepted the most brilliant pieces that were offered, and built her nest therewith.

But alas, from the moment of yielding to her vanity or her love of ease, troubles began in the flycatcher family. The robin nesting in an adjoining tree reproved her by tugging at the gay strings that hung out; the English sparrow across the way set herself up as a conservator of morals, and, to teach Madam Chebek modesty becoming her size, tried to pull the whole to pieces. Then when Chebek, who is no coward, had succeeded in putting an end to neighborly interference, the nest began to show a deplorable disinclination to "stay put." Whether the material could not be properly fastened, or whether the bird was so demoralized as to shirk ordinary precautions, the fact is that every breeze shook the little structure, and four completed nests of this unnatural sort fell, one after another, in ruins to the ground. Then motherly instinct came to the rescue: she refused further aid, removed herself to a distance, built a new nest, after the accredited flycatcher fashion, and it is supposed brought out her brood safely, if rather late. So hard it is, in the bird world as in the human, to help, and not hurt.

More interesting, even, than this flycatcher episode was an adventure one evening when I walked far out on a road, one side of which was deep woods, while the other was bordered by pasture and meadows. My object in going was to hear a white-throated sparrow, who often sang in that vicinity.

I had been resting on my camp-stool very quietly for half an hour, and was just thinking it time to return home, when a strange sort of clacking cry startled me. At first I thought it was made by a frog with a bad cold; but it grew louder, and changed in quality, till it became a whining sound that might be made either by a baby or by some small animal. I looked very carefully up the road whence the sound seemed to come, but saw nothing excepting a robin, who, perched on the highest post of a fence, was looking and listening with great apparent interest, but without making a sound himself, — a very unusual proceeding on the part of this bird, who always has a great deal to say about everything.

The cries increased in volume and frequency, and I started slowly up the road, uncertain whether I should come upon a young fox or other wild beast, but deter-

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mined to solve the mystery. As I drew near, I began to be conscious of a knocking sound in the woods beside the road. It was like a light tapping on hollow wood, and it regularly followed each cry. I was at once reassured. It must be a woodpecker, I thought, — they do make some strange noises; and there was a large one, the pileated, said to inhabit these woods, though I had never been able to see him. I went on more confidently then, for I must see what woodpecker baby could utter such cries. As I continued to advance, though I could still see nothing, I noticed that the tapping grew louder every moment.

Suddenly there was a movement at the edge of a thick clump of ferns, and my eyes fell upon what I thought was, after all, a big toad or frog. It hopped like one of these reptiles, and as it was growing dusky, feathers and fur and bare skin looked much alike. But being anxious to know positively, I went on, and when I reached it I saw that it was a young bird, nearly as big as a robin just out of the nest. Then I dropped all impedimenta, and gave myself unreservedly to the catching of that bird. He fled under the ferns, which were like a thick mat, and I stooped and parted them, he flying ever ahead till he reached the end and came out in sight. Then I pounced upon him, and had him in my hands.

Such a shriek as he gave! while he struggled and bit, and proved himself very savage indeed. More startling, however, than his protest was a cry of anguish that answered it from the woods, a heart-rending, terrible cry, the wail of a mother about to be bereaved. I looked up, and lo! in plain sight, in her agony forgetting her danger, and begging by every art in her power, a cuckoo. Her distress went to my heart; I could not resist her pleading. One instant I held that vociferous cuckoo baby, to have a good look at him, speaking soothingly to the mother the while, and then opened my hand, when he half flew, half scrambled, to the other side of the road, and set up another cry, more like that of his mother. Seeing her infant at liberty, she slipped back into the woods and resumed the calls, which sounded so remarkably like tapping, while he started up the road, answering; and thus I left them.

Several times after that, I heard from the woods — for

> "The cuckoo delights in the cool leafy shadows
> Where the nest and its treasures are rocked by the breeze" —

the same strange calling of a cuckoo mother, a weird, unearthly, knocking sound, not in the least like the ordinary "kuk! kuk!" of the bird. I should never have suspected that it was anything but the tap of an unusually cautious woodpecker, if I had not caught her at it that night.

On the sixth evening after I had thought myself bereaved of the shrikes I went out for a walk with my friend, and we turned our steps into the lonely road. As we approached the thorn, what was my surprise to see the shrike in his old place on the fence, and, after waiting a few minutes, to see his mate go to the ground for her lunch, as if nothing had happened!

Then they had not deserted! But how and why all life about the nest had been suspended for one hour on the Fourth of July is a puzzle to this day. However it may have happened, I was delighted to find the birds safe, and at once resumed my study; going out the next morning as usual, staying some hours, and again toward night for another visit.

Now I was sure it must be time for the young to be out, for I knew positively that the bird had been sitting fourteen days, and twenty-one days had passed since she was frightened off her nest twice in one day.

I redoubled my vigilance, but I saw no change in the manners of the pair till the morning of July 12th. All night there had been a heavy downpour, and the morning broke dismally, with strong wind and a drizzling rain. I knew the

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lonely road would be most unattractive, but no vagaries of wind or weather could keep me away at this crisis. I found it all that I had anticipated — and more. The clay soil was cut up from fence to fence by cows' feet, and whether it presented an unbroken puddle or a succession of small ones made by the hoof-prints, it was everywhere so slippery that retaining one's footing was no slight task, and of course there was no pretense of a sidewalk. Add to this the difficulty of holding an umbrella against the fierce gusts, and it may be imagined that my pathway that morning was not "strewn with roses."

In some fashion, however, I did at last reach the thorn-tree, planted my chair in the least wet spot I could find, and, tucking my garments up from the ground, sat down. At first I discarded my unmanageable umbrella, till the raindrops obscuring my opera-glass forced me to open it again. And all these preliminaries had to be settled before I could so much as look at the nest.

Something had happened, as I saw at once; the manners of the birds were very different from what they had been all these days I had been studying them. Both of them were at the nest when I looked, but in a moment one flew, and the other slipped into her old seat, though not so entirely into it as usual. Heretofore she had been able to hide herself so completely that it was impossible to tell whether she were there or not. Even the tail, which in most birds is the unconcealable banner that proclaims to the bird-student that the sitter is at home, even this unruly member she had been able to hide in some way, but this morning it remained visible.

In a minute the shrike returned and fed somebody, —I suppose his mate, since she did not move aside; and again in another minute he repeated the operation. So he went on bringing food perhaps a dozen times in close succession. Then he rested a few minutes, when she who through the long days of sitting had been so calm and quiet seemed all at once as restless as any warbler. She rose on the edge of the nest, and uttered the low, yearning cry I had heard from him, then flew to the ground, returned, perched on the edge, leaned over, and gave three pokes as if feeding. Then she flew to another part of the tree, thence to a fence post, then back again to the edge of the nest. In a moment the uneasy bird slipped into her old place, but, apparently too restless to stay, was out again in a few seconds, when she stood up in the nest and began calling, — a loud but musical two-note call, the second tone a third higher than the first, and different from anything I had heard from her before. If it were a call to her mate, he did not at once appear, and she relieved her feelings by flying to the maple and perching a few minutes, though so great was the attraction at home that she could stay away but a short time.

Of course I concluded from all this that the young shrikes were out, and I longed with all my heart to stay and watch the charming process of changing from the ungainly creatures they were at that moment to the full-grown and feathered beauties they would be when they appeared on the tree; to see them getting their education, learning to follow their parents about, and finally seeking their own food, still keeping together in a family party, as I had seen them once before, elsewhere, — lovely, innocent younglings whom surely no one could find it in his heart to call "butchers" or "assassins." Then, too, I wanted to see the head of the family, who in the character of spouse had shown himself so devoted, so above reproach, in the new rôle of father and teacher, in which I had no doubt he would be equally admirable.

But dearly as I love birds, there are other ties still dearer, and just then there came a call that made me leave the pair with their new joy, pack my trunks, and

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speed, night and day, halfway across the continent, beyond the Great Divide, to a certain cosy valley in the heart of the Rocky Mountains.

Before I left, however, I committed the little family in the thorn-tree to the care of my friend the bird-lover; and a few weeks later there came over the mountains to me this conclusion to the story, written by Mrs. Nelly Hart Woodworth, of St. Albans: —

"I was at the shrikes' nest Thursday last. [This was nine days after my final visit.] I sat down on the knoll beyond the nest, and waited quietly for fifteen minutes. No signs of life in nest or neighborhood, save the yearning cry of the lark as it alighted on the top of the thorn-tree. After I was convinced that, in some unaccountable manner, the shrikes had been spirited away before they were half big enough, I changed my place to the other side of the tree, out of sight from the nest. When I had been there for a long time, I heard distinctly a low whispering in the nest, and lo! the butcher babies had become sentient beings, and were talking very softly and sweetly among themselves. They had evidently miscalculated about my departure. Then two or three little heads stuck out above the edge, and the soft stirring of baby wings was apparent. They cuddled and nestled and turned themselves, and one little butcher hoisted himself upon the upper side of the nest, stood upright briefly and beat his wings, then sank into the nest, which was full of life and movement. So much for that day.

"Friday one stood upon the edge of the nest, and others looked out, but no feeding bird came while I was there.

"Saturday I was in fortune, as I met in the vicinity the boy who drives the village cows. Two heads only were visible over the edge. But the boy, with a boy's genius for investigation, brought a fence rail, put it under the branch, and shook them up a little. They only huddled closer. At my suggestion he gave a more vigorous shake, and a baby climbed from the nest, a foot or two above, then flew as well as anybody clear up into the top of the tree. Such a pretty baby! breast white as snow, lovely black crescent through the eyes, and the dearest little tail imaginable, half an inch long, and flirted up and down continually.

"The other bird — for there were but two — ran up the twigs for two feet, but quickly returned to the nest, and would not leave it again, though we could see its wondering eyes look out and peer at us. Both were gone the next day (twelve days old). And thus endeth the butcher episode."

Now also must end — for a time — my study of this interesting bird. But I shall not forget it, and I shall seek occasion to study it again and again, till I have proved, if I find it true, that the shrike deserves better of us than the character we have given him; that he is not nearly "so black as he is painted."

Olive Thorne Miller.

THE CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH OF A FRENCH "MACON."[1]

One of the characteristic features of the latter part of the nineteenth century, in the history of literature, will be the number of biographies and autobiographies which it has brought forth. Third and fourth rate people have felt bound to tell the world all about themselves, or about other people equally third or fourth rate. Time, the great winnower, will no

[1] Owing to differences in building materials and methods, the *maçon* answers rather to our plasterer than to our mason.

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doubt sooner or later toss all the chaff to the four winds of deserved oblivion, and gather in the few grains that may remain out of each rubbishy cartload. On the other hand, many works of sterling value will remain in the class, to be transmitted to future generations, now as literary models, now as ensamples of noble manhood and womanhood, now as repertories of valuable information, — pictures which enable us to realize the times they spread over, the life which the writers lived.

It is mainly on the last two grounds that a recent volume, published in a second-rate French town, in the eightieth year of the author's life, claims our interest. The Mémoires de Léonard, Ancien Garçon Maçon (Bourganeuf, 1895), — the name "Léonard" being an avowed, and, so far as I can see, perfectly useless pseudonym for "Martin Nadaud," — though by no means devoid in many parts of a certain rough power of style, have no claim to be regarded as a literary or artistic model. The sequence of the narrative is often clumsy or involved; the writer, though he for years taught his own language, not unfrequently sins against its rules. But the work is thoroughly original, and while bringing out, all the more vividly through its artlessness, the picture of a strong, earnest nature breasting dauntlessly the tides of social and political effort, preserves for us also, with invaluable realism, a picture of peasant and artisan life in the France of sixty and even more years ago. M. Nadaud, I may say, is a friend of my own, of many years' standing, and I can vouch for his honesty and truthfulness.[1]

The dedication of the book deserves to be quoted at length: —

"To my three grandchildren, Louis, Marie, Hélène Bouquet. These recollections being a family book, I dedicate them to you, as well as to Henri Lombard and Alphonse Bertrand, my two grandsons-in-law, both so worthy of having come into our family.

"I do not forget my two great-grandchildren, Michel and Julienne Lombard, and am indeed very happy to add their names to this dedication.

"I had you under my direction, as orphans, when very young, my dear children, and I am happy to do you to-day the justice of saying that you have always shown me the greatest affection and the greatest respect.

"The dearest wish of your grandfather and great-grandfather is that, in all circumstances of life, you will behave yourselves as honest citizens, that you will keep up amongst yourselves the purest and closest friendship, and that you will always bear high and steadfast the republican flag, the flag which will insure — be certain of this — quiet destinies to our dear and worthy fatherland.

MARTIN NADAUD."

I have said that the picture presented to us by the Mémoires is one of both peasant and artisan life; for it is a peculiarity of many of the workmen employed in the French building trades, and was formerly so of nearly all, that they are peasants in the winter, artisans the rest of the year. It is from the central departments, representing the old provinces of Le Limousin and La Marche, that these chiefly come, the two main

[1] For those to whom Martin Nadaud is but a name, the following summary of his career may be of use: born in 1815; came up to Paris in 1830 to work at his father's trade; a candidate for the National Assembly in his department, 1848; elected, 1849; spoken of as a candidate for the presidency of the republic, 1850; arrested at the *coup d'état*, December 2, 1850, and banished for life came over to England after a short stay in Belgium; worked first at his trade, afterwards became a French teacher; was included in the amnesty of 1859, but refused to swear fidelity to the Empire, and returned to exile, thenceforth voluntary, till 1870, when he went back to France; was for six months prefect of his department, then sat in the Paris Municipal Council; was elected to the Assembly in 1876, and sat till 1889, being for the last few years *questeur* of the Assembly, but was not reëlected in 1889.

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streams of yearly migration being to and from Paris and Lyons. M. Nadaud, as a *maçon*, comes naturally from the latter province, now the department of La Creuse, which indeed supplies stone-cutters as well. He quotes Bonnemère's Histoire des Paysans as showing that in former days the Marchois wandered as far as Catalonia in search of work; but the present yearly migration appears to date chiefly from the seventeenth century, when Richelieu, for the building of fortresses and military seaports, sent agents into the province to hire large numbers of workmen, who later on, when wanted, were even seized by force and taken in chain-gangs wherever their services were needed. The same movement continued, no doubt in milder guise, under Louis XIV., for carrying out the plans of the great military engineer, Vauban.

The poverty of the soil, however, accounts largely for this migration of labor. The country is mostly hilly; in the upland districts the winters are long and severe. There is but little grain grown, and the main sustenance of the peasants in the uplands is supplied in the winter by their chestnut-trees, chestnut-soup being the staple dish for dinner.[1] The cows, too, are small, and give but little milk, being yoked to the plough where this is used at all, and getting almost nothing but chestnut-leaves for winter forage. (Nadaud used to be quite amazed at the quantity of milk drawn from English cows.) Till of late years the working population were wholly uneducated, and, though kindly among themselves, so rough that, as Nadaud has told me himself, there are neighborhoods where stones would be thrown at any stranger not accompanied by some one known in the place.

Although M. Nadaud gives no connected details of his family history, its records date back for centuries. Ragpickers for several generations, — the trade being a lucrative one in the early days of the printing-press, — his ancestors had bought several parcels of land and built themselves a cottage in the middle of the fifteenth century, which was transformed into a house by his father and grandfather in 1808. This was called "La Martinèche" (a name since extended to a hamlet which has grown up round it), from the habit adopted by the branch of the Nadauds inhabiting it (the name being virtually a clan name in the neighborhood) of always calling the eldest son in every generation "Martin." Let it be observed that although M. Nadaud shares to the full the Celtic enthusiasms of contemporary French writers, his name testifies against his Celtic descent. "Nadaud" is evidently the Teutonic "Nadald," and he has admitted to me that it is so written in the older records.

His earliest recollections, he tells us, are of the *veillées*, evenings spent always in the same house, and presided over by an old dame, midwife and sole doctor of the village, where tales were told of ghosts and Bluebeard; of dead men who had come back to tell who of their neighbors were in paradise, and who in hell; of those who ran by night as wolves, and those who had been strong enough to overcome the were wolf, — the result being that on leaving the veillée the terrified listeners could only creep home hand in hand, and that young Nadaud's mother had often to come and sit by his bed and talk to him till sleep should vanquish his fright. Then, again, there were the evil-eyed ones, before whom the housewife durst not milk her cows or beat her cream; and the whole year's work would lie under a curse if one should have failed to cross himself in due season. All this, be it observed, was long after the first French Revolution, since M. Nadaud was born on the 17th of November, 1815.

[1] These are mostly the small chestnuts, which throughout France are usually eaten boiled, and called *châtaignes*, as distinct from the bigger *marrons*, which are roasted.

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But a new spirit was abroad. Nadaud the father, one of the best workmen of the neighborhood, and greatly respected for the friendly care he took of the youngsters, when first sent up to Paris could neither read nor write, but he was determined that his son should be a scholar. The whole family protested. The mother needed the boy for field work. The grandfather told his son that he would have done better to remain in Paris than to come back and talk about schooling. Neither his own brothers, nor himself, nor his son had ever learnt their letters, and they had eaten their bread all the same. But the father persisted.

The result was not very successful, on the whole. With his first master, young Nadaud spent a twelvemonth in learning his letters and spelling syllables. With the second, a severe man, but passionately attached to his calling, he did better, and won a couple of prizes, to the great delight of both his parents. But a fall from a wall detained him three months from school. Meanwhile his master died, and under his successor boys did pretty nearly what they would. Nadaud and his master fell out, and he admits that he ended not only by not working himself, but by hindering others who wished to work, besides taking part in a trick on an ill-conditioned elder lad which cost the latter his life. On the boy's refusing, in the agony of his self-reproach, to return to school after this, he was sent by his mother for a short time to a perfectly incompetent teacher, but eventually was placed by his father with a retired officer, named Dyprès, who had taken to keeping school in a small town of the neighborhood, where young Nadaud had to be boarded. The terms of his schooling and boarding are curious enough to be recorded here. The charge for schooling was five francs a month. The goodwife of the house where the boy lodged was to receive three francs a month for bed and (not board but) cooking the broth (*tremper la soupe*) ; Nadaud's mother undertaking, for eighteen months, to bring every week a sufficient provision of bread and cheese. As it happened, master and pupil lodged at the same house; the latter was thus able to listen to his master's talks with two other old soldiers, all furious against the government of the Restoration. Nadaud admits that but for the imperious ways of Captain Dyprès he would never have known the difference between noun and adjective. The captain, on the other hand, discerned the boy's capacity, and wrote to his father that if he continued to work with the same ardor he would become something else than a maçon. But he was exposed to a terrible moral danger. His master drank brandy by the tumblerful, and, following his example, young Nadaud made himself tipsy, with another lad, three or four times. Still, he must have borne a high character, since the curé of the place got him to come of a morning to the church to hear the village girls repeat their catechism. Dyprès's drunken habits having, however, become noised abroad, his pupils fell away by degrees, and he left the place. The boy remained only three or four months with Dyprès's successor, and that was the end of his schooling. He returned to field labor. He was growing up. The shepherdesses taught him to dance and sing: the dance was the *bourrée* of central France, the songs were traditional. During the long and rigorous winter of 1829–30, when the ground was covered with snow, and the sheep had to be kept in stall, fed with ferns and leaves, the evenings were spent at home; Nadaud the father telling tales of Paris life, or stories of the Empire, largely learnt while working for two years at General Montholon's, one of Napoleon's companions in captivity at St. Helena. "I wonder still," Nadaud writes of his father, "that a man who could neither read nor write could have got into his head the principal events of the impe-

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rial epic." He had; moreover, provided himself with a store of pamphlets and bulletins of the Napoleonic era, which he made his son read, and had also brought back from Paris some of Béranger's songs, which soon became popular among the girls.

But the time came when the boy had to earn his livelihood. He was in his fifteenth year, and on the 20th of March, 1830, he started for Paris with his father, in a suit all of drugget, woven from the wool of the sheep belonging to the family, stiff as pasteboard, nearly paralyzing all movement, with big shoes which were soon to gall his unaccustomed feet. When parting from his mother, his grandmother, his sisters, "If we had been carried to our grave," he says, "the women's shrieks could not, I think, have been more agonizing." Four of his boy friends were waiting for him outside. They shut themselves up in a barn for their good-bys. Strange to say, young Nadaud never saw any of them again. At the neighboring town of Pontarion the two Nadauds met the other migrants of the neighborhood, together with a still greater number of friends who had come to escort them. Bottles of white wine were emptied, and the old men who remained behind enjoined upon them to behave well and not forget the *pays* (a term used frequently amongst the French in a much more limited sense than our "country"). Further on, another batch of fellow-travelers awaited them, and they had to take to cross-country lanes, where a highroad has since been made. They next had to cross the forest of Guéret, where the roads were still worse, in some places choked with branches which had to be pushed aside, bringing down a cold rain upon their shoulders. Young Nadaud's shoes already let in the water. "Had I dared," he says, "I should have asked to go back." Towards eleven o'clock they reached the town of Guéret, where they breakfasted. Here the elder Nadaud was formally made treasurer of the party, each member of the band handing him ten francs for expenses. The business of the treasurer (who must needs be a first-rate walker) was to go on ahead, order meals, reckon the bottles of wine, and bargain for the price. Each band on the road had its own treasurer. On they went, stopping, it might be, at this or that inn for a draught of wine; if some of the youngsters began to be tired, the older men would strike up a stave of some country song to make them laugh. At nightfall they reached the town of Genouilhat, where they were told by their treasurer that a very great number of migrants were on the road, and that it would be wise to push on two leagues farther in order to be well ahead. They started, accordingly, soon after supper, by a splendid moonlight. But no jolly songs could now cheat the weariness of the younger members of the band, and young Nadaud was lagging behind, when a stalwart fellow-traveler offered to carry for him his pack (*baluchon*). On reaching their destination, Bordesoulle, the lad had walked fifteen leagues — about forty-five miles — for his first day's tramp.

The inn was a rendezvous for wagoners and muleteers, and two bands of the latter class arrived at the same time, the huge bells of the mules, with the cracking of whips and barking of dogs, making an indescribable noise and clatter. Some of the mules were laden with wine in skins; the younger ones were meant for sale at the markets by the way, or even in Paris. To youngsters who had not yet left their villages, the hoarse voices of the muleteers and their bold reddish-brown faces made them seem highwaymen. Entering a huge kitchen, in a vast fireplace the travelers saw whole quarters of meat roasting, and three very long tables, at one of which they sat down. But having supped at Genouilhat, they were more thirsty than hungry. Young Nadaud's father made the boy drink some

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mouthfuls of hot wine; and these he could swallow only with difficulty, through sheer exhaustion. He was anxious only for his bed.

But what a bed he found! The sheets were black as soot, with traces of various kinds of filthiness. The practice was, at the inns where the migrants stopped, *to put on white sheets in mid-November, which should last till about mid-March*, unless torn or altogether too filthy. No one who slept in them dreamed of undressing. Wrapping their heads round, that they should not touch the bolster, they slept with arms crossed upon the chest. "What will hardly be believed, one crept into these filthinesses rather with a laugh than a curse." The morning answered to the night. Some greenhorns expected water for washing. They had to wash their eyes with their shirts moistened with spittle, putting off all other ablutions till they should come upon clean water by the roadside.

Though they started merrily on the second day's tramp, it proved a heavy one. The roads were bad, cut up into ruts, full of pools and big stones; the travelers were often ankle-deep in mud, and the water gurgled in their shoes. By the time they reached their stopping-place, Issoudun, the lad felt as if he could not get through another day's tramp. His father told him that he had himself, when younger, traveled to La Vendée without whimpering. A very good meal was served them, but the sleeping was even worse than at Bordesoulle. There were in the house a full hundred of Creusois, and thirty of these were lodged in a tiled-floor room with half the tiles wanting, and beds one over the other, and quite as filthy as those of the previous night. Of course no one undressed.

The writer observes, moreover, that throughout their journey they were the constant objects of humiliating jokes and coarse insults. On the other hand, when they started at early morning, they would roar out the cry of the Creusois when dancing to the bagpipes, "Hif, hif, hif, fou, fou!" perfectly regardless of the comfort of the sleeping inhabitants. On the third day, after a tramp of one or two hours, some peasants who were trimming hedges began to call out, "The geese! the turkeys!" and others who were working in the fields joined in the cry. Insults were bandied from side to side, but when a few of the Creusois prepared to climb over the hedges to meet their adversaries, the latter took to flight. Nadaud remarks that at this period all the trades were in a state of mutual hostility. No member of a *devoir* (as a trade society was then termed) could meet a member of another *devoir* on the road without their falling to with their sticks, and this all over France.

By the time they arrived at the next sleeping-place, Salbris, the rumor had preceded them of what had been only an exchange of insults, but had been magnified into a pitched battle, and the gendarmes were afoot. Here the host and his wife offered to the Nadauds one of their children's beds, and they were able to sleep between clean sheets.

The next day was the last of their tramp. From Orleans, which they were to reach that evening, the rest of the journey would be in certain miserable vehicles called *coucous* (which I myself can recollect), in effect baskets on wheels, in which four passengers were tossed about. Nadaud senior, with two of his companions, had much ado to secure places for the band, the number of coucous being insufficient to hold all the migrants. The drivers were in league, stopping to drink at every inn, and meeting all complaints of delay with only a laugh.

At last they reached Paris, and before taking his son to the *garni* (or workmen's boarding-house) where he was in the habit of lodging, Nadaud went with him to the Quai de la Grève, to wash his face and hands. The latter were black

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as coals, and he could only clean them a little by rubbing them with sand; he also took off his jacket and waistcoat, to get rid of the vermin picked up at the inns on the road, which were devouring him. At the garni, where his father was looked on as an old friend, young Nadaud was abashed on being kissed by the elder of the landlord's two girls. But five minutes later his father took him away, first to see a friend, then to a place in the country where an uncle had work for them. In four days they had walked sixty leagues (about one hundred and eighty miles), without reckoning the time spent in the "accursed coucous."

M. Nadaud says he has related at length the incidents of his journey, because the men of his generation were the last who had to endure such trials, before the coming of the "golden age" of railway traveling. He observes — and I think every reader will agree with him — that "to subject children of thirteen or fourteen to such harsh trials would now seem to him the extreme of cruelty."

Nadaud's uncle was a builder at Villemomble, close to the park of Rainey, owned by the Duke of Orleans, and Nadaud's father was himself a partner with his brother. Even the latter could not read or write, and young Nadaud was at first employed, under the very insufficient teaching of the village beadle, in keeping the books and in odd jobs. But finding himself made game of by the workmen, he got employment as helping lad to a worthy journeyman plasterer, and so entered upon the practice of his calling.

A few months later the revolution of July, 1830, broke out. It was not till all firing was over that Nadaud was taken with his father into Paris; and no sight, he says, except the murders in cold blood which followed the insurrection of June, 1848, and the massacres of the Commune ever impressed him more. On their return, all Villemomble was *en fête*, celebrating with fireworks and balls the accession of their neighbor, Louis Philippe, to the throne. But it was to be an ill time for the Nadauds. The owner of the park and château of Villemomble, with whom they had a building contract, was ruined by the revolution, and escaped to Switzerland. The two brothers Nadaud lost twelve thousand francs, each being responsible for half, and Nadaud's father had just bought from his brother the latter's share (forty-five hundred francs) in the family property of La Martinèche. On settling accounts, he found that he owed his brother over eleven thousand francs.

Father and son now returned to the garni where they had stopped at first, and the lad was placed in a room on the fourth story, where there were six beds and twelve lodgers, with a passage less than two feet wide between the two rows of beds. Here are set down some interesting details of the Paris workman's life in those days: —

"In every room there are two streams of talk, that of the misers and that of the spendthrifts. With the first one learns how to reckon up the coppers. They are generally evil-tongued, always ready to pass an unfavorable judgment on those whose qualities are not theirs."

Still, "the miser was wanting neither in uprightness nor in honorable conduct. On the contrary, he loved his family, and perhaps his friends, but he tormented his own body. (Il était bourreau de son corps.) He must not spend more than fourteen or fifteen francs a month beyond his board and lodging, which cost him six francs a month, for which sum he had his bed, his broth, and his bread, which he took by measure, and paid for likewise month by month. Every morning he left a piece of bread on a plank (which was not dusted every day), and the hostess came and picked up all these pieces into her apron, and, without knowing which was whose, put them to soak in sixty or eighty porringers, as soon as

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the water of the big earthenware pot (*marmite*) was hot. A second piece of bread our man put under his arm, and munched at it on his way to the yard, placing the rest of his supply in some corner, to take with him at nine o'clock to his breakfast, on which he spent five or seven sous, according as he did or did not have broth. In the former case, he kept the little bit of meat that was served to him for the two-o'clock meal, which he ate sitting on the plaster or in a corner of the yard."[1]

As to the spendthrifts, money melts in their hands; they spend it in drink on pay-day or the day after, and eat dry bread for the remainder of the week, or try to borrow money which they never repay. Their conversation is, for all that, very amusing, and the misers have a most peculiar knack of making them talk.

It would take too long to follow young Nadaud through the different stages of his career as a workingman. Wages were at first miserably low. He received thirty-six sous a day, or two francs for the long days. The full-trained maçon got only three and a quarter to three and a half francs. In 1831 he had a terrible accident, falling from a third floor into a cellar, and thereby injuring his head and breaking both arms at the wrists. He recovered, however, and at seventeen became a workman, or *compagnon*, with a boy to help him, such as he had been himself hitherto. In the winter of 1832–33 the *maladie du pays* took hold of him. He had not seen his mother or sisters for three years. But doctors' fees and three months' idleness after his accident had swallowed up his small savings, and he had to borrow two hundred francs of a friend, out of which he renewed his wardrobe; buying, amongst other things, a fine blouse with red and blue collar, and a tricolor belt, which was the height of fashion amongst workingmen in those days. When he reached home, he found his mother and sisters eating their supper, soup and radishes. The next day, after a dinner of whey, bread, and potatoes, he began working as a peasant, beating out the sheaves, a fatiguing task which lasted a couple of weeks. It was also his business, before nightfall, to cut wood for the veillées, to be burnt in fireplaces six feet wide. Neighbors came to these veillées, particularly to hear the maçon, who had so much to tell about Paris. Young Nadaud, however, by this time preferred to go about to the balls held in one or another village, always in a barn, and almost always beginning with the traditional bourrée. It is a singular custom that the young men should open these balls by inviting the oldest women present to dance the bourrée with them. Pretty women, Nadaud tells us, abound in the Creuse, and at the balls marriages are soon arranged, which generally take place within a few weeks, as the month of March drives away the younger men from the villages. In this same year one of Nadaud's sisters was engaged. But twelve hundred francs had to be paid by way of *dot*, or marriage portion, and the Nadauds owed already about ten thousand francs, pretty nearly what the Martinèche property was worth. They had to borrow four hundred francs at thirty per cent, young Nadaud joining in signing bills, though only seventeen years old. Three or four days after the marriage he returned to Paris, to find the building trade in a state of great depression, the worst labor crisis he ever went through, except that of 1848. He had to take work again as a builder's lad, earning only two francs two sous a day, and met with another mishap through having a stone flung by accident on his arm. It was only a contusion, but he fainted, and had to go to a hospital. After a few weeks of enforced idleness he obtained a little work, but only to be interrupted by a strike of the carpenters, which cost him five weeks more of idleness.

[1] Young Nadaud himself seems never to have eaten meat till he came to Paris, and then disliked it, changing his bit for vegetables.

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The years 1833 and 1834 were very bad for him. At one time he had to work as a mere wagoner, earning fifty-five sous, and later three francs a day. Those were evil days for the French working class. The jealousies between the workmen of different trades were more than ever embittered. To put a stop to the fights between the compagnons on tramp, the government forbade them to carry sticks. Even among the Creusois there were rivalries between the men of different cantons or communes, so that a foreman of the one set durst not give a job to men of the other. There were two or three years of great lawlessness. For a gesture, for a word, men came to blows. Twice in a short space of time young Nadaud was taken up by the police. To break his son of his bad habits, the elder Nadaud got three worthy mates of his to talk with him, and one of them offered to take the young man into his own lodgings. Eventually the two secured quarters in one of the quietest neighborhoods in Paris, that of St. Louis. From henceforth Nadaud was a reformed character. Paris was just then opening free schools for the working class. He went to one of these, and was soon made monitor. But this was a loss of time for him. He tried a private master, and could now measure his literary ignorance. Yet what he most wanted was technical instruction. He bought drawing materials, and began attending a course. But, on calculation, he saw that the time needed to go through the course lesson by lesson was more than he could afford. He was able to borrow a book containing a complete course, and worked out its twenty-four plates in his own room, then returned for four or five months to his teacher.

All this time the family indebtedness weighed upon him. Twenty pounds of interest had to be paid every year. What if he could earn this by teaching others? There were all around him worthy, hard-working young fellows who could not even sign their names. At four francs a month each he might earn from four to five hundred francs in the year. He tried the experiment, and succeeded. Fifteen pupils came, as many as his room would hold. The work was hard. He had to get up at five in the morning, crush plaster till six P. M., rush back from the building-yard to swallow the soup of the garni, and then return home to teach till eleven. He taught reading, writing, arithmetic, geometry, and the principles of building. If master and pupils got tired of study, they talked politics.

"It is often fortunate," he says, "for a man to be born poor. I believe this was the case with me. If my family debts had not weighted me with five hundred francs yearly interest to pay, the idea of opening the school would never have come to me, and I should very likely have remained unknown among my companions in work and misery. This long assiduity in intellectual labor, lasting from 1838 to 1848, is what has most contributed to implant in my mind the taste for study and serious reading; and I also acquired during this period the habit of speaking in public."

At the age of twenty-four he married a young girl of his own country, and had to leave her seventeen days after the wedding to return to work. It was three years before he saw her again, bringing with him an unheard-of pile of savings, four thousand francs, which all went towards paying the family debts, but still left one thousand francs due.

A hard life, surely, so far, and a worthy one; it remains to be seen how the maçon fared later.

J. M. Ludlow.

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A SINGULAR LIFE.

XVIII.

A FIERY July was followed by a scorching August. There was a long drought, and simooms of fine, irritating dust. The gasping town and inland country flocked to the coast in more than the usual force. The hotels brimmed over. Even Windover fanned herself, and lay in hammocks lazily, watching for the two-o'clock east wind to stir the top-sails of the schooners trying, under full canvas, to crawl around the Point. In Angel Alley the heat was something unprecedented; and the devil shook hands with discomfort, as he is fain to, and made new comrades.

Bayard was heavily overworked. He gave himself few pleasures, after the fashion of the man; and the summer people at the Point knew him not. He was not of them, nor of their world. Afterwards, he recalled, with a kind of pain lacking little of anguish, how few in number had been his evenings in the cool parlor of the cottage, where the lace curtains blew in and out through the purple twilight, or on the impearled harbor, in the dory, when the sun went down, and he drifted with her between earth and heaven, between light and reflection, in a glamour of color, in alternations of quiet, dangerous talk and of more dangerous silence; brief, stolen hours, when duty seemed a dimming dream, and human joy the only reality, the sole value, the decreed and eternal end of life. Upon this rare and scanty substitute for happiness he fed, and from it he fled.

Between his devotions and his desertions the woman stood mute and inscrutable. And while they still moved apart, saying, "The summer is before us," lo, the petals of the Cape roses had flown on the hot winds, the goldenrod was lifting its sword of flame on the undulating gray downs, and the summer was spent.

Yet, at every march and countermarch in the drill of duty, he was aware of her. It could not be said that she ever overstepped the invisible line which he had elected to draw between them, though it might be said that she had the fine pride which did not seem to see it. Helen had the quiet maidenly reserve of an elder and more delicate day than ours. To throw her young enthusiasm into his work without obtruding herself upon his attention was a difficult procedure, for which she had at once the decorum and the wit.

At unexpected crises and in unthought-of ways he came upon her footprints or her sleight of hand. Helen's methods were purely her own. She followed neither law nor gospel; no rules nor precedents controlled her. She relieved what suffering she chose, and omitted where she did elect; and he was sometimes astonished at the common sense of her apparent willfulness. She had no more training in sociological problems than the goldenrod upon the bosom of her white gown; yet she seldom made an important mistake. In a word, this summer girl, playing at charity for a season's amusement, poured a refreshing amount of novelty, vigor, ingenuity, and feminine defiance of routine into the labors of the lonely man. His too serious and anxious people found her as diverting as a pretty parlor play. A laugh ran around like a light flame whenever she came upon the sombre scene. She took a bevy of idle girls with her, and gave entertainments on which Angel Alley hung, a breathless and admiring crowd. She played, she sang, she read, she decorated. Pictures sprang on barren walls; books stood on empty shelves; games crowded the smoking-room; a piano replaced the pains-

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taking melodeon; life and light leaped where she trod, into the poor and unpopular place. The people took to her one of the strong, loyal fancies of the coast. Unsuspected by her, or by Bayard himself, she began, even then, to be known among them as "the minister's girl." But this hurt nobody, neither herself nor him, and their deference to her never defaulted. In the indulgence of that summer's serious mood, Helen seldom met — he was forced to suspect that she purposely avoided — the preacher. Often he entered a laughing home from which she had just vanished. Sometimes — but less often — he found that she had preceded him where death and trouble were. Their personal interviews were rare, and of her seeking, never.

"She is amusing herself with a novelty," he thought. Then came the swift, unbidden question, If this is her beautiful whim, what would her dedication be? Since to play at helping a man's work, though at the tip of the sceptre by which he held her back, meant sense and sympathy, fervor and courage like this, what would it be to the great and solemn purpose of his life if she shared it, crowned queen?

It was an August evening, sultry and smoky. Forest fires had been burning for a week on the wooded side of the harbor, and the air was thick. It was Sunday, and the streets and wharves and beaches of Windover surged with vacuous eyes and irritable passions. The lock-ups were full, the saloons overflowed. The ribald song and excessive oath of the coast swept up and down like air currents. There had been several accidents and some fights. Rum ran in streams. It was one of the stifling evenings when the most decent tenement retains only the sick or the helpless, and when the occupants of questionable sailors' boarding-houses and nameless dens crawl out like vermin fleeing from fire. It was one of the nights when the souls of women go to perdition, and when men do not argue with their vices. It was one of the nights when ease and cool, luxury and delicacy, forget the gehenna that they escape, and when only the strong few remember the weakness of the many.

Upon the long beach of fine white sand which spanned the space between the docks and the cliffs of the wooded coast, there gathered that evening a large and unusual crowd. Angel Alley was there *en masse*. The wharves poured out a mighty delegation. Dories put out from anchored vessels whose prows nodded in the inner harbor, and their crews swarmed to the beach in schools, like fish to a net.

A few citizens of another sort, moved, one might say, by curiosity, innocent or malicious, joined themselves to the fishermen and sailors. Their numbers were increased by certain of the summer people from the Point, drawn from their piazzas and their hammocks by rumors of a sensation. An out-of-door service, said to be the first of its kind conducted by the remarkable young preacher of such excellent family and such eccentric career, was not without its attractions even on the hottest evening of the season. There might have been easily eight hundred or a thousand people facing the light temporary desk, or table, which had been erected at the head of the beach for the speaker's use.

The hour was early, and it would have been very light but for the smoke in the air, through which the sun hung, quivering and sinister, with the malevolent blood-red color of drought and blasting heat.

"Statira," in a low tone said the puzzled voice of the Professor of Theology, "this is — I must say — really, a most extraordinary gathering. It quite impresses me."

"I have read something somewhere it reminds me of," mused Mrs. Carruth, with a knot between her placid brows. "Where was it, Haggai? — Helen! Helen! What have I read that is like this? I can't think whether it is George

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Eliot, or Fox's Book of Martyrs. Perhaps it is the Memoirs of Whitefield; but certainly" —

"Possibly," suggested Helen, "it may have been the New Testament."

"That 's it! You have it!" cried Mrs. Carruth, with mild relief. "That 's the very thing. How extraordinary! It *is* the New Testament I have got into my head."

The Professor of Theology changed color slightly, but he made no answer to his wife. He was absorbed in watching the scene before him. There were many women in the crowd, but men predominated in proportion significant to the eye familiar with the painfully feminine character of New England religious audiences. Of these men, four fifths were toilers of the sea, red of face, uncertain of step, rough of hand, keen of eye, and open of heart, —

"Fearing no God but wind and wet."

The scent of bad liquor was strong upon the heavy, windless air; oaths rippled to and fro as easily as the waves upon the beach, and (it seemed) quite as much according to the laws of nature. Yet the men bore a decent look of personal respect for the situation. All wore their best clothes, and most were clean for the occasion. They chatted among themselves freely, paying small heed to the presence of strangers, these being regarded as inferior aliens who did not know how to man a boat in a gale.

The fisherman's sense of his own superior position is, in any event, something delightful. In this case there was added the special aristocracy recognized in Angel Alley as belonging to Bayard's people. Right under the ears of the Professor of Theology uprose these awful words: —

"D—— them swells! He don't care a —— for them. We get along up to Christlove without 'em, don't we, Bob? The parson 's ourn, anyhow. He can't be bothered with the likes o' them."

"Look a' Job Slip yonder! See the face of him, shaved like a dude. That 's him a-passin' round hymn-books. Who 'd believe it? *Job!* Why, he ain't teched a —— drop sence he swore off! Look a' that young one of his taggin' to his finger! That 's his wife, that bleached-out creetur in a new bunnet. See the look of her now!"

"It 's a way women have — lookin' like that when a man swears off," replied a young fellow, wriggling uncomfortably. "It kinder puts my eyes out — like it was a lamp turned up too high." He winked hard and turned away.

"Ben Trawl! Hello, Trawl! *You* here? So fond of the minister as this?"

"I like to keep my eye on him," replied Ben Trawl grimly.

Captain Hap, distributing camp-chairs for the women of the audience, turned and eyed Ben over his shoulder. The Captain's small, keen eyes held the dignity and the scorn of age and character.

"Shut up there!" he said authoritatively. "The minister 's comin'. Trot back to your grog-shop, Ben. This ain't no place for Judases, nor yet for rummies."

"Gorry!" laughed a young skipper, "he ain't got customers enough to okkepy him. They 're all here."

Now there sifted through the crowd an eager, affectionate whisper.

"There! There 's the preacher. Look that way — see? That tall, thin fellar — him with the eyes."

"That 's him! That 's him — that long-sparred fellar. Three cheers for him!" shouted the mate of a collier, flinging up his hat.

A billow of applause started along the beach. Then a woman's voice called out, "Boys, he don't like it!" and the wave of sound dropped as suddenly as it rose.

"He comes!" cried an Italian.

"So he does, Tony, so he does!" echoed the woman. "God bless him!"

"He comes," repeated Tony. "Hush you, boys — the Christman comes!"

The Professor of Theology pressed

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the tips of his scholarly fingers upon his aging eyes. It was some moments before he commanded himself and looked up.

Bayard stood bareheaded in the color of the red sun. He was pale, notwithstanding the warmth of the evening, and had a look so worn that those who loved him most felt unspoken fear like the grip of a hand at their hearts. The transparence, the delicacy of his appearance — bathed in the scarlet of the murky sunset as he was — gave him an aspect half unreal. He seemed for the moment to be a beautiful phantom rising from a mist of blood. A hush, half of reverence, half of awe, fell upon all the people; it grew so still that the lazy breath of the shallow wave at that moment spent upon the beach could be heard stirring through the calm.

Suddenly, and before the preacher had spoken any word, the impressive silence was marred by a rude sound. It was a girl's coarse laugh.

Then there was seen upon the beach, and quite apart from the throng, a little group of nameless women, standing with their backs to the sacred scene. Some one — Job Slip, perhaps, or Captain Hap — started with an exclamation of horror to suppress the disturbance, when the preacher's lifted hand withstood him. To the consternation of his church officers, and to the astonishment of his audience, Bayard deliberately left the desk, and, passing through the throng, which respectfully divided before him to left and right, himself approached the women.

"Lena! . . . *Magdalena!*"

He said but that word. The girl looked up — and down. She felt as if an archangel from the heavens, commissioned with the rebuke of God, had smitten her with something far more terrible — the mercy of man.

"You disturb us, Lena," said the preacher gently. "Come."

She followed him, and the girls behind her. They hung their heads. Lena scrawled she knew not what with the tip of her gaudy parasol upon the beach. Her heavy eyes traced the little pebbles in the sand. For her life, she thought, she could not have lifted her smarting lids. Till that moment, perhaps, Lena had never known what shame meant. It overwhelmed her, like the deluge which one dreams may foretell the end of the world.

The street girls followed the preacher silently. He conducted them through the throng, and seated them quite near the desk, or table, which served him as a pulpit. Some of his people frowned. The girls looked abashed at this courtesy.

Bayard ignored both evidences of attention to his unexpected act, passing it by as a matter of course, and without further delay made signs to his singers, and the service began.

. . . . . .

Was it magic or miracle? Was it holiness or eloquence? Did he speak with the tongue of man or of angel? Where was the secret? What was the charm? Not a man or woman of them could have answered, but not a soul of them could have gainsaid the power of the preacher, the Professor of Theology least of all. This learned man stood the service out, upon the beach, behind the camp-chairs of his wife and daughter, and knew neither fatigue nor the critical faculty till the beautiful service drew to its end.

Bayard's manner was quiet, finished, and persuasive; it must have appealed to the most fastidious oratorical taste; any instructor in homiletics might have seen in it a remarkable illustration of the power of consecrated education over ignorance and vice. But Bayard's thought threw off ecclesiastical form as naturally as the gulls, arising from the harbor in the reddening sunset, tossed off the spray from their wings. No class of men are more responsive to originality than seagoing men. Of the humdrum, the com-

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monplace, they will naught. Cant they scorn, and at religious snobbery they laugh.

It would be difficult to say what it was in Emanuel Bayard that most attracted them: whether his sincerity or his intellect, his spirituality or his manliness, or that mystical charm which comes not of striving, or of prayer, or of education — the power of an elect personality. Perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say that the fishermen loved him because he loved them. The idea is older than the time of this biography, but it will bear repeating.

The red sun dipped, and the hot night cooled. Dusk purpled on the breathless water and on the long beach. A thousand restless people grew as gentle as one. The outlines of the preacher's form softened into the surrounding shadow; the features of his high face melted and wavered. Only his appealing voice remained distinct. It seemed to be the cry of a spirit more than the eloquence of a man. It pleaded as no man pleads who has not forgotten himself, as no man can plead who is not remembered of God. Fishermen stood with one foot on the beach, and one on their stranded dories, like men afraid to stir. Rude, uncomfortable men in the heart of the crowd thrust their heads forward with breath held in, as still as figureheads upon wrecks. The uplifted eyes of the throng took on an expression of awe. It grew dimmer, and almost dark. And then, when no one could see the pathos of his face, they knew that he was praying for their souls. Some of the men fell upon their knees; but the heads of others got no further than their guilty breasts, where they hung like children's. The sound of stifled sobbing mingled with the sigh of the waves.

The unseen singers, breathing upon the last words of the prayer, chanted a solemn benediction. The tide was rising slowly, and the eternal Amen of the sea responded. Suddenly a lantern flashed — and another — and light and motion broke upon the scene.

Rough men looked into one another's wet faces, and were not ashamed. But some held their hats before their eyes. The girls in the front chairs moved away quietly, speaking to no person. But Lena separated herself from them, and disappeared in the dark. Job Slip had not arisen from his knees, and Mari, his wife, knelt by him. The woman's expression was something touching to see, and impossible to forget. Captain Hap held a lantern up, and Bayard's face shone out, rapt and pale.

"Behold the Christman!" said the Italian, repeating his favorite phrase in a reverent whisper.

The Professor of Theology heard it again; and repetition did not weaken its effect upon the orthodox scholar. He removed his hat from his gray head. His wife held her delicate handkerchief to her eyes. Helen, struggling with herself, was pale with emotion. The Professor tried to speak.

"It is not," he said, "precisely a doctrinal discourse, and his theology" —

The Professor checked himself. "It is written," he said, "that the common people heard HIM gladly. And it must be admitted that our dear young friend, his servant, seems to command that which — men older and — sounder than he would give their lives — and fame — to" —

But there he choked, and tried to say no more.

. . . . . .

There ought to have been a moon that night, and the electric jets at the crest of the beach had not been lighted. By the special request of the preacher, or by the forethought of the police, in view, perhaps, of the unusual size of the crowd, the lights now sprang out.

The throng dispersed slowly. The dark sea formed a solemn background to the mass of quietly moving figures. The fishermen, with one foot on their dories,

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leaped in, and pushed off; scattered crews gathered gently, and rowed soberly back to their schooners. Groups collected around the preacher, waiting their turns for a word from his lips or a touch from his hand. It was evident that he was very tired, but he refused himself to no one.

The summer people walked away softly. They passed through Angel Alley on their way to take the electric car. They looked up thoughtfully at the illuminated words swinging over their heads in fire of scarlet and white: —

"The Love of Christ."

As she passed by the door of the mission, Helen was recognized by the women and children, who surrounded her affectionately, begging for some little service at her hands. It seemed to be desired that she should play or sing to them. While she stood, hesitating, between her father and her mother, Bayard himself, with a group of fishermen around him, came up Angel Alley.

"I will see that she is safely taken home, Professor, if you care to let her stay," he said. "We won't keep her — perhaps half an hour? Will that do? The people like to hear her sing; it helps to keep them out of the street."

"Mr. Bayard will look after her, Haggai," replied Mrs. Carruth wearily. "I see no objections, do you?"

Mrs. Carruth was very tired. Not to give a sober Monday to all the drunkards of Angel Alley would she have felt that she could stay another hour in that mob. She never saw such sights in Cesarea, where charity took a mild, ladylike form, consisting chiefly of missionary barrels, and Dorcas societies for the families of poor students who had no business to have married.

The Professor took her away. He wanted to tell his heretic graduate what he had thought about that service on the beach; indeed, he made one effort to do so, beginning slowly: —

"My dear Bayard, your discourse this evening" —

"To h—— with 'em!" cried Captain Hap in a thunderous sea-voice, at that moment. "Mr. Bayard! Mr. Bayard, sir! Come here! Here 's them two Trawlses a-tryin' to toll Job Slip into their place! Mr. Bayard! Mr. Bayard!"

Mr. Bayard held out his hand to the Professor, and, smiling, shook his head. Then he vanished down the alley. He had lingered only to say these words in Helen's ear: "Go into the chapel, and stay there till I come for you. Look after Lena, will you? I want her kept inside. Get her to singing with you, if you can."

He called back over his shoulder: "I will bring her home, Mrs. Carruth, in half an hour. I will row her home, myself. I have a boat here."

Professor Carruth stood for a moment watching the thronged, bright doorway into which his daughter had disappeared. The fishermen and the drunkards, the Windover widows in their crape and calico, the plain, obscure, respectable parishioners, and the girls from the street moved in together beneath the white and scarlet lights. Helen's voice sounded suddenly through the open windows. She sang: —

"I need Thee every hour,
Stay Thou near by."

"Hello, Bob!" said a voice in the street. "That 's the parson's hymn."

Groups of men moved over from the grog-shop to the chapel door. They collected, and increased in numbers. One man struck into the chorus, on a low bass:

"Stay near me, O my Saviour."

Another voice joined, and another. Up and down the street the men took the music up. From Angel Alley without and Christlove within, the voices of the people met and mingled in "the parson's hymn."

The Professor of Theology glanced at the illuminated words above his head.

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"It is growing chilly. I am sure you will take cold," complained his wife.

With bared gray head the Professor walked out of Angel Alley, and his old wife clung silently to his arm. She felt that this was one of the moments when Mr. Carruth should not be spoken to.

Bayard brought Helen home, as he had promised; and it was but a little beyond the half of the hour when his dory bumped against the float. He rowed her over the dim harbor with long, skillful strokes. Helen fancied that they were not as strong as they might have been; he seemed to her almost exhausted. They had exchanged but a few words. Midway of the harbor she had said abruptly, —

"Mr. Bayard, I cannot keep it to myself! I must tell you how what you said this evening on the beach — how that service made me feel."

"Don't!" said Bayard quickly.

Helen shrank back into the stern of the dory; she felt, for the moment, terribly wounded.

"Forgive me!" he pleaded. "I did n't feel as if I could bear it — that 's all."

"I am not in the habit of making a fool of myself over ministers," replied Helen hotly. "I never told one I liked his sermon, yet, in all my life. I was going to say — I meant to say — I *will* say," she cried, sitting up very straight, "Mr. Bayard, you are better than I am; truly, infinitely, solemnly better. I 've never even *tried* to be what you *are*. You 've done me good, as well as Job, and Lena, and the rest. I *won't* go away without saying it — and I 'm going away this week. . . . There!"

She drew a long breath, and leaned back.

Bayard rowed on for some moments in inscrutable silence. It was too dark to see the expression of his face. When he spoke, it was in a half-articulate, tired way.

"I did not know. Are you coming back?"

"I am going to Campobello with the Rollinses," replied Helen briefly. "I don't expect to come back again this year."

"I wonder I had not thought of it," said Bayard slowly. "I did not," he added.

"The people will miss you," he suggested, after a miserable pause.

"Oh, they will get used to that," said Helen.

"And *I*?" he asked, in a tone whose anguish smote suddenly upon her ears, like a mortal cry. "What is to become of *me*?"

"You 'll get used to it, too," she said, thrusting out her hands in that way she had.

His oars dropped across his knees.

Before either of them could speak, or think, or reason, he had caught one of her outstretched hands. It lay, warm, soft, quivering, — a terrible temptation, — in the grasp of the devotee. He could have devoured it — her — soul and body; he could have killed her with kisses; he could have murdered her with love.

Instead, he laid Helen's hand down gently. He did not so much as lift it to his starving lips. He laid it down upon her own lap quite solemnly, as if he relinquished something unspeakably precious. He took up his oars, and rowed her home.

Neither had spoken again. Helen's heart beat wildly. She dared not look at him. Under the solitary lantern of the deserted float she felt his strong gaze upon her, and it looked, not with the eyes of angels, but with the eyes of a man.

"Oh, my dear, I love you!" he breathed in a broken voice.

Saying this, and only this, he led her to her father's door, and left her.

XIX.

The mosquito-net portière swayed softly in the night wind. Emanuel Bayard sat in his study and looked about the poor

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place, gasping, like a man who has received or given a mortal hurt. The marred face of the great Christ looked through the coarse white gauze; it seemed to scrutinize him sternly. He bowed his head before the gaze of the picture.

The gradual descent from a spiritual height to a practical level is, at best, a strain under which the godliest nature quivers; but Bayard experienced the shock of a plunge. From the elation of the past hour to the consternation of the present moment was a long leap.

He closed his eyes to see the blood-red sunset unfurling its flag over the broad beach; he opened them to see Mrs. Granite's kerosene lamp smoking on the study-table of grained pine wood. The retina of his soul suffered an adjustment as abrupt and as severe. But an hour ago a thousand people had hung swaying upon the breath that went forth from between his lips; their upturned faces offered him that most exquisite of flatteries, the reverence of a great audience for an orator who has mastered them. We should remember that the religious orator stands, both in privilege and in peril, apart from his kind. He may suffer at once the subtlest of human dangers and the deepest of human joys. Bayard trembled yet with the exaltation of that solemn hour.

Midway between earth and heaven, commissioner between man and his Maker, he had stood transcendent, well-nigh translated. He had floated in the adoration of his people; he had been to them one of the sons of God; he had held their bare souls in his hand.

While his head whirled with the suffocation of the incense, he had stumbled. He had made the misstep which to a lofty soul may give more anguish than guilt to the low. He had fallen from the heights of his own faith in himself, sheer over, and below the ideal which those upon whose worshiping love he lived trustfully cherished of him.

An hour ago he was a man of God. Now he called himself less than a man among men.

Bound by every claim of spiritual and of human honor to preserve the strong silence by which a man protects a woman from himself, and himself from her, he had weakly, to his high view it seemed he had ignobly, broken it. He had declared love to a woman whom he could not ask to be his wife. To crown the pity of it and the shame, he had turned on his heel and left her — so!

"I have done a thing for which I would have thrashed a man who had done as much by a sister of mine!" said this young apostle between his teeth. It did not occur to him that he might be liable to overestimate the situation. Religious exaltation exposes a sensitive nature to mental and spiritual excess, as dangerous in its way as physical dissipation. Bayard stood in that great desert known only to fine souls, where the noblest side of a man seems to take up arms against him, and where the very consecrated weapons by which he has battled his way to purity, unselfishness, and peace turn themselves like sentient foes and smite him. He stood unarmed and defenseless before forces of evil whose master he had been so long that he looked upon their defiant faces with more astonishment than fear.

"This is an insurrection of slaves," he thought. He looked blindly about his dreary room.

"Down!" he said, as if he had been speaking to dogs.

And now — what? It seemed to his quivering sensibility a proof that he had fallen to a far depth, that the first bare instinct of his anguish was not to say, "What is my duty in this thing?" but, "How shall I bear it?"

With that automatism of Christian habit which time and trouble may teach the coldest scoffer to respect, Bayard's hand groped for his Bible. We have seen this touching movement in the sick, the aged, the bereaved, and in the ut-

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terly alone; and who of us has been so poor in spirit as to do it irreverence? In so young a man this desolate instinct had a deep significance.

Bayard's Bible opened at the New Testament, whose worn pages moved apart, at a touch, like lips that would answer him.

As he took the book something fell from it to the floor. He stooped, holding his finger between the open leaves, and picked the object up. It was a flower, a pressed flower — the saxifrage that he had gathered from the hem of her dress on the sand of the beach, that April day.

The Bible fell from his knee. He snatched the dead flower to his lips, and kissed it passionately.

"There was another, too," he hungrily said. "There was a pansy. She left it on the sofa pillow in this room. The pansy! the pansy!"

He took up the Bible, and searched feverishly. But he could not find the pansy; the truth being that Jane Granite had seen it on the study-table and had dusted it away.

He laid the Bible down upon the table, and seized the saxifrage. He kissed it again and again; he devoured it over and over; he held it in the palm of his hand, and softly laid his cheek upon it. . . .

Behind the white gauze the Christ on the wall looked down. Suddenly Bayard raised his haggard face. The eyes of the picture and the eyes of the man met.

"Anything but this — everything but this — Thou knowest." Aloud, Bayard uttered the words as if he expected to be heard.

"Only *this* — the love of man for woman — how canst THOU understand?"

Bayard arose to his full height; he lifted his hands till they touched the low, cracked ceiling; it seemed to him as if he lifted them into illimitable heaven, as if he bore on them the greatest mystery and the mightiest woe of all the race. His lips moved; only inarticulate whispers came from them.

Then his hands fell, and his face fell into them.

Bayard went to her like a man, and at once. At an hour of the morning so early that he felt obliged to apologize for his intrusion, his sleepless face appeared at the door of her father's cottage.

He had no more idea, even yet, what he should say to her than the St. Michael over his study-table. He felt in himself a kind of pictorial helplessness; as if he represented something which he was incapable of expressing. His head swam. He leaned back on the bamboo chair in the parlor. Through the soft stirring of the lace curtains he watched a fleet start out, and tack across the harbor. He interested himself in the greenish-white sails of an old schooner with a new suit on. He found it impossible to think coherently of the interview which awaited him.

A hand fell on the latch of the door. He turned — ah!

"Good-morning, Professor," said Bayard, rising manfully. His pale face, if possible, turned a shade whiter. It seemed to him the fitting sequel to his weakness that he should be called to account by the girl's father. "I have deserved it," he thought.

"Ah, Bayard, this is too bad!" said the Professor of Theology, cordially holding out his hand. "You have just missed my daughter. I am sure she will regret it. She took the twenty minutes past seven train."

"Took the *train?*" panted Bayard.

"She has gone to join some friends of ours — the Rollinses, at Campobello. She did not intend to leave for some days; but the mood took her, and off she started. I think, indeed, she went without her breakfast. Helen is whimsical at times. Do be seated! We will do our poor best to take my daughter's place," pursued the Professor, smiling indulgently; "and I 'm especially glad of this opportunity, Bayard, to tell you

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how much I was impressed by your discourse last night. I don't mind saying so at all."

"Thank you, Professor," said Bayard faintly.

"It was not theology, you know," observed the Professor, still smiling; "you can't expect me to admit that it was sound, Bayard. But I must say, sir, I *do* say, that I defy any council in New England to say it was not Christianity!"

"Thank you, Professor," repeated Bayard, more faintly than before. He found it impossible to talk about theology, or even Christianity.

The Professor felt rather hurt that the young man took his leave so soon. He had thought of inviting him into the clam study, and reading some extracts from the essay on the State of the Unforgiven after Death.

Bayard went back to his own rooms, and wrote to her; if he could have done so, he would have followed her to Campobello by the next boat. The pitiable fact was that he could not raise the money for the trip. It occurred to him to force the occasion and borrow it, of his treasurer, of George Fenton, of his uncle; but he dismissed these fantasies as madness, and swiftly wrote: —

I hurried to you at the first decent moment this morning; but I was not early enough by an hour.

The reason why I do not — why I cannot follow you, by the next train, perhaps you will understand without my being forced to explain. I take the only method left to me of justifying myself — if it is possible for me to do that — in your eyes.

I dare not believe — I dare not hope, that what I have done can mean any more to *you* than passing embarrassment to a friendship whose value and permanence shall not be disturbed by my weakness, if I can help it.

I love you. I ought not to have told you so. I did not mean to tell you so.

But I love you! A man situated as I am has no right to declare his feeling for a woman like yourself. This wrong have I done — not to you; I do not presume to dream that I could thereby in any way wrong *you* — but to myself, and to my love for you. It was my sacred secret; it is now your absolute possession. Do with it — and with me — as you will.

EMANUEL BAYARD.

He dispatched this note by the first mail to Campobello, and waited in such patience as he could command for such answer as she chose to make him. He waited a miserable week. At the end of that time came a letter in her strong, clear hand. He shut himself into his rooms, turned the key, and read: —

CAMPOBELLO, *September* —, 18—.

MY DEAR MR. BAYARD, — I am not quite sure that I entirely understand you. But I believe in you, altogether; and what I do not understand, I am proud to take on trust.

The love of a man like yourself would be a tribute to any woman. I shall count it the honor of my life that you have given it to me. And I shall be, because of it, all the more and always,

Your loyal friend,

HELEN CARRUTH.

This composed and womanly reply did not serve to quell the agitation in which Bayard had awaited it. He read and re-read, studied and scrutinized, the few self-contained words with a sense of helplessness which equaled his misery. His position seemed to him intolerable. Something undignified about it cut the proud fellow to the quick. He had thought himself prepared for any natural phase in the lot which he had elected. In the old language which devotees of ages have instinctively used, and which to each solitary heart seems a figure of speech as new as his own anguish, Bayard had believed himself able to "bear his cross."

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He had now to learn that, in the curious, complex interplay of human life, a man may not be able even to bear his burden alone, and drop decently under it when the time comes. Suppose, as the cross-bearer crawls along in blood and dust, that the arm of the coarse wood strikes and bruises the delicate flesh of a woman's shoulder?

Suppose — oh, suppose the unsupposable, the maddening!

Suppose she might have been led, taught by his great love to love him? What then?

Because a man had a duty to God, had he none to a woman?

After a night of sleepless misery, Bayard wrote again: —

Is there no way in which I can see you — if only for a moment? Shall you be in Boston, if you are not coming to Windover, on your return home? This is more than I can bear.

Yours utterly, E. B.

And Helen answered: —

My dear Friend, — Mother wrote me yesterday that she needed my help in packing. We go back to Cesarea on the 9th, and I shall therefore be in Windover for the twenty-four hours preceding our start. . . . Do not suffer so! I told you that I trusted you. And I always shall.

Yours faithfully, H. C.

It was a chilly September evening. The early dark of the coming autumn leaned from a clouded sky. The golden-rod and asters on the side of the avenue looked dim under the glimmer of the hotel lights, and the scarlet petals of the geraniums in the flower-beds were falling. In the harbor the anchored fleets flung out their headlights above a tossing sea. There was no rowing. The floats were deserted.

The guests, few now, and elect, of the sort that know and love the September Windover, clustered around the fireplace in the big parlor of the Mainsail. On the piazza of the Flying Jib the trunks stood strapped for the late evening porter and the early morning train. Bayard heard Helen's voice in the rooms overhead, while he sat, with whirling brain, making such adieus as he could master to the Professor and Mrs. Carruth. He thought that the Professor looked at him with unwonted keenness; he might have called it sternness, if he had given himself time to reflect upon it. Reflect he did not, would not. He asked distinctly for Miss Helen. Her mother went to call her, and did not return. Professor Carruth lingered a few moments, and excused himself. The proofs of the article on the Unforgiven had come by the evening mail; he had six galleys to correct that night. He shook hands with Bayard somewhat abstractedly, and went over to the clam study, swinging a lantern on his thin arm to light the meadow path.

"It is too cold for Father over there, to-night," said Helen immediately, when she and Bayard were left alone. "I don't think he ought to go. The Unforgiven are always up to some mischief. I would accept the doctrine of eternal punishment to get rid of them. I 'm glad they 've got as far along toward it as proof-sheets."

"Am I keeping your father out of this warm room?" asked Bayard, with his quick perception. He glanced at the open fire on the hearth. "That won't do!" he said decidedly, rising.

"Oh, I did n't mean *that!*" cried Helen, flushing.

"It is true, all the same, whether you meant it or not," returned Bayard. "I shall stay but a few moments. Would you mind putting on something warm, and walking with me — for a little? We can go over to the clam study and get him."

"Very well," said Helen somewhat distantly.

She wore a summer traveling-dress of

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purple serge, fastened at the throat with a gold pansy. A long, thick cape with a hood lay upon the sofa.

"Mother's waterproof will do," she said. She wrapped it quickly around her, and they started out. Something in the utter absence of vanity which led a girl at such a moment to wear the most unbecoming thing that she could put hands on roused a keen throb of admiration in Bayard. Then he remembered, with a pang, the anomaly of the situation. Why should she *wish* to make herself beautiful to him? What had he done — great heavens! what *could* he do, to deserve or to justify the innocent coquetries of a beloved and loving woman?

Helen pulled the hood of the cloak far over her head. And yet, what a look she had! The severity and simplicity of her appearance added to the gravity of her face a charm which he had never seen before. How womanly, how strong, how rich and ripe a being! He drew her hand through his arm authoritatively. She did not resent this trifling act of mastery. His fingers trembled; his arm shook as she leaned upon it. They struck out upon the meadow path in the dark, and for a moment neither spoke. Then he said:

"I have something to say to you. I shall wait till we have sent the Professor back."

"That will be better," said Helen, not without embarrassment. They came to the clam study, and he waited outside while she said: —

"Come, Papa! Put the Unforgiven in your pocket, and go back to the fire! Mr. Bayard and I are going to walk."

The Professor meekly obeyed, and Helen locked the door of the fish-house, and put the key in her pocket.

"I shall give it to Mr. Salt to-night," she said. "We start at 7.20. Pepper is going to take us over."

These trivial words staggered Bayard's self-control.

"You always leave — so — early!" he stammered.

"Does that make it any worse?" she asked, trying to smile. It was not a very successful smile, and Bayard saw that. They were approaching the electric arc that lighted the entrance to the beach. The cold light lay white on her face. Its expression startled him.

"Everything makes it worse!" he groaned. "It is as bad as it can be!"

"I can see how it might have been worse," said Helen.

"That 's more than I can do. What do you mean?"

"I would rather not tell you," replied Helen, with gentle dignity.

"Tell me what you mean!"

He turned about and lifted her averted face; he touched her with the tip of one trembling finger under the chin.

"I prefer not to tell you, Mr. Bayard."

She did not flush nor blush. Her eyes met his steadily. Something in them sent the mad color racing across his face.

"Forgive me! I have no right to insist — I forgot — I have none to anything. I have no right to hear — to see — *anything*. God have mercy upon me!"

He put out his shaking hand, and gently covered with it her uplifted eyes; veiling from his own gaze the most sacred sight on earth. It was a beautiful act, and so delicately done that Helen felt as if a spirit had touched her.

But when she came to herself, and gave him her eyes again, with their accustomed calm feminine disguise, she saw no spirit, but the passionate face of a man who loved her and despaired of her as she had seen no man love or despair before.

"I cannot even ask for the chance to *try!*" he cried. "I am as much shut out as a beggar in the street. I ought to be as dumb before you as the thousand-years dead! And yet, God help me — I am a live man, and I love you. I have no right to seek a right — I wrong you and myself by every word I say, by every moment I spend in your presence. Good-

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by!" he said, with cruel abruptness, holding out his hand.

Helen did not take it. She turned her back to the great arc, and looked out to sea. Her figure, in its hooded cloak, stood strongly against the cold, white light. The tide rose upon the deserted beach insistently. The breakers roared on the distant shore.

"You must see — you must understand," he groaned. "I am a poor man — poorer than you ever took the trouble to think. A heretic, unpopular, out of the world, an obscure, struggling fellow, slighted, forgotten — no friends but a handful of fishermen and drunkards — and living on — what do you suppose my salary is?"

"It never occurred to me to suppose," said Helen, lifting her head proudly.

"Five hundred dollars a year; to be collected if possible, to be dispensed with if necessary."

He jerked the words out bitterly. His fancy, with terrible distinctness, took forbidden photographs by flash-light. He saw this daughter of conventional Cesarea, this child of ease and indulgence, living at Mrs. Granite's, boarding on prunes and green tea. He saw her trying to shake down the coal fire on a January day, while he was out making parish calls; sitting in the bony rocking-chair with the Turkey-red cushion, beside the screen where the paper Cupid forever tasted uneaten fruit. He saw the severe St. Michael looking down from the wall on that young, warm woman-creature. He saw her sweep across the old, darned carpet in her purple robes, with gold at her throat and wrists. He saw her lift her soft arms. He saw — Now he put his hands before his own eyes.

"Oh, do not suffer so!" said Helen in a faltering voice. "Do not, do not mind it — so much! It — it breaks my heart!"

These timid, womanly words recalled Bayard to himself.

"Before I break your heart," he cried, "I ought to be sawn asunder!

". . . Let us talk of this a little," he said in a changed tone. "Just a word. You must see — you *must* understand my position. What another man would say, in my place, I cannot say — to any woman. What I would die for the right to ask, I may not ask."

"I understand," said Helen almost inaudibly. She still stood with her back to the light, and her face to the sea.

"I love you! I love you!" he repeated. "It is *because* I love you — Oh, do you see? *Can* you see?"

Helen made no reply. How could he know that she dared not trust herself, at that moment, to articulate? Her silence seemed to the tortured man more cruel than the bitterest word which ever fell from the lip of a proud and injured woman.

Now again the camera of his whirling brain took instantaneous negatives. He saw himself doing what other men had done before him: abandoning a doubtful experiment of the conscience to win a woman's love. He saw himself chopping the treadmill of his unpopular, unsuccessful work to chips: a few strong blows would do it; the discouraged people would merge themselves in the respectable churches; the ripples that he had raised in the fishing-town would close over, and his submerged work would sink to the bottom and leave no sign. A few reformed drunkards would go on a spree; a few fishermen would feel neglected for a while; the scarlet and white fires of the Church of the Love of Christ would go out on Angel Alley. In a year Windover would be what Windover was. The eye of the great Christ would gaze no more upon him through the veil of coarse gauze; while he — free — a new man — with life before him, like other men, and the right to love — like any other man —

"*That*," he said solemnly, as if he had spoken aloud, "is impossible. There

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could be only that one way. I cannot take it."

"No," she said, lifting her head, as if he had explained it all to her, "no. You could never do *that*. I would not have you do that for — for all that could happen — for " — she faltered.

"Great God!" thought Bayard, "and I cannot even *ask* her how much she cares — if she could ever learn or try to love me."

He felt suddenly a strange weakness. He leaned against a boulder for support, coughing painfully. It seemed to him as if he were inwardly bleeding to death.

"Oh!" cried Helen, turning about swiftly and showing her own white face. "You are not well — you suffer. This will not — must not — I cannot bear it!" she said bravely, but with a quivering lip. "Give me your arm, Mr. Bayard, and let us get home."

He obeyed her in silence. He felt, in truth, too spent to speak. They got back to the door of the cottage, and Helen led him in. Her father was not in the parlor, and her mother had gone to bed. The fire had fallen to embers. Helen motioned him to an easy-chair, and knelt, coaxing the blaze, and throwing on pine wood to start it. She looked so womanly, so gentle, so homelike and lovelike, on her knees in the firelight there, caring for the comfort of the exhausted man, that the sight was more than he could bear. He covered his eyes.

"The fire flares so, coming in from the dark," he said.

She stepped softly about, and brought him wine and crackers; but he shook his head.

"My little tea-urn is packed," she said, smiling, trying to look as if nothing had happened. "I would have made you such a cup of tea as you never tasted!"

"Spare me!" he pleaded. "Don't you suppose I know that?"

He rose manfully, as soon as he could. She stood in the firelight, looking up. A quiver passed over her delicate chin. He held out his hand. She put her strong, warm clasp within it.

"I told you that I trusted you," she said distinctly. "Believe me, and go in peace."

"I don't know another woman in the world who would!" cried Bayard.

"Then let me be that only one," she answered. "I am proud to be."

He could not reply. They stood with clasped hands. Their eyes did not embrace, but comradeship entered them.

"You will let me write?" he pleaded, at last.

"Yes."

"And see you — sometimes?"

"Yes."

"And trust me — in spite of all?"

"I have said it."

"My blessing is n't worth much," he said brokenly, "but for what it is — Oh, my Love, God go with you!"

"And stay with you!" Helen whispered.

He laid her hand gently down, and turned away. She heard him shut the door, and walk feebly, coughing, up the avenue. He looked back, once. He saw her standing between the lace curtains, with her arms upraised, and her hand above her eyes, steadily looking out into the dark.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

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THE MOUNTAIN RIDE.

It was morning upon the mountains where the vapors hung like a veil;
Not a shaft of light shone vermeil-bright, for the porch of the east was pale.
But the horses pawed in the traces, ears pricked for the word "away,"
As though a sapphire sheen was spread instead of a pall of gray.
So up we sprang to our places, and into the mist we flung,
With a whirl of whip, and a laugh on lip, and a quip from the driver's tongue.
The tumble and toss of waters went with us as we wound,
And the ribbon of road outspun ahead, and the narrowing rock-slopes frowned;
Then the climbing cliffs were lost in cloud, and into the gorge of gloom
With never a moment's pause we plunged, as into the gates of doom.
And ever down, and ever down, by the brink of a black abyss,
Did our wild way lead with a dizzy speed where a torrent leaped with a hiss;
Here the artful imps of Echo played their antics about our ears,
Until delight at our forward flight gave way to a brood of fears.
But lo! a curve, and a sudden swerve, and the ghosts of fright were gone,
For the shroud of cloud was backward swept like the miracle of dawn;
And there below in the golden glow the land of our longing lay,
While the mirror of Maggiore burned in the distance far away;
There were the vine-clad slopes of our hopes, and the slender spearlike towers;
A springing pace in the downward race — *and Italy was ours!*

Clinton Scollard.

THE ELIZABETHAN SEA KINGS.

When one thinks of the resounding chorus of gratulations with which the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America was lately heralded to a listening world, it is curious and instructive to notice the sort of comment which that great event called forth upon the occasion of its third centenary, while the independence of the United States was as yet a novel and ill-appreciated fact. In America very little fuss was made. Railroads were as yet unknown, and the era of world's fairs had not begun. Of local celebrations there were two, — one held in New York, the other in Boston; and as in 1892, so in 1792, New York followed the Old Style date, the 12th of October, while Boston undertook to correct the date for New Style. The work was bungled, however, and the 23d of October was selected instead of the true date, the 21st. In New York the affair was conducted by the Tammany Society, in Boston by the Massachusetts Historical Society, whose founder, Dr. Jeremy Belknap, delivered a very thoughtful and scholarly address upon the occasion. Both commemorations of the day were extremely quiet and modest.

In Europe little heed was paid to America and its discovery, except in France, which had lately participated in our Revolutionary War, and was just embarking upon its own Revolution, so very different in its character and fortunes. Without knowing much about America, the Frenchmen of that day were fond of using it to point a moral

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and adorn a tale. In 1770 the famous Abbé Raynal had published his Philosophical and Political History of the Establishments and Commerce of the Europeans in the Two Indies, a book in ten volumes, which for a time enjoyed immense popularity. Probably not less than one third of it was written by Diderot, and more than a dozen other writers contributed to its pages; while the abbé, in editing the various chapters and adding more from his own hand, showed himself blissfully ignorant of the need for any such thing as critical judgment in writing history. In an indescribably airy and superficial manner, the narrative flits over the whole vast field of the intercourse of Europeans with the outlying parts of the earth discovered since the days of Columbus and Gama; until, in the last chapter of the last volume, we are suddenly confronted with the question, What is all this worth? Our author answers confidently, Nothing! worse than nothing! The world would have been much better off if America had never been discovered, and the ocean route to Asia had remained unknown!

This opinion seems to have been a favorite hobby with the worthy Raynal; for in 1787, in view of the approaching tercentenary, we find him proposing to the Academy of Lyons the offer of a prize of fifty louis for the best essay upon the question whether the discovery of America had been a blessing or a curse to mankind. It was furthermore suggested that the essay should discuss the most practicable methods of increasing the benefits and diminishing the ills that had flowed and continued to flow from that memorable event. The announcement of the subject aroused considerable interest, and a few essays were written, but the prize seems never to have been awarded. One of these essays was by the Marquis de Chastellux, who had served in America as major-general in the army of Count Rochambeau. The accomplished author maintains, chiefly on economic grounds, that the discovery has been beneficial to mankind. In one place, mindful of the triumph of the American cause in the grand march upon Yorktown wherein he had himself taken part, he exclaims, "O land of Washington and Franklin, of Hancock and Adams, who could ever wish thee non-existent for them and for us?" To this Baron Grimm replied, "Perhaps he will wish it who reflects that the independence of the United States has cost France nearly two thousand million francs, and is hastening in Europe a revolutionary outbreak which had better be postponed or averted."[1] To most of the French philosophers, no doubt, Chastellux seemed far too much of an optimist, and the writer who best expressed their sentiments was the Abbé Genty, who published at Orleans, in 1787, an elaborate essay, in two small volumes, entitled The Influence of the Discovery of America upon the Happiness of the Human Race. Genty has no difficulty in reaching the conclusion that the influence has been chiefly for the bad. Think what a slaughter there had been of innocent and high-minded red men by brutal and ruthless whites! for the real horrors described by Las Casas were viewed, a century ago, in the light of Rousseau's droll notions as to the exalted virtues of the noble savage. Think, too, how most of the great European wars since the Peace of Westphalia had grown out of quarrels about colonial empire! Clearly, Columbus had come with a sword, not with an olive branch, and had but opened a new chapter in the long Iliad of human woe. Against such undeniable evils, what benefits could be alleged except the extension of commerce? — and that, says Genty, means merely the multiplication of human wants, which is not in itself a thing to be desired. One unqualified benefit, however, Genty and all the other writers upon this

[1] Grimm et Diderot, Correspondance Littéraire, xv. 325.

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subject freely admit: the introduction of quinine into Europe, and its use in averting fevers. That item of therapeutics is the one cheery note in the mournful chorus of disparagement, so long as our attention is confined to the past. In the future, perhaps, better things might be hoped for. Along the Atlantic coast of North America a narrow fringe of English-speaking colonies had lately established their political independence, and succeeded in setting on foot a federal government under the presidency of George Washington. The success of this enterprise might put a new face upon things, and ultimately show that, after all, the discovery of the New World was a blessing to mankind. So says the Abbé Genty in his curious little book, which even to-day is well worth reading.

If now, after the lapse of another century, we pause to ask the question why the world was so much more interested in the western hemisphere in 1892 than in 1792, we may fairly say that it was because of the constructive work that had been done here in the interval by men who speak English. Surely, if there were nothing to show but the sort of work in colonization and nation-making that characterized Spanish America under its Old Régime, there would be small reason for celebrating the completion of another century of such work. During the present century, indeed, various parts of Spanish America have begun to take on a fresh political and social life, so that in the future much may be hoped for them. But the ideas and methods which have guided this revival have been largely the ideas and methods of English-speaking people, however imperfectly conceived and reproduced. The whole story of this hemisphere since Genty wrote gives added point to his opinion that its value to mankind would be determined chiefly by what the people of the United States were likely to do.

The smile with which one regards the world-historic importance accorded to the discovery of quinine is an index of the feeling that there are broad ways and narrow ways of dealing with such matters. To one looking through a glass of small calibre a great historical problem may resolve itself into a question of food and drugs. Your anti-tobacco fanatic might contend that civilized men would have been much better off had they never become acquainted with the Indian weed. An economist might more reasonably point to potatoes and maize — to say nothing of many other products peculiar to the New World — as acquisitions of which the value can hardly be overestimated. To reckon the importance of a new piece of territory from a survey of its material productions is of course the first and most natural method. The Spanish conquerors valued America for its supply of precious metals, and set little store by other things in comparison. But for the discovery of gold mines in 1496 the Spanish colony founded by Columbus in Hispaniola would doubtless have been abandoned. That was but the first step in the finding of gold and silver in enormous quantities, and thenceforth for a long time the Spanish Crown regarded its transatlantic territories as an inexhaustible mine of wealth. But the value of money to mankind depends upon the uses to which it is put; and here it is worth our while to notice the chief use to which Spain applied her American treasure during the sixteenth century.

The relief of the Church from threatening dangers was, in those days, the noblest and most sacred function of wealth. When Columbus aimed his prow westward from the Canaries, in quest of the treasures of Asia, its precious stones, its silk stuffs, its rich shawls and rugs, its corals and dyewoods, its aromatic spices, he expected to acquire vast wealth for the sovereigns who employed him, and no mean fortune for himself. In all negotiations he insisted upon a good round percentage, and could no more be induced to budge from his price than the

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old Roman Sibyl with her books. Of petty self-seeking and avarice there was probably no more in this than in commercial transactions generally. The wealth thus sought by Columbus was not so much an end as a means. His spirit was that of a crusader, and his aim was, not to discover a new world (an idea which seems never once to have entered his head), but to acquire the means for driving the Turk from Europe and setting free the Holy Sepulchre. Had he been told upon his melancholy deathbed that, instead of finding a quick route to Cathay, he had only discovered a new world, it would probably have added fresh bitterness to death.

But if this lofty and ill-understood enthusiast failed in his search for the treasures of Cathay, it was at all events not long before Cortes and Pizarro succeeded in finding the treasures of Mexico and Peru, and the crusading scheme of Columbus descended as a kind of legacy to the successors of Ferdinand and Isabella, the magnanimous but sometimes misguided Charles, the sombre and terrible Philip. It remained a crusading scheme, but, no longer patterned after that of Godfrey and Tancred, it imitated the mad folly which had once extinguished in southern Gaul the most promising civilization of the age. Instead of a Spanish crusade which might have expelled the most worthless and dangerous of barbarians from eastern Europe, it became a Spanish crusade against everything in the shape of political and religious freedom, whether at home or abroad. The year in which Spanish eyes first beheld the carved serpents on Central American temples was the year in which Martin Luther nailed his defiance to the church door at Wittenberg. From the outworn crust of mediævalism the modern spirit of individual freedom and individual responsibility was emerging, and for ninety years all Europe was rent with the convulsions that ensued. In the doubtful struggle Spain engaged herself further and further, until by 1570 she had begun to sacrifice to it all her energies. Whence did Philip II. get the sinews of war with which he supported Alva and Farnese, and built the Armada called Invincible? Largely from America; partly also from the East Indies, since Portugal and her colonies were seized by Philip in 1580.

Thus were the firstfruits of the heroic age of discovery, both to east and to west of Borgia's meridian, devoted to the service of the Church with a vengeance, as one might say, — a lurid vengeance withal, and ruthless. By the year 1609, when Spain sullenly retired, baffled and browbeaten, from the Dutch Netherlands, she had taken from America more gold and silver than would to-day be represented by five thousand million dollars, and most of this huge treasure she had employed in maintaining the gibbet for political reformers and the stake for heretics. In view of this gruesome fact, Mr. Charles Francis Adams has lately asked the question whether the discovery of America was not, after all, for at least a century, fraught with more evil than benefit to mankind. One certainly cannot help wondering what might have been the immediate result had such an immense revenue been at the disposal of William and Elizabeth rather than Philip.

Such questions are not so simple as they may seem. It is not altogether clear that such a reversal of the conditions from the start would have been of unmixed benefit to the English and Dutch. After the five thousand millions had been scattered to the winds, altering the purchasing power of money in all directions, it was Spain that was impoverished, while her adversaries were growing rich and strong. A century of such unproductive expenditure went far toward completing the industrial ruin of Spain, already begun in the last Moorish wars, and afterward consummated by the expulsion of the Moriscos. The Spanish discovery of America abundantly illustrates the truths that if gold were

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to become as plentiful as iron it would be worth much less than iron, and that it is not inflation, but production, that makes a nation wealthy. In so far as the discovery of America turned men's minds from steady industry to gold-hunting, it was a dangerous source of weakness to Spain; and it was probably just as well for England that the work of Cortes and Pizarro was not done for her.

But the great historic fact, most conspicuous among the consequences of the discovery of America, is the fact that colonial empire, for England and for Holland, grew directly out of the long war in which Spain used American and East Indian treasure with which to subdue the English and Dutch peoples, and to suppress the principles of civil and religious liberty that they represented. The Dutch tore away from Spain the best part of her East Indian empire, and the glorious Elizabethan sea kings, who began the work of crippling Philip II. in America, led the way directly to the English colonization of Virginia. Thus we are introduced to the most important aspect of the discovery of America. It opened up a fresh soil, enormous in extent and capacity, for the possession of which the lower and higher types of European civilization and social polity were to struggle. In this new arena the maritime peoples of western Europe fought for supremacy; and the conquest of so vast a field has given to the ideas of the victorious people and to their type of social polity an unprecedented opportunity for growth and development. Sundry sturdy European ideas, transplanted into this western soil, have triumphed over all competitors, and thriven so mightily as to react upon all parts of the Old World, some more, some less, and thus to modify the whole course of civilization. This is the deepest significance of the discovery of America, and a due appreciation of it gives to our history, from its earliest stages, an epic grandeur, as the successive situations unfold themselves, and events with unmistakable emphasis record their moral. In the conflict of Titans that absorbed the energies of the sixteenth century, the question whether it should be the world of Calderon or the world of Shakespeare that was to gain indefinite power of future expansion was a question of incalculable importance to mankind.

The beginnings of the history of English-speaking America are thus to be sought in the history of the antagonism between Spain and England that grew out of the circumstances of the Protestant Reformation. It was as the storehouse of the enemy's treasure and the chief source of his supplies that America first excited real interest among the English people. English ships had indeed crossed the Atlantic many years before this warfare broke out. The example set by Columbus had been promptly followed by John Cabot and his young son Sebastian, in the two memorable voyages of 1497 and 1498, but the interest aroused by those voyages was very short-lived. In later days, it suited the convenience of England to cite them in support of her claim to priority in the discovery of the continent of North America; but many years elapsed before the existence of any such continent was distinctly known, and before England cared to put forth any such claim. All that contemporaries could see was that the Cabots had sailed westward in search of the boundless treasures of Cathay, and had come home empty-handed, without finding any of the cities described by Marco Polo, or meeting any civilized men. So little work was found for Sebastian Cabot that he passed into the service of Spain, and turned his attention to voyages in the South Atlantic. Such scanty record was kept of the voyages of 1497 and 1498 that we cannot tell what land the Cabots first saw; whether it was the bleak coast of northern Labrador, or some point as far south as Cape Breton, is still a matter of dispute. The case was almost the same as with the voyage of Pinzon and Vespucius,

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whose ships were off Cape Honduras within a day or two after Cabot's northern landfall, and who, after a sojourn at Tampico, passed between Cuba and Florida at the end of April, 1498. In the one case, as in the other, the expeditions sank into obscurity because they found no gold.

The triumphant return of Gama from Hindustan, in the summer of 1499, turned all men's eyes to southern routes, and little heed was paid to the wild, inhospitable shores visited by John Cabot and his son. The sole exception to the general neglect was the case of the fisheries on the banks of Newfoundland. From the beginning of the sixteenth century European vessels came almost yearly to catch fish there; but at first Englishmen took little or no part in this, for they had long been wont to get their fish in the waters about Iceland, and they were some years in making the change. On the bright August day of 1527 when Master John Rut sailed into the bay of St. John, in Newfoundland, he found two Portuguese, one Breton, and eleven Norman ships fishing there. Basques, also, came frequently to the spot. Down to that time it is not likely that the thought of the western shores of the Atlantic entered the heads of Englishmen any oftener than the thought of the Antarctic continent, discovered sixty years ago, enters the heads of men in Boston to-day.

The lack of general interest in maritime discovery is shown by the fact that down to 1576, so far as we can make out, only twelve books upon the subject had been published in England, and these were in great part translations of works published in other countries. The earliest indisputable occurrence of the name America in any printed English document is in a play called A New Interlude and a Mery of the Nature of the IIII Elements, which was probably published in 1519. About the same time there appeared from an Antwerp press a small book entitled Of the Newe Landes and of y^e^ People found by the Messengers of the Kynge of Portugal; in it occurs the name "Armenica," which is probably a misprint for "America," since the account of it is evidently taken from the account which Vespucius gives of the natives of Brazil, and in its earliest use the name America was equivalent to Brazil. With the exception of a dim reference to Columbus in Sebastian Brandt's Ship of Fools, these are the only references to the New World that can be found in English literature previous to 1553. The youthful Edward VI., who died that year, had succeeded in recalling Sebastian Cabot from Spain, and under the leadership of that navigator was formed the joint stock company quaintly entitled "The Mysterie and Companie of the Merchant Adventurers for the Discoverie of Regions, Dominions, Islands, and Places Unknown." It was the first of that series of sagacious and daring combinations of capital, of which the East India Company has been the most famous. It was afterwards more briefly known as the Muscovy Company. Under its auspices, on the 21st of May, 1553, an English fleet of exploration, under Sir Hugh Willoughby, set sail down the Thames, while the cheers of thronging citizens were borne through the windows of the palace at Greenwich to the ears of the sick young king. The ill-fated expedition, seeking a northeasterly passage to Cathay, was wrecked on the coast of Lapland, and only one of the ships got home, but the interest in maritime adventure grew rapidly. A few days before Edward's death, Richard Eden published his Treatyse of the Newe India, which was largely devoted to the discoveries in America. Two years later, in 1555, Eden followed this by his Decades of the Newe World, in great part a version of Peter Martyr's Latin. This delightful book for the first time made the English people acquainted with the results of maritime discovery in all quarters since the great voyage of

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1492. It enjoyed a wide popularity; poets and dramatists of the next generation read it in their boyhood, and found their horizon wondrously enlarged. In its pages Shakespeare must have learned the name of that Patagonian deity Setebos, which Caliban twice lets fall from his grotesque lips. Three years after Eden's second book saw the light the long reign of Queen Elizabeth began, and with it the antagonism, destined year by year to wax more violent and deadly, between England and Spain.

Meanwhile, English mariners had already taken a hand in the African slave trade, which since 1442 had been monopolized by the Portuguese. It is always difficult to say with entire confidence just who first began anything, but William Hawkins, an enterprising merchant of Plymouth, made a voyage on the Guinea coast as early as 1530, or earlier, and carried away a few slaves. It was his son, the famous Captain John Hawkins, who became the real founder of the English trade in slaves. In this capacity Americans have little reason to remember his name with pleasure, yet it would be a grave mistake to visit him with unmeasured condemnation. Few sturdier defenders of political freedom for white men have ever existed, and among the valiant sea kings who laid the foundations of England's maritime empire he was one of the foremost. It is worthy of notice that Queen Elizabeth regarded the opening of the slave trade as an achievement worthy of honorable commemoration; for when she made Hawkins a knight she gave him for a crest the device of a negro's head and bust with the arms tightly pinioned, or, in the language of heraldry, "a demi-Moor proper bound with a cord." Public opinion on the subject of slavery was neatly expressed by Captain Lok, who declared that the negroes were "a people of beastly living, without God, law, religion, or commonwealth;" [1] and he deemed himself their benefactor in carrying them off to a Christian land where their bodies might be decently clothed and their souls made fit for heaven. Exactly three centuries after Captain Lok, in the decade preceding our Civil War, I used to hear the very same defense of slavery preached in a Connecticut pulpit; so that perhaps we are not entitled to frown too severely upon Elizabeth's mariners. It takes men a weary while to learn the wickedness of anything that puts gold in their purses.

It was in 1562 that John Hawkins made his first famous expedition to the coast of Guinea, where he took three hundred slaves and carried them over to San Domingo. It was illicit traffic, of course, but the Spanish planters and miners were too much in need of cheap labor to scrutinize too jealously the source from which it was offered. The Englishman found no difficulty in selling his negroes, and sailed for home with his three ships loaded with sugar and ginger, hides and pearls. The profits were large, and in 1564 the experiment was repeated with still greater success. On the way home, early in August, 1565, Hawkins stopped at the mouth of the St. John's River in Florida, and found there a woebegone company of starving Frenchmen. They were the party of René de Laudonnière, awaiting the return of their chief commander, Jean Ribaut, from France. Their presence on that shore was the first feeble expression of the master thought that in due course of time originated the United States of America, and the author of that master thought was the great Admiral Coligny. The Huguenot wars had lately broken out in France, but already that far-sighted statesman had seen the commercial and military advantages to be gained by founding a Protestant state in America. After an unsuccessful attempt upon the coast of Brazil, he had sent Jean Ribaut to Florida, and the little colony was now suffering the

[1] Froude, History of England, viii. 439.

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frightful hardships that were the lot of most new-comers into the American wilderness. Hawkins treated these poor Frenchmen with great kindness, and his visit with them was pleasant. He has left an interesting account of the communal house of the Indians in the neighborhood, an immense barnlike frame house, with stanchions and rafters of untrimmed logs, and a roof thatched with palmetto leaves. Hawkins liked the flavor of Indian meal, and in his descriptions of the ways of cooking it one easily recognizes both hasty pudding and hoe-cake. He thought it would have been more prudent in the Frenchmen if they had raised corn for themselves instead of stealing it from the Indians and arousing a dangerous hostility. For liquid refreshment they had been thrown upon their own resources, and had contrived to make a thousand gallons or more of something called claret from the native grapes of the country. A letter of John Winthrop reminds us that the Puritan settlers of Boston, in their first summer, also made wine of wild grapes, and, according to Adam of Bremen, the same thing was done by the Northmen in Vinland, in the eleventh century; showing that in one age and clime as well as in another thirst is the mother of invention.

As the Frenchmen were on the verge of despair, Hawkins left them one of his ships in which to return to France; but he had scarcely departed when the long-expected Ribaut arrived with reinforcements; and soon after him came that terrible Spaniard, Menendez, who butchered the whole company, men, women, and children, about seven hundred Huguenots in all. Some half dozen escaped, and were lucky enough to get picked up by a friendly ship and carried to England. Among them was the painter Le Moine, who became a friend of Sir Philip Sidney, and aroused much interest with his drawings of American beasts, birds, trees, and flowers. The story of the massacre awakened fierce indignation. Hostility to Spain was rapidly increasing in England, and the idea of Coligny began to be entertained by a few sagacious heads. If France could not plant a Protestant state in America, perhaps England could. A little later we find Le Moine consulted by the gifted half-brothers, Humphrey Gilbert and Walter Raleigh.

Meanwhile, in 1567, the gallant Hawkins went on an eventful voyage, with five stout ships, one of which was commanded by a very capable and well-educated young man, afterwards and until Nelson's time celebrated as the greatest of English seamen. Francis Drake was a native of Devonshire, son of a poor clergyman. He had already gathered experience in the West Indies and on the Spanish Main; this notable voyage taught him the same kind of feeling toward Spaniards that Hannibal cherished toward Romans. After the usual traffic among the islands the little squadron was driven by stress of weather to seek shelter in the port of San Juan de Ulua, at the present site of Vera Cruz. There was no force there fit to resist Hawkins, and it is droll to find that pious hero, such a man of psalms and prayers, pluming himself upon his virtue in not seizing some Spanish ships in the harbor, laden with what we should call five million dollars' worth of silver. The next day a fleet of thirteen ships from Spain arrived upon the scene. Hawkins could perhaps have kept them from entering the harbor, but he shrank from the responsibility of bringing on a battle in time of peace; the queen might disapprove of it. So Hawkins parleyed with the Spaniards; a solemn covenant of mutual forbearance was made and sworn to, and he let them into the harbor. But the orthodox Catholic of those days sometimes entertained peculiar views about keeping faith with heretics. Had not his Holiness Alexander VI. given all this New World to Spain? Poachers must be warned off; the Huguenots had learned a lesson in

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Florida, and it was now the Englishmen's turn. So Hawkins was treacherously attacked, and after a desperate combat, in which fire-ships were used, three of his vessels were destroyed. The other two got out to sea, but with so scanty a larder that the crews were soon glad to eat cats and dogs, rats and mice, and boiled parrots. It became necessary to set one hundred and fourteen men ashore somewhere to the north of Tampico. Some of these men took northeasterly trails, and mostly perished in the woods; but David Ingram and two companions made their way across the continent, and after eleven months were picked up on the coast of Nova Scotia by a friendly French vessel and taken back to Europe. About seventy, led by Anthony Goddard, less prudently marched toward the city of Mexico, and fell into the clutches of the Inquisition: three were burned at the stake, and all the rest were cruelly flogged and sent to the galleys for life. When the news of this affair reached England, a squadron of Spanish treasure-ships, chased into the Channel by Huguenot cruisers, had just sought refuge in English harbors, and the queen detained them in reprisal for the injury done to Hawkins.

News had lately come of the bloody vengeance wreaked by Dominique de Gourgues upon the Spaniards in Florida, and the cruelties of Alva were fast goading the Netherlands into rebellion. Next year, 1570, on a fresh May morning, the papal bull "declaring Elizabeth deposed and her subjects absolved from their allegiance was found nailed against the Bishop of London's door;" [1] and when the rash young gentleman who had put it there was discovered, he was taken back to that doorstep and quartered alive. Two years later came the Paris Matins on the day of St. Bartholomew, when the English ambassador openly gave shelter to Huguenots in his house. Elizabeth's policy leaned more and more decidedly toward defiance of the Catholic powers, until it culminated in alliance with the revolted Netherlands, in January, 1578. Meanwhile the interest in America quickly increased. Those were the years when Martin Frobisher made his glorious voyages in the Arctic Ocean, soon to be followed by John Davis. Almost yearly Drake crossed the ocean, and more than once attacked and ravaged the Spanish settlements in revenge for the treachery at San Juan de Ulua. Books and pamphlets about America began to come somewhat frequently from the press.

It is worth our while here to pause for a moment and remark upon the size and strength of the nation that was so soon to contend successfully for the mastery of the sea. There is something so dazzling in the brilliancy of the age of Queen Bess, it is so crowded with romantic incidents, it fills so large a place in our minds, that we hardly realize how small England then was, according to modern standards of measurement. Two centuries earlier, in the reign of Edward III., the population of England had reached about 5,000,000, when the Black Death, at one fell swoop, destroyed at least half the number. In Elizabeth's time the loss had just about been repaired. Her England was therefore slightly less populous, and it was surely far less wealthy, than either New York or Pennsylvania in 1890. The Dutch Netherlands had perhaps somewhat fewer people than England, but surpassed her in wealth. These two allies were pitted against the greatest military power that had existed in Europe since the days of Constantine the Great. To many the struggle seemed hopeless. For England the true policy was limited by circumstances. She could send troops across the Channel to help the Dutch in their stubborn resistance, but to try to land a force in the Spanish peninsula for aggressive warfare would be sheer madness. The shores of America and the open sea were the proper field of war for England. Her task was to paralyze the giant by cutting

[1] Froude, History of England, x. 59.

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off his supplies; and in this there was hope of success, for no defensive fleet, however large, could watch all Philip's enormous possessions at once. The English navy, first permanently organized under Henry VIII., grew rapidly in Elizabeth's reign, under the direction of her incomparable seamen; and the policy she adopted was crowned with such success that Philip II. lived to see his treasury bankrupt.

This policy was gradually adopted soon after the fight at San Juan de Ulua, and long before there was any declaration of war. The extreme laxness of that age, in respect of international law, made it possible for such things to go on to an extent that now seems scarcely comprehensible. The wholesale massacre of Frenchmen in Florida, for example, occurred at a time of profound peace between France and Spain, and reprisal was made, not by the French government, but by a private gentleman who had to sell his ancestral estate to raise the money. It quite suited Elizabeth's tortuous policy, in contending against formidable odds, to be able either to assume or to disclaim responsibility for the deeds of her captains. Those brave men well understood the situation, and, with earnest patriotism and chivalrous loyalty, not only accepted it, but even urged the queen to be allowed to serve her interests at their own risk. In a letter handed to her in November, 1577, the writer begs to be allowed to destroy all Spanish ships caught fishing on the banks of Newfoundland, and adds, "If you will let us first do this, we will next take the West Indies from Spain. You will have the gold and silver mines and the profit of the soil. You will be monarch of the seas, and out of danger from every one. I will do it if you will allow me; only you must resolve, and not delay or dally — the wings of man's life are plumed with the feathers of death." [1] The signature to this bold letter has been obliterated, but it sounds like Sir Humphrey Gilbert, and is believed to be his.

In connection with this it should be remembered that neither in England nor elsewhere, at that time, had the navy become fully a national affair, as it is at present. It was to a considerable extent supported by private speculation, and, as occasion required, a commercial voyage or a voyage of discovery might be suddenly transformed into a naval campaign. A flavor of buccaneering pervades nearly all the maritime operations of that age, and often leads modern writers to misunderstand or misjudge them. Thus it sometimes happens that so excellent a man as Sir Francis Drake, whose fame is forever a priceless possession for English-speaking people, is mentioned in popular books as a mere corsair, a kind of gentleman pirate. Nothing could show a more hopeless confusion of ideas. In a later generation the warfare characteristic of the Elizabethan age degenerated into piracy, and when Spain, fallen from her greatness, became a prey to the spoiler, a swarm of buccaneers infested the West Indies, and added a hideous chapter to the lurid history of those beautiful islands. They were mere robbers, and had nothing in common with the Elizabethan heroes except courage. From the deeds of Drake and Hawkins down to the deeds of Henry Morgan, the moral distance is as great as from slaying your antagonist in battle to murdering your neighbor for his purse.

It was Drake who first put into practice the policy of weakening Philip II. by attacking him in America. It served the direct purpose of destroying the sinews of war, and indirectly it neutralized for Europe some of Spain's naval strength by diverting it into American waters for self-defense. To do such work most effectively it seemed desirable to carry the warfare into the Pacific Ocean. The circumstances of its discovery had made Spanish America almost more of a Pacific than an Atlan-

[1] Brown's Genesis of the United States, i. 9.

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tic power. The discoverers happened to approach the great double continent where it is narrowest, and the hunt for precious metals soon drew them to the Cordilleras and their western slopes. The mountain region, with its untold treasures of gold and silver, from New Mexico to Bolivia, became theirs. In acquiring it, they simply stepped into the place of the aboriginal conquering tribes, and carried on their work of conquest to completion. The new rulers conducted the government by their own Spanish methods, and the white race was superposed upon a more or less dense native population. There was no sort of likeness to colonies planted by England, but there were some points of resemblance to the position of the English in recent times as a ruling race in Hindustan. Such was the kind of empire which Spain had founded in America. Its position, chiefly upon the Pacific coast, rendered it secure against English conquest, though not against occasional damaging attacks. In South America, where it reached back in one or two remote points to the Atlantic coast, the chief purpose was to protect the approach to the silver mines of Bolivia by the open route of the river La Plata. It was this military need that was met by the growth of Buenos Ayres and the settlements in Paraguay, guarding the entrance and the lower reaches of the great silver river.

Soon after the affair of San Juan de Ulua, Drake conceived the idea of striking at this Spanish domain upon its unguarded Pacific side. In 1573, after marching across the Isthmus of Panama, the English mariner stood upon a mountain peak, not far from where Balboa, sixty years before, had stood, and looked down upon the waste of waters stretching away to shores unvisited and under stars unknown. And as he looked, says Camden, "vehemently transported with desire to navigate that sea, he fell upon his knees and implored the divine assistance that he might at some time sail thither and make a perfect discovery of the same." On the 15th of November, 1577, Drake set sail from Plymouth, on this hardy enterprise, with five good ships. It was a curious coincidence that in the following July and August, while wintering on the Patagonia coast at Port St. Julian, Drake should have discovered symptoms of conspiracy and felt obliged to behead one of his officers, as had been the case with Magellan at the same place. By the time he had passed the straits in his flagship, the Golden Hind,[1] he had quite lost sight of his consorts, who had deserted him in that watery labyrinth, as Gomez had stolen away from Magellan. For men of common mould a voyage in the remote South Sea still had its terrors; but the dauntless captain kept on with his single ship of twenty guns, and from Valparaiso northward along the Peruvian coast dashed into seaports and captured vessels, carrying away enormous treasures in gold and silver and jewels, besides such provisions as were needed for his crew. With other property he meddled but little, and no acts of wanton cruelty sullied his performances. After taking plunder worth millions of dollars, this corsair work gave place to scientific discovery, and the Golden Hind sailed far northward in search of a northeast passage into the Atlantic. Drake visited a noble bay, which may have been that of San Francisco, and sailed some distance along that coast, which he called New Albion. It is probable, though not quite certain, that he saw some portion of the coast of Oregon. Not finding any signs of a northeast passage, he turned his prow westward, crossed the Pacific, and returned home by way of the Cape of Good Hope, arriving at Plymouth in September, 1580. Some time afterward he went up the Thames to Deptford, where the queen came to dinner on

[1] Originally the Pelican; see Barrow's Life of Drake, pp. 113, 166, 171.

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board the Golden Hind, and knighted on his own quarter-deck the bold captain who had first carried the English flag around the world. The enthusiastic chronicler Holinshed wished that, in memory of his grand achievement, the ship should be set upon the top of St. Paul's Cathedral, "that being discerned farre and neere, it might be noted and pointed at of people with these true termes: Yonder is the barke that hath sailed round about the world."[1] A different career awaited the sturdy Golden Hind; for many a year she was kept at Deptford, a worthy object of popular admiration, and her cabin was made into a banquet room, wherein young and old might partake of the mutton and ale of merry England; until at last, when the venerable ship herself had succumbed to the tooth of Time, a capacious chair was carved from her timbers and presented to the University of Oxford, where it may still be seen in the Bodleian Library. In it sat Abraham Cowley when he wrote the poem in which occur these verses:

"Drake and his ship could not have wished
from Fate
A happier station or more blest estate,
For lo! a seat of endless rest is given
To her in Oxford and to him in heaven."

Meanwhile, in the autumn of 1578, while the coasts of Chili were echoing the roar of the Golden Hind's cannon, a squadron of seven ships sailed from England, with intent to found a permanent colony on the Atlantic coast of North America. Its captain was one of the most eminent of Devonshire worthies, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, and one of the ships was commanded by his half-brother, Walter Raleigh, a young man of six-and-twenty, who had lately returned from volunteer service in the Netherlands. The destination of the voyage was "Norumbega," which may have meant any place between the Hudson and Penobscot rivers, but was conceived with supreme vagueness, as may be seen from Michael Lok's map of 1582. This little fleet had at least one savage fight with Spaniards, and returned to Plymouth without accomplishing anything. In 1583 Gilbert sought a favorable place for settlement on the southern coast of Newfoundland, probably with a view to driving the Spaniards away from the fishing-grounds, but an ill fate overtook him. On the American coast his principal vessel crushed its bows against a sunken rock, and nearly all hands were lost. With two small ships the captain soon set sail for home, but his own tiny craft foundered in a terrible storm near Fayal. As she sank, Gilbert cheerily shouted over the taffrail to his consort, "The way to heaven is as near by sea as by land," — a speech, says his chronicler, "well beseeming a soldier resolute in Jesus Christ, as I can testify he was."

It was not Raleigh's fault that he did not share the fate of his revered half-brother, for the queen's mind had been full of forebodings, and she had refused to let him go on the voyage. It was since the former disastrous expedition that Raleigh had so quickly risen in favor at court; that he had thrown down his velvet cloak as a mat for Elizabeth's feet, and had written on a window-pane the well-known verse which that royal coquette so cleverly capped. He became captain of the Queen's Guard and Lord Warden of the Stannaries, and was presented with the confiscated estates of traitors in England and Ireland. In 1584, when his late half-brother's patent for land in America expired, it was renewed in Raleigh's name. On March 25 was sealed the document that empowered him to "hold by homage remote heathen and barbarous lands, not actually possessed by any Christian prince, nor inhabited by Christian people, which he might discover within the next six years." As had been the custom with Spanish and Portuguese grants to explorers, one fifth of the gold and silver to be obtained was to be reserved

[1] Barrow's Life of Drake, p. 167.

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for the Crown. The heathen and barbarous land which Raleigh had in view was the Atlantic coast of North America so far as he might succeed in occupying it. He knew that Spain claimed it all as her own by virtue of the bull of Pope Alexander VI., but Elizabeth had already declared in 1581 that she cared nothing for papal bulls, and would recognize no Spanish claims to America save such as were based upon discovery followed by actual possession.[1] Raleigh's attention had long been turned toward Florida. In youth he had served in France under Coligny, and had opportunities for hearing that statesman's plan for founding a Protestant state in America discussed. We have seen Le Moine, the French artist who escaped from the massacre, consorting with Raleigh and with Sir Philip Sidney. Upon these men fell the mantle of Coligny, and the people of the United States may well be proud to point to such noble figures standing upon the threshold of our history.

The wealthy Raleigh could act promptly, and before five weeks had elapsed two ships, commanded by Philip Amidas and Arthur Barlowe, had started on a reconnoitring voyage. On the 4th of July, 1584, they reached the country now known as North Carolina, at some point not far from Cape Lookout. Thence a northerly run of over a hundred miles brought them to the New Inlet, through which they passed into Pamlico Sound and visited Roanoke Island. They admired the noble pine-trees and red cedars, marveled at the abundance of game, and found the native barbarians polite and friendly. Their attempt to learn the name of the country resulted as not uncommonly in such first conversations. The Indian of whom the question was asked had no idea what was meant, and uttered at random the Ollendorfian reply, "Win-gan-da-coa," which signified, "You wear handsome clothes." So when Amidas and Barlowe returned to England, they said they had visited a country by the name of Wingandacoa; but the queen, with a touch of the euphuism then so fashionable, suggested that it should be called in honor of herself, Virginia.

[1] Brown's Genesis, i. 10.

In the spring of 1585, Raleigh, who had lately been knighted, sent out a hundred or more men, commanded by Ralph Lane, to make the beginnings of a settlement. They were convoyed by Raleigh's cousin, Sir Richard Grenville, with seven well-armed ships. They entered Pamlico Sound through Ocracoke Inlet, and trouble with the natives at once began. One of the Indians stole a silver cup, and Grenville retaliated by setting fire to their standing corn. Having thus sown the seeds of calamity, he set the colonists ashore upon Roanoke Island, and went on his way. The sagacious and energetic Lane explored the neighboring mainland for many miles along the coast, and for some distance into the interior, and tried to find a waterway into the Pacific Ocean. He made up his mind that the country was not favorable for a new colony, and he gathered sundry bits of information which seemed to point to Chesapeake Bay as a much better place. The angry Indians made much trouble, and after a year had passed the colonists were suffering from scarcity of food, when all at once Sir Francis Drake appeared on the scene with a superb fleet of three-and-twenty ships.

War between Spain and England had been declared in July, 1585, when Sidney and Drake were about ready to execute a scheme that contemplated the founding of an American colony by Sidney. But the queen interfered, and sent Sidney to the Netherlands, where he was so soon to die a noble death. The terrible Drake, whom Spaniards, punning upon his name, had begun to call "Dragon," gave them fresh cause to dread and revile him. He had captured twenty ships with two hundred and fifty cannon, he had taken and

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sacked Cartagena, San Domingo, and St. Augustine, and on his way home looked in at Roanoke Island, in time to take Lane and his starving party on board and carry them back to England. They had not long been gone when Grenville arrived with supplies, and was astonished at finding the island deserted. Knowing nothing of Lane's change of purpose, and believing that his party must still be somewhere in the adjacent country, Grenville left a guard of fifteen men on the island, with ample supplies, and sailed away.

The stirring days of the Armada were approaching. When Lane arrived in England, his services were needed there, and after a while we find him a member of the Council of War. One of this first American colonizing party was the wonderful Suffolk boy, Thomas Cavendish, aged two-and-twenty, who had no sooner landed in England than he set sail in command of three ships, made his way into the Pacific Ocean, and repeated the exploits of Drake from Chili to California, captured one of Spain's finest galleons, and in two years more completed the circumnavigation of the globe. While the pupil was thus nobly acquitting himself, the master, in the spring of 1587, outdid all former achievements. Sailing into the harbor of Cadiz, Drake defeated the war-ships on guard there, calmly loaded his own vessels with as much Spanish spoil as could safely be carried, then set fire to the store-ships and cut their cables. More than a hundred transports, some of them fifteen hundred tons in burthen, all laden with stores for the Armada, became a tangled and drifting mass of blazing ruin, while amid the thunder of exploding magazines the victor went forth on his way, unscathed and rejoicing. Day after day he crouched under the beetling crags of Cintra, catching and sinking every craft that passed that lair, then swept like a tempest into the bay of Coruña and wrought similar havoc to that of Cadiz, then stood off for the Azores and captured the great carack on its way from the Indies with treasure reckoned by millions. Europe stood dumb with amazement. What manner of man was it that could thus "singe the king of Spain's beard"? "Philip one day invited a lady of the court to join him in his barge on the lake of Segovia. The lady said she dared not trust herself on the water, even with his Majesty," for fear of Sir Francis Drake.[1] Philip's Armada had to wait for another year, while by night and day the music of adze and hammer was heard in English shipyards.

Just as the Dragon returned to England, another party of Raleigh's colonists was approaching the American coast. There were about one hundred and fifty, including seventeen women. John White, a man deft with water colors, who had been the artist of Lane's expedition, was their governor. Their settlement was to be made on the shore of Chesapeake Bay, but first they must stop at Roanoke Island and pick up the fifteen men left on watch by Grenville. Through some carelessness, or misunderstanding, or bad faith on the part of the convoy, the people, once landed, were left in the lurch with only one small vessel, and thus were obliged to stay on that fatal Roanoke Island. They soon found that Grenville's little guard had been massacred by red men. It was under these gloomy circumstances that the first child of English parents was born on the soil of the United States. The governor's daughter Eleanor was wife of Ananias Dare, and their little girl, born August 18, 1587, was named Virginia. Before she was ten days old her grandfather found it necessary to take the ship and return to England for help.

But the day of judgment for Spain and England was at hand, and lesser things must wait. Amid the turmoil of military preparation Sir Walter was not unmindful of his little colony. Twice he fitted out relief expeditions; but the first was stopped because all the ships were seized for government service, and

[1] Froude, History of England, xii. 392.

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the second was driven back to port by Spanish cruisers. While the anxious governor waited through the lengthening days into the summer of 1588, there came, with its imperious haste, its deadly agony and fury, its world-astounding triumph, the event most tremendous, perhaps, that mankind have witnessed since the star of the wise men stood over the stable at Bethlehem. Then you might have seen the sea kings working in good fellowship together, — Drake and Hawkins, Winter and Frobisher, with Howard of Effingham in the Channel fleet; Raleigh and Grenville active alike in council and afield; the two great ministers, Burghley and Walsingham, ever crafty and vigilant; and in the background, on her white palfrey, the eccentric figure of the strangely wayward and willful, but always brave and patriotic queen. Even after three centuries it is with bated breath that we watch those 130 black hulks coming up the Channel, with 3000 cannon and 30,000 men on board, among them 90 executioners withal, equipped with racks and thumbscrews, to inaugurate on English soil the accursed work of the Inquisition. In camp at Dunkirk, the greatest general of the age, Alexander Farnese, with 35,000 veterans, is crouching for a spring, like a still greater general at Boulogne in later days; and one wonders if the 80,000 raw militia slowly mustering in the busy little towns and green hamlets of England can withstand these well-trained warriors.

In the English fleet there were about as many ships as the enemy had, much smaller in size and inferior in weight of metal, but at the same time far more nimble in movement. Of cannon and men the English had scarcely half as many as the Spaniards, but this disparity was more than offset by one great advantage. Our forefathers had already begun to display the inventive ingenuity for which their descendants in both hemispheres have since become preëminent. Many of their ships were armed with new guns, of longer range than any hitherto known, and this advantage, combined with their greater nimbleness, made it possible in many cases to pound a Spanish ship to pieces without receiving any hurt in return. In such respects, as well as in the seamanship by which the two fleets were handled, it was modern intelligence pitted against mediæval chivalry. Such captains as served Elizabeth were not reared under the shadow of the Escurial. With the discomfiture of the Invincible Armada before Dunkirk, the army of Farnese became useless for invading England. Then came the awful discovery that the mighty fleet was penned up in the German Ocean, for Drake held the Strait of Dover in his iron grip. The horrors of the long retreat through northern seas have never been equaled save when Napoleon's hosts were shattered in Russia. In the disparity of losses, as in the immensity of the issues at stake, we are reminded of the Greeks and Persians at Salamis: of Spaniards more than 20,000 perished, but scarcely 100 Englishmen. The frightful loss of ships and guns announced the overthrow of Spanish supremacy, but the bitter end was yet to come. During the next three years the activity of the sea kings reached such a pitch that more than 800 Spanish ships were destroyed.[1] The final blow came soon after the deaths of Drake and Hawkins in 1596, when Raleigh, with the Earl of Essex and Lord Thomas Howard, destroyed the Spanish fleet in that great battle before Cadiz, whereof Raleigh wrote that "if any man had a desire to see hell itself, it was there most lively figured."[2]

It was not until March, 1591, that Governor White succeeded in getting to sea again for the rescue of his family and friends. He had to go as passenger in a West Indiaman. When he landed, upon the return voyage, at Roanoke Island, it was just in time to have cele-

[1] Brown's Genesis of the United States, i. 20.
[2] Stebbing's Sir Walter Ralegh, p. 129.

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brated his little grandchild's fourth birthday. It had been agreed that should the colonists leave that spot, they should carve upon a tree the name of the place to which they were going; and if they should add to the name a cross, it would be understood as a signal of distress. When White arrived he found grass growing in the deserted blockhouse. Under the cedars hard by five chests had been buried, and somebody had afterward dug them up and rifled them. Fragments of his own books and pictures lay scattered about. On a great tree was cut in big letters, but without any cross, the word CROATAN, which was the name of a neighboring island. The captain of the ship was at first willing to take White to Croatan; but a fierce storm overtook them, and after beating about for some days the captain insisted upon making for England, in spite of the poor man's entreaties. No more did White ever hear of his loved ones. Sixteen years afterward the settlers at Jamestown were told by Indians that the white people abandoned at Roanoke had mingled with the natives, and lived with them for some years on amicable terms, until, at the instigation of certain medicine-men (who probably accused them of witchcraft), they had all been murdered, except four men, two boys, and a young woman, who were spared by request or order of a chief. Whether this young woman was Virginia Dare, the first American girl, we have no means of knowing.

Nothing could better illustrate than the pathetic fate of this little colony how necessary it was to destroy the naval power of Spain before England could occupy the soil of North America. The defeat of the Invincible Armada was the opening event in the history of the United States. It was the event that made all the rest possible. Without it the attempts at Jamestown and Plymouth could hardly have had more success than the attempt at Roanoke Island. An infant colony is like an army at the end of a long line of communications: it perishes if the line is cut. Before England could plant thriving estates in America she must control the ocean routes. The far-sighted Raleigh understood the conditions of the problem. When he smote the Spaniards at Cadiz he knew it was a blow struck for America. He felt the significance of the defeat of the Armada, and in spite of all his disappointments with Virginia he never lost heart. In 1602 he wrote to Sir Robert Cecil, "I shall yet live to see it an English nation."

John Fiske.

MARS.

III. CANALS.

IN the last paper we saw how badly off for water Mars, to all appearance, is; so badly off that any inhabitants of that other world would have to irrigate to live. As to the actual presence there of such folk, the broad physical characteristics of the planet have nothing to say beyond a general expression of acquiescence, but they do have something very vital to say about the conditions under which alone their life could be led. They show that in these Martian minds there would be one question paramount to all the local labor, women's suffrage, and Eastern questions put together, — the water question. How to procure water enough to support life would be the great communal problem of the day.

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If Mars were the earth, we might well despair of detecting signs of any Martians for some time yet. Across the gulf of space that separates us from Mars, an area thirty miles wide would just be perceptible as a dot. It would, in such case, be hopeless to look for evidence of folk. Anything like London or New York, or even Chicago in anticipation, would be too small to be seen. So sorry a figure does man cut upon the earth he thinks to own. From the standpoint of forty millions of miles' distance, probably the only sign of his presence here would be such semi-artificialities as the great grain-fields of the West when their geometric patches turned with the changing seasons from ochre to green, and then from green to gold. By his crops we should know him, — a telltale fact of importance because probably the more so on Mars.

For Mars is not the earth. Conditions hold there which would necessitate a different state of things, inorganic and organic, apparently a much more artificial one. If cultivation there be, it must be cultivation upon a much more systematic scale, due in large part to a system of irrigation; just as any Martians must be quite different physically from men.

Now, at this point in our investigation, when the broad features of Mars disclose conditions which imply irrigation as their organic corollary, we are suddenly confronted on the planet's face with phenomena so startlingly suggestive of this very thing as to seem the uncanny realization of the deduction. Indeed, so amazingly lifelike is their appearance that, had we possessed our present knowledge of the planet's physical condition before, we might almost have predicted what we see as criterion of the presence of living beings. What confronts us is this: —

When the great continental areas, the reddish-ochre portions of the disc, are attentively examined in sufficiently steady air, their desert-like ground is seen to be traversed by a network of fine, straight dark lines. The lines start from points on the coast of the blue-green regions, commonly well-marked bays, and proceed direct to other equally well-marked points in the middle of the continent. At these latter termini the lines meet, very surprisingly, other lines that have come there from different starting-points in a similarly definite manner. And this state of things exists all over the reddish-ochre regions.

All the lines, with the exception of a few that are curved in a regular manner, are absolutely straight from one end to the other. They are arcs of great circles, taking the shortest distance between their termini. The lines are as fine as they are straight. As a rule, they are of scarcely any perceptible breadth, seeming on the average to be less than a Martian degree, or between twenty and thirty miles, wide. Some are broader; some even finer, possibly not above fifteen miles across. Their length, not their breadth, renders them visible; for though at such a distance we could not distinguish a dot less than about thirty miles in diameter, we could see a line of much less breadth, because of its length. Speaking generally, however, the lines are all of comparable width.

Still greater uniformity is observable in the different parts of the same line; for each line maintains its individual width throughout. Although at and near the point where it leaves the dark regions, or the Solis Lacus, — for the same phenomenon appears there, — some slight enlargement seems to take place, after it has fairly started on its course it remains substantially of the same size from one end to the other. As to whether the lines are even on their edges or not, I should not like to say, but the better they are seen, the more even they look. It is not possible to affirm positively on the point, as they are practically nearer one dimension than two.

On the other hand, their length is usually great, and in some cases enor-

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mous. A thousand or fifteen hundred miles may be considered about the average. The Ganges, for example, which is not a long one as Martian canals go, is about 1450 miles in length. The Brontes, one of the newly discovered, radiating from the Gulf of the Titans, extends over 2400 miles. Among really long ones, the Eumenides, with its continuation the Orcus, the two being in truth one line, runs 3540 miles from the point where it leaves the Phœnix Lake to the point where it enters the Trivium Charontis; throughout this great distance, nearly equal to a diameter of the planet, deviating neither to the right nor to the left from the great circle upon which it set out. On the other hand, the shortest line is the Nectar, which is only about 250 miles in length; sweetness being, according to Schiaparelli its christener, as short-lived on Mars as elsewhere.

That with very few exceptions the lines all follow arcs of great circles is proved: first, by the fact that when near the centre of the disc they show as straight lines; second, that when seen toward its edges they appear curved, in keeping with the curvature of a spherical surface viewed obliquely; third, that when the several parts of some of the longer lines are plotted upon a globe they turn out to lie in one great circle. Apparent straightness throughout is only possible in short lines. For a very long arc upon the surface of a revolving globe tilted toward the observer to appear straight in its entirety it must lie in certain positions. It so chances that these conditions are fulfilled by the canal called the Titan. The Titan starts from the Gulf of the Titans, in south latitude 20°, and runs due north almost exactly upon the 169th meridian for an immense distance. I have followed it over 2300 miles down the disc to about 43° north, as far as the tilt of the planet's axis would permit. As the rotation of the planet swings it round, it passes the central meridian of the disc simultaneously throughout its length, and at that moment comes out strikingly straight, a substantialized meridian itself.

Although each line is the arc of a great circle, the direction taken by this great circle may be any whatsoever. The Titan, as we have seen, runs nearly due north and south. Certain canals crossing this run, on the contrary, almost due east and west. There are others, again, belting the disc at well-nigh every angle between the two. Nor is there any preponderance, apparently, for one direction as against any other. This indifference to direction is important as showing that the rotation of the planet has no direct effect upon the inclination of the canals.

But, singular as each line looks to be by itself, it is the systematic network of the whole that is most amazing. Each line not only goes with wonderful directness from one point to another, but at this latter spot it contrives to meet, exactly, another line which has come with like directness from quite a different starting-point. Nor do two only manage thus to rendezvous. Three, four, five, and even seven will similarly fall in on the same spot, — a sociability which, to a greater or less extent, takes place all over the surface of the planet. The disc is simply a network of such intersections. Sometimes a canal goes only from one intersection to another; more commonly it starts with right of continuation, and, after reaching the first rendezvous, goes on in unchanged course to several more.

The result is that the whole of the great reddish-ochre portions of the planet is cut up into a series of spherical triangles of all possible sizes and shapes. What their number may be lies quite beyond the possibility of count at present; for the better our own air, the more of them are visible. About four times as many as are down on Schiaparelli's chart of the same regions have been seen

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at Flagstaff. But before proceeding further with a description of these Martian phenomena, the history of their discovery deserves to be sketched, since it is as strange as the canals themselves.

The first hint the world had of their existence was when Schiaparelli saw some of the lines in 1877, now eighteen years ago. The world, however, was anything but prepared for the revelation, and, when he announced what he had seen, promptly proceeded to disbelieve him. Schiaparelli had the misfortune to be ahead of his times, and the yet greater misfortune to remain so; for not only did no one else see the lines at that opposition, but no one else succeeded in doing so at subsequent ones. For many years fate allowed Schiaparelli to have them all to himself, a confidence he amply repaid. While others doubted, he went from discovery to discovery. What he had seen in 1877 was not so very startling in view of what he afterward saw. His first observations might well have been of simple estuaries, long natural creeks running up into the continents, and so cutting them in two. His later observations were too peculiar to be explained even by so improbable a configuration of the Martian surface. In 1879, the *canali*, as he called them (channels, or canals, the word may be translated, and it is in the latter sense that he now regards them), showed straighter and narrower than they had in 1877: this not in consequence of any change in them, but from his own improved faculty of detection; for what the eye has once seen it can always see better a second time. As he gazed they appeared straighter, and he made out more. Lastly, toward the end of the year, he observed, one evening, what struck even him as a most startling phenomenon, the twinning of one of the canals: two parallel canals suddenly showed where but a single one had showed before. The paralleling was so perfect that he suspected optical illusion. He could, however, discover none by changing his telescopes or eyepieces. The phenomenon, apparently, was real.

At the next opposition he looked to see if by chance he should mark a repetition of this strange event, and went, as he tells us, from surprise to surprise; for one after the other of his canals proceeded startlingly to become two, until some twenty of them had thus doubled. This capped the climax to his own wonderment, and, it is needless to add, to other people's incredulity; for nobody else had yet succeeded in seeing the canals at all, let alone seeing them double. Undeterred by the general skepticism, he confirmed, at each fresh opposition, his previous discoveries; which, in view of the fact that no one else did, rather tended in astronomical circles to the opposite result.

For nine years he labored thus alone, having his visions all to himself. It was not till 1886 that any one but he saw the canals. In April of that year Perrotin at Nice first did so. The occasion was the setting-up of the great Nice glass of twenty-nine inches aperture. In spite of the great size of the glass, however, a first attempt resulted in nothing but failure. So did a second, and Perrotin was on the point of abandoning the search altogether when, on the 15th of the month, he suddenly detected one of the canals, the Phison. His assistant, M. Thollon, saw it immediately afterward. After this they managed to make out several others, some single, some double, substantially as Schiaparelli had drawn them; the slight discrepancies between their observations and his being, in point of fact, the best of confirmations.

Since then other observers have contrived to detect the canals, the list of the successful increasing at each opposition, although even now their number might almost be told on one's hands and feet. The fact that so few men have yet seen these lines is due to poor air. That in ordinary atmosphere the canals are

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not easy objects is certain; while for the detection of their peculiar fineness and straightness a steady air is essential. So also is attentive perception on the part of the observer, size of aperture being distinctly a secondary matter. That Schiaparelli discovered the canals with an $8\frac{1}{3}$ object-glass, and that the 26-inch at Washington has refused to show them to this day, are facts that speak with emphasis on the point.

Although skepticism as to the existence of the so-called canals seems now pretty well dispelled, disbelief still makes a desperate stand against their peculiar appearance, dubbing accounts of their straightness and duplication as sensational, whatever that may mean in such connection; for that they are both straight and double, as described, is certain, — a statement I make after having seen them instead of before doing so, as is the case with the gifted objectors. Doubt, however, will not wholly cease till more people have seen them, which will not happen till the importance of atmosphere in the study of planetary detail is more generally appreciated than it is to-day. To look for the canals with a large instrument in poor air is like trying to read a page of fine print kept dancing before one's eyes, and increase of magnification increases the motion. Advance in our study of other worlds depends upon choosing the very best atmospheric sites for our observatories.

As we shall now have to call these Martian things by their names, — our names, that is, — it may be well to consider cursorily the nomenclature which has been evolved on the subject. Unfortunately, the planet has been quite too much benamed, — benamed, indeed, out of all recognition. There are no less than five or six systems current for its general topographical features. The result is that it has become something of a specialty just to know the names. The Syrtis Major, for example, appears under the following aliases: the Syrtis Major, the Mer du Sablier, the Kaiser Sea, the Northern Sea, to say nothing of translations of these, such as the Hour-Glass Sea. After which ample baptism it is a trifle disconcerting to have the sea turn out, apparently, not to be a sea at all. Everybody has tried his hand at naming the planet, first and last; naming a thing being man's nearest approach to creating it. Proctor made a chart of the planet, and named it thoroughly; Flammarion drew another chart, and also named it thoroughly, but differently; Green made a third map, and gave it a third set of names; Schiaparelli followed with a fourth, and furnished it with a brand-new set of his own; and finally W. H. Pickering found it necessary to give a few new names, just for particularization. To know, therefore, what part of the planet anybody means when he mentions it, one has to keep in his head enough names for five worlds. To cap which, it is to be remarked that not one of them is the thing's real — that is, its Martian — name, after all!

Fortunately, with the canals matters are not so desperate, because so few people have seen them. Schiaparelli's monopoly of the sight pleasingly prevented, in their case, christening competition. What is more, he named them very judiciously and most picturesquely after mythologic river names. Where he got his names is another matter. Whether he started by being as learned in such lore as he afterward became may well be doubted. Certainly, one of the greatest discoveries made at Flagstaff has been the discovery of the meaning of Schiaparelli's names; some of them still defying the penetrating power of the ordinary encyclopædia. Among them are classical mythologic ones of the class known only to that himself mythical character, Macaulay's every schoolboy, which speaks conclusively for their reconditeness. Others, I firmly believe, even that omniscient schoolboy can never have heard of. Want of space here precludes instances; but

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as a simple example I may say that the translation to Mars of the Phison and the Gehon, the two lost rivers of Mesopotamia, satisfactorily accounts for their not being found on earth by modern explorers.

With due mental reservation as to their meaning, I have adopted Schiaparelli's names, and where it has been necessary to name newly discovered canals have conformed as closely as possible to his general scheme. If even in an instance or two I have hit upon names that are incomprehensible, I shall feel that I have not disgraced my illustrious predecessor. For a brand-new thing no name is so good as one whose meaning nobody knows, except one that has no meaning at all.

Schiaparelli's scheme embraces all the other Martian features as well as the canals, and the same poetic imagination pervades the whole. For example, the central promontory of what used to be known as Dawes' Forked Bay, a prominent point, since it has for some time been used as the zero meridian for Martian longitudes, he calls the Fastigium Aryn. The Fastigium Aryn was, it appears, the cupola of the world, a mythic spot supposed to be the absolute centre of the earth regarded as a plane in midheaven, — a point midway between the north and south, the east and west, the zenith and nadir; an eminently suitable name, indeed, for the origin of longitudes and the beginning of time.

To return now to the objects of so much human incredulity. The first point worth noting about them is that their actual existence is quite beyond question; the second, that the better they are seen, the odder they look. Observations at Arequipa in 1892 not only confirmed Schiaparelli's, but extended the canal system considerably both in quantity and in character; observations last year at Flagstaff extended it still further, so that now we know of about half as many more canals as are down on Schiaparelli's chart, and of certain phenomena connected with them no less peculiar, to say the least, than themselves. What these strange dependencies are we will note after we have considered the canals.

So far we have regarded the canals only statically, so to speak; that is, we have sketched them as they would appear to any one who observed them in sufficiently steady air, once, and once only. But this is far from all that a systematic study of the lines will disclose. Before, however, entering upon this second phase of their description, we may pause to note how, even statically regarded, the aspect of the lines is enough to put to rest all the theories of purely natural causation that have so far been advanced to account for them. This negation is to be found in the supernaturally regular appearance of the system, upon three distinct counts: first, the straightness of the lines; second, their individually uniform width; and third, their systematic radiation from special points.

On the first two counts we observe that the lines exceed in regularity any purely natural regularity of which we commonly have cognizance. Physical processes never, so far as we know, produce perfectly regular results; that is, results in which irregularity is not also plainly discernible. Disagreement amid conformity is the inevitable outcome of the many factors simultaneously at work. From the orbits of the heavenly bodies to philotaxis and human features, this diversity in uniformity is apparent. As a rule, the divergences, though small, are quite perceptible; that is, the lack of absolute uniformity is comparable to the uniformity itself, and not of the negligible second order of unimportance. In fact, it is by the very presence of uniformity and precision that we suspect things of artificiality. It was the mathematical shape of the Ohio mounds that suggested mound-builders; and so with

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the thousand objects of every-day life. Too great regularity is in itself the most suspicious of circumstances that some finite intelligence has been at work.

If it be asked how, in the case of a body so far off as Mars, we can assert sufficient precision to imply artificiality, the answer is twofold: first, that the better we see these lines, the more regular they look; and second, that the eye is quicker to perceive irregularity than we commonly note. It is indeed surprising to find what small irregularities will shock the eye.

The third count is, if possible, yet more conclusive. That the lines form a system; that, instead of running anywhither, they join certain points to certain others, making thus, not a simple network, but one whose meshes connect centres directly with one another, is striking at first sight, and loses none of its peculiarity on second thought. For the intrinsic improbability of such a state of things arising from purely natural causes becomes evident on consideration.

Were lines drawn haphazard over the surface of a globe, the chances are ever so many to one against more than two lines crossing each other at any point. Simple crossings of two lines would of course be common in something like factorial proportion to the number of lines, but that any other line should contrive to cross at the same point would be a coincidence whose improbability only a mathematician can properly appreciate, so very great is it. If the lines were true lines, without breadth, the chances against such a coincidence would be infinite; and even had the lines some breadth, the chances would be enormous against a rendezvous. In other words, we might search in vain for a single instance of such encounter. On the surface of Mars, however, instead of searching in vain, we find the thing occurring *passim;* this *a priori* most improbable rendezvousing proving the rule, not the exception. Of the crossings that are best seen, almost all are meeting-places for more than two canals.

To any one who had not seen the canals, it would at once occur that something of the same improbability might be fulfilled by cracks radiating from centres of explosion or fissure. But such a supposition is at once negatived by the uniform breadth of the lines, a uniformity impossible in cracks, whose very mode of production necessitates their being bigger at one end than the other. We see examples of what might result from such action in the cracks that radiate from Tycho, in the moon, or, as we now know from Professor W. H. Pickering's observations, from the craterlets about it. These cracks bear no resemblance whatever to the lines on Mars. They look like cracks; the lines on Mars do not. Indeed, it is safe to say that the Martian lines would never so much as suggest cracks to any one. Lastly, the different radiations fit into one another absolutely, an utter impossibility were they radiating rifts from different centres.

In the same way, we may, while we are about it, show that the lines cannot be several other things which they have, more or less gratuitously, been taken to be. They cannot, for example, be rivers; for rivers could not be so obligingly of the same size at source and mouth, nor would they run from preference on arcs of great circles. To do so, practically invariably, would imply a devotion to pure mathematics not common in rivers. They may, in some few instances, be rectified rivers, which is quite another matter. Glaciation cracks are equally out of the question: first, for the causes above mentioned touching cracks in general; and second, because there is, unfortunately, no ice where they occur. Nor can the lines be furrows ploughed by meteorites, — another ingenious suggestion, — since in order to plough, invariably, a furrow from one centre to another, without either swerving from the course or overshooting the mark, the visitant meteorite

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would have to be carefully trained to the business.

Such are the chief purely natural theories of the lines, excluding the idea of canals, — theories advanced by persons who have not seen them. No one who has seen the lines well has or could advance them, inasmuch as they are not only disproved by consideration of the character of the lines, but instantly confuted by the mere look of them.

Schiaparelli supposes the canals to be canals, but of geologic construction. He suggests, however, no explanation of how this is possible; so that the suggestion is not, properly speaking, a theory. That eminent astronomer further says of the idea that they are the work of intelligent beings, "Io mi guarderò bene dal combattere questa supposizione la quale nulla include d'impossibile." (I should carefully refrain from combating this supposition, which involves no impossibility.) In truth, no natural theory has yet been advanced which will explain these lines, while recent observations furnish material that seems to render artificial construction probable.

After so much necessary digression upon what the canals are not, we will resume our inquiry as to what they are.

So far we have considered their aspect at any one time, and we have seen that it is such as to defy natural explanation, and to hint that in these lines we are regarding something other than the outcome of purely natural causes. Indeed, such is the first impression upon getting a good view of them. How instant this inference is becomes patent from the way in which drawings of the canals are received by incredulously disposed persons. The straightness of the lines is unhesitatingly attributed to the draughtsman. Now it is to be remembered that accusation of design, if it prove inapplicable to the draughtsman, devolves *ipso facto* upon the canals.

We come next to a consideration of their successive appearances night after night, and month after month. After the fundamental fact that such curious phenomena as the canals are visible is the scarcely less important one that they are not always so. At times the canals are invisible, and this invisibility is real, not apparent; that is, it is not an invisibility due to distance or obscuration of any kind between us and them, but an actual invisibility due to the condition of the canal itself. With our present optical means, at certain seasons they cease to exist. For aught we can see, they simply are not there.

That distance is not responsible for the disappearance of the canals is shown by their relative conspicuousness at different times. It is not always when Mars is nearest to us that the canals are best seen. On the contrary, they show a sublime disregard for mere proximity. This is evidenced both by the changes in appearance of any one canal and by the changes in relative conspicuousness of different canals. Some instances of the metamorphosis will reveal this conclusively. For example, during the end of August and the beginning of September, at this last opposition, the canals about the Lake of the Sun were conspicuous, while the canals to the north of them were almost invisible. In November the relative intensities of the two sets had distinctly changed: the southern canals were much as before, but the northern ones had most perceptibly darkened.

Another instance of the same thing was shown in the case of the canals to the north of the Sinus Titanum when compared with those about the Solis Lacus. In August the former were but faintly visible; in November they had become evident; and yet, during this interval, little change in conspicuousness had taken place in the canals in the Solis Lacus region.

With like disregard of the effect due to distance, the canals to the east of the Ganges showed better at the November

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presentation[1] of that region than they had at the October one, although the planet was actually farther off at the later date, in the proportion of 21 to 18.

A more striking instance of the irrelevancy of distance in the matter was observed in the same region by Schiaparelli in 1877. It is additionally interesting as practically dating his discovery of the canals. In early October of that year, on the evenings of the 2d and the 4th, he tells us, under excellent definition, and with the diameter of the planet's disc 21″ of arc, the continental region between the Pearl-Bearing Gulf and the Bay of the Dawn was quite uniformly, nakedly bright, and destitute of suspicion of markings of any sort. A like state of things was the case with the same region at its next presentation, on the 7th of November. Four months later, when the diameter of the disc had been reduced by distance to 5″.7, or, in other words, when the planet had receded to four times its previous distance from the earth, the canal called the Indus appeared, perfectly visible, in the region mentioned. At the next opposition, in 1881, similar effects occurred; the canals in this region remaining obstinately invisible while the planet was near the earth, and then coming out conspicuously when it had gone farther away. Distance, therefore, is not, with the canals, the great obliterator.

As to their veiling by Martian cloud or mist, there is no evidence of any such obscuration. The coast line of the dark areas appears as clear-cut when the canals are invisible as when they become conspicuous.

A canal, then, alters in visibility for some reason connected with itself. It grows into recognition from intrinsic cause. But during all its metamorphoses, in one thing, and in one thing only, it remains fixed, — in position. Temporary in appearance, the canals are apparently permanent in place. Not only do they not change in position during one opposition; they seem not to do so from one opposition to another. The canals I have observed this year agree quite within the errors of observation with those figured on Schiaparelli's chart. In general they conform to their representations, and failure to do so is explicable not only by errors of observation, but by certain other facts. First, by seasonal variation in the canals themselves; the visibility or invisibility of a canal combined with the visibility or invisibility of a neighbor being capable of producing strange permutations in the region observed.

The Araxes is a case in point. On Schiaparelli's chart there is but one original Araxes and one great and only Phasis. But it turns out that these do not possess the land all to themselves. No less than five canals traversing the region, including the Phasis itself, were visible this year at Flagstaff, and I have no doubt there are plenty of others waiting to be discovered. These cross one another at all sorts of angles. Unconscious combination of them is quite competent to give a turn to the Araxes one way or the other, and make it curved or straight at pleasure.

Unchangeable, apparently, in position, the canals are otherwise among the most changeable features of the Martian disc. From being invisible, they emerge gradually, for some reason inherent in themselves, into conspicuousness. In short, phenomenally at least, they grow. The order of their coming carries with it a presumption of cause, for it synchronizes with the change in the Martian seasons.

[1] A presentation of any part of the planet is the occasion when that part of the disc is turned toward the observer. Many causes combine to make the face presented each night vary, but the chief one is that the earth rotates about forty-one minutes faster than Mars, and consequently gains a little less than ten degrees on him daily. After about thirty-seven days, therefore, the two planets again present the same face to each other at the same hour.

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Their first appearance is a matter of the Martian time of year.

To start with, the visible development of the canal system follows the melting of the polar snows. Not until such melting has progressed pretty far do any of the canals, it would seem, become perceptible.

Secondly, when they do appear, it is, in the case of the southern hemisphere, the most southern ones that become visible first. Last June, when the canals were first seen, those about the Lake of the Sun and the Phœnix Lake were easier to make out than any of the others. Now, this region is the part of the reddish-ochre continent, as we may call it, that lies nearest the south pole. It extends into the blue-green regions as far south as 40° of south latitude. Nor do any so-called islands — that is, smaller reddish-ochre areas — stand between it and the pole. It lies first exposed, therefore, to any water descending toward the equator from the melting of the polar cap.

Having once become visible, these canals remained so, becoming more and more conspicuous as the season advanced. By August they had darkened very perceptibly. As yet those in other parts of the planet were scarcely more visible than they had been two months before. Gradually, however, others became evident, farther and farther north, till by October all the canals bordering the north coast of the dark regions were recognizable; after which the latter, in their turn, proceeded to darken, — a state of things which continued up to the close of my observations toward the end of November.

The order in which the canals came out hinted that two factors were operative to the result, latitude and proximity to the dark regions. Other things equal, the most southern ones showed first; beginning with the Solis Lacus region, and continuing with those about the Sea of the Sirens and the Titan Gulf, and so northward down the disc. Other things were not, however, always equal in the way of topographical position. Notably was this the case with the areas to the west of the Syrtis Major, which developed canals earlier than their latitudes would warrant. Now, to the Syrtis Major descend from the pole the great straits spoken of before, which, although not in their entirety water, are probably lands fertilized by a thread of water running through them. They connect the polar sea with the Syrtis Major in a tolerably straight line.

The direction of the canal also affects its time of appearance, though to a less extent. Canals running north and south, such as the Gorgon, the Titan, the Brontes, and the like, became visible, as a rule, before those running east and west. Especially was this noticeable in the more northern portions of the disc. Time of appearance was evidently a question of latitude tempered by ease of communication.

After the canals had appeared, their relative intensities changed with time, and the change followed the same order in which the initial change from invisibility to visibility had taken place. A like metamorphosis happened to each in turn from south to north, in accordance with, and continuance of, the seasonal change that affected all the blue-green areas.

To account for these phenomena, the explanation that at once suggests itself is, that a direct transference of water takes place over the face of the planet, and that the canals are so many waterways. This explanation has the difficulty of involving enormously wide canals. There is another objection to it: the time taken would appear to be too long, for some months elapsed between the apparent departure of the water from the pole and its apparent advent in the equatorial regions; furthermore, each canal did not darken all at once, but gradually. We must therefore seek some explanation which accounts for this delay. Now,

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when we do so, we find that the explanation advanced above for the blue-green areas explains also the canals, namely, that what we see in both is, not water, but vegetation; for if the darkening be due to vegetation, time must elapse between the advent of the water and its perceptible effects, — time sufficient for the flora to sprout. If, therefore, we suppose what we call a canal to be, not the canal proper, but the vegetation along its banks, the observed phenomena stand accounted for. This suggestion was first made some years ago by Professor W. H. Pickering.

That what we see is not the canal proper, but the line of land it irrigates, disposes incidentally of the difficulty of conceiving a canal several miles wide. On the other hand, a narrow, fertilized strip of country is what we should expect to find; for, as we have seen, the general physical condition of the planet leads us to the conception, not of canals constructed for waterways, — like our Suez Canal, — but of canals dug for irrigation purposes. We cannot, of course, be sure that such is their character, appearances being often highly deceitful; we can only say that, so far, the supposition best explains what we see. Further details of their development point to this same conclusion.

In emerging from invisibility into evidence, the canals first make themselves suspected, rather than seen, as broad, faint streaks smooching the disc. Such effect, however, seems to be an optical illusion, due to poor air and the difficulty inherent in detecting fine detail; for on improvement in the seeing I have observed these broad streaks contract to fine lines, not sensibly different in width from what they eventually become.

The parts of the canals which are nearest the dark areas show first, the line extending sometimes for a few hundred miles into the continent, sometimes for a thousand or more; then, in course of time, the canal becomes evident in its entirety. Complete visibility takes place soon after the canal has once begun to show, although it show but faint throughout.

This tendency to being seen *in toto* is more strikingly displayed after a canal has attained its development. It is then not commonly seen in part. Either it is not seen at all, owing to the seeing not being good enough, or it is visible throughout its length from one junction to another.

Apart from their extension, the growth of the canals consists chiefly in depth of tint. They darken rather than broaden, — a fact which tends to corroborate their vegetal character; for that long tracts of country should be thus simultaneously flooded all over to a gradually deepening extent is highly unlikely, while a growth of vegetation would deepen in appearance in precisely the way that the darkening takes place.

As for color, the lines would seem to be of the same tint as the blue-green areas. But, owing to their narrowness, this is only an inference. I have never chanced to see them of distinctive color.

At this point it is probable that a certain obstacle to such wholesale construction of canals, however, will arise in the mind of the reader, namely, the thought of mountains; for mountains are by nature antagonistic to canals. Only the Czar of all the Russias — if we are to credit the account of the building of the Moscow railway — would be capable of running a canal regardless of topography. Nor will the doings at our own antipodes help us to conceive such construction; for though the Japanese irrigate hillsides, the water in the case comes from slopes higher yet, whereas on Mars it does not.

Indeed, for the lines to contain canals we must suppose either that mountains prove no obstacles to Martians, or else that there are practically no mountains on Mars. For the system seems sublimely superior to possible obstructions

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in the way; the lines running, apparently, not where they may, but where they choose. The Eumenides-Orcus, for example, pursues the even tenor of its unswerving course for nearly 3500 miles. Now, it might be possible so to select one's country that one canal should be able to do this; but that every canal should be straight, and many of them fairly comparable with the Eumenides-Orcus in length, seems to be beyond the possibility of contrivance.

In this dilemma between mountains on the one hand and canals on the other, a certain class of observations most opportunely comes to our aid; for, from observations which have nothing to do with the lines, it turns out that the surface of the planet is, in truth, most surprisingly flat. How this is known will most easily be understood from a word or two upon the manner in which astronomers have learnt the heights of the mountains in the moon.

The heights of the lunar mountains are found from measuring the lengths of the shadows they cast. As the moon makes her circuit of the earth, a varying amount of her illuminated surface is presented to our view. From a slender sickle she grows to a full moon, and then diminishes again to a crescent. The illuminated portion is bounded by a semicircle on the outside, and by a semi-ellipse on the inner. The semicircle is called her limb, the semi-ellipse her terminator. The former is the edge we see because we can see no further; the latter, the line upon her surface where the sun is just rising or setting. Now, as we know, the shadows cast at sunrise or sunset are very long, much longer than the objects that cast them are high. This is due to the obliquity at which the light strikes them; the same effect being produced by any sufficiently oblique light, such as an electric light at a distance. Imperceptible in themselves, the heights become perceptible by their shadows. A road illuminated by a distant arc light gives us a startling instance of this; the smooth surface taking on from its shadows the look of a ploughed field.

It is this indirect kind of magnification that enables astronomers to measure the lunar mountains, and even renders such vicariously visible to the naked eye. Every one has noticed how ragged and irregular the inner edge of the moon looks, while her outer edge seems perfectly smooth. In one place it will appear to project beyond the perfect ellipse, in another to recede from it. The first effect is due to mountain tops catching the sun's rays before the plains about them; the other, to mountain tops further advanced into the lunar day, whose shadows still shroud the valleys at their feet. Yet the elevations and depressions thus rendered so noticeable vanish in profile on the limb.

Much as we see the moon with the naked eye do we see Mars with the telescope. Mars being outside of us with regard to the sun, we never see him less than half illumined, but we do see him with a disc that lacks of being round, — about what the moon shows us when two days off from full. It is when he is in quadrature — that is, a quarter way round the celestial circle from the sun — that he shows thus, and we see him then with the telescope at closer range than we ever see the moon. When we so observe him, we notice at once that his terminator, or inner edge, presents a very different appearance from the lunar one. Instead of looking like a saw, it looks comparatively smooth, like a knife. From this we know that, relatively to his size, he has no elevations or depressions upon his surface comparable to the lunar peaks and craters.

His terminator, however, is not absolutely perfect. Irregularities are to be detected in it, although much less pronounced than those of the moon. His irregularities are of two kinds. The first, and by all odds the commonest phenomenon consists in showing himself on oc-

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casions surprisingly flat; not in this case an inferable flatness, but a perfectly apparent one. In other words, his terminator does not show as a semi-ellipse, but as an irregular polygon. It looks as if in places the rind had been pared off. The peel thus taken from him, so to speak, is from twenty to forty degrees wide, according to the particular part of his surface that shows upon the terminator at the time.

Now it is a significant fact that this paring of his disc appears usually where the dark regions are coming into view or passing out of sight, according as it is the sunrise or the sunset terminator that is presented to observation. And even in the few cases where it is not coincident with them, it is never far removed from their position. Two causes undoubtedly combine to produce the effect. One of them is irradiation. It is a well-known fact that bright bodies look larger than they are, probably because of the sympathetic vibration of the rods in the retina adjoining those directly affected. A familiar instance of the effect is the seemingly wizened look of the old moon seen in the new moon's arms. The lusty young moon seems a sixth the broader of the two. The same thing would appear in the case of the Martian terminator; a bright area would seem to project beyond a dark one. This accounts for a part of the loss. The other part is doubtless due to an actual depression in the Martian surface. Thus from the appearance of the terminator comes corroboration of the lower level at which we found reason (in the last paper) to suppose the dark markings upon the planet to lie.

That these long parings do not always coincide with the dark areas may help confirm, paradoxical as it sounds, their real depression; for it is only the relative, not the actual height that is projected on the terminator, and a more elevated area, if sloping at the proper angle, would be projected as a depression beside a lower one, in spite of being the higher surface of the two. It may also, however, not be due to this cause, but to the presence of an actually elevated district; verdure, such as a forest, standing on high land.

Such long, low depressions are characteristic of the Martian terminator, which is thus in kind quite unlike the lunar one. In addition to them there are elevations, some long and low, some short and sharp. Both are relatively rare. Of the former variety Professor W. H. Pickering discovered two striking specimens. Each looked to be, and probably was, a plateau, very level on top, and sloping more or less equally on both sides. Of the short and sharp variety Mr. Douglass has detected some noteworthy instances; but whether they mean high dust cloud or mountains is not yet predicable. Mr. Douglass has very systematically observed the Martian terminator at every longitude, and is now busy upon a contour map of the planet. His map may enable us to say something more definite as to whether the canals traverse low regions from preference or not. But certain it is that Mars is a flat world; devoid, as we may note incidentally, of summer resorts, since it possesses, apparently, neither seas nor hills. To canals we will now return.

The canals so far described all lie in the bright reddish-ochre portions of the disc, — those parts which bear every appearance of being desert. But Mr. Douglass has made the discovery that they are not the only part of the planet thus privileged. He finds, in the very midst of the dark regions themselves, straight, dark streaks not unlike in look to the canals, and still more resembling them in the systematic manner in which they run. For they reproduce the same rectilinear arrangement that is so striking a characteristic of their bright-area fellows. He has succeeded, indeed, in thus triangulating all the more important dark areas. What is more, he finds that

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these canals in the dark regions end at the very points at which the others begin, so that they make continuations of them.

This fact is another telltale circumstance as to the true character of the so-called seas; for that the seas should be traversed by permanent dark lines is incompatible with a fluid constitution. But the lines are even more suggestive from a positive than they are from a negative standpoint. That they make continuations of the lines in the bright regions shows that the two sets are causally connected, and affords strong presumption that this causal relation is the very one demanded by the theory of irrigation. For if the canals in the bright regions be strips of vegetation irrigated by a canal (too narrow to be itself visible at our distance), and there be a scarcity of water upon the surface of the planet, the necessary water would have to be conducted to the mouths of the canals across the more permanent areas of vegetation, thus causing bands of denser verdure athwart them, which we should see as dark lines upon the less dark background.

Before passing on to certain other phenomena connected with the canals of like significance, we may note here an *obiter dictum* of the irrigation theory of some slight corroborative worth; for if a theory be correct, it will not only fit all the facts, but at times go out of its way to answer questions. Such the present one seems to do. If the seas be seas, and the canals canals, we stand confronted by the problem how to make fresh-water canals flow out of salt-water seas. General considerations warrant us in believing that the Martian seas, like our own, would contain salts in solution, while irrigation ditches, there as here, should flow fresh water to be most effective, and we seem committed to the erection of distilleries upon a gigantic scale. But if, on the contrary, the seas be not seas, but areas of vegetation, the difficulty vanishes at once; for if the planet be dependent upon the melting of its polar snows for its spring freshet, the water thus produced must necessarily be fresh, and the canals be directly provided with the water they want. The polar sea is a temporary body of water, formed anew each year, not a permanent ocean; consequently there is no chance for saline matter to collect in it. From it, therefore, fresh water flows, and, like our rivers, gathers nothing to speak of in the way of salt before it is drawn off into the canals.

We now come to some phenomena connected with the canals, of the utmost suggestiveness. I have said that the junctions held in a twofold way the key to the unlocking of the mystery of the canals; in the first place, in the fact that such junctions exist. The second and more important reason remains to be given, for it consists in what we find at those junctions. These phenomena will form the subject of the next paper.

Percival Lowell.

A NATIONAL TRANSPORTATION DEPARTMENT.

The government of the United States has hitherto shrunk from assuming some of the most important parts of the duty imposed on it by the Constitution in regard to interstate commerce. That duty cannot be adequately performed without taking cognizance of the relations of the transportation companies to at least three different subdivisions of the community: those which they sustain towards their own shareholders, their own employees, and the general body of the people who use the railways and waterways in trade and travel. The first of these relations

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concerns the ownership of eleven billions (par value) of stock and bonds of railway companies alone, and a trackage of over 175,000 miles; of which between a fourth and a fifth part have been plunged into insolvency as a result of unregulated construction and mismanagement coincident with a period of severe general depression. The second involves the efficiency and happiness of nearly one million railway employees and the welfare of their families, and, as recent history sharply reminds us, affects the steady flow of commerce through all its channels; it penetrates almost to the core of the greatest problem with which society is now struggling, — the question of the rights of labor. Most of the legislation on the subject of railway control has been directed toward the third of these divisions, — the railway as a common carrier, — because it directly concerns the greatest number of people and the widest diversity of interests.

The comprehensive and intelligent adjustment of the relations between the great agencies of commerce and the rest of the public can never be effected until each of these divisions is examined in detail, and the responsibility of the government in respect to each is recognized and assumed. Each one, when frankly confronted, seems as portentous as the entire problem of which it is but a part, and it is no wonder that the duty of grappling with them in turn has been evaded and postponed, while daily growing more and more formidable. The time seems to have come when it cannot be put off much longer. The railway system has apparently reached a climax in its development. The old-fashioned idea of competition as a regulator of tariffs seems about to be laid aside, at least so far as combination is capable of securing that result, and the alternative is before the people of substituting in its place a well-ordered and equitable scheme of national control, or a concentrated, pool-bound monopoly, regulated only by self-interest. A law abrogating the old prohibition of pooling will lead to the final steps in the grand process of crystallization, which will speedily transform the railways into a single, compact whole, able to meet with united front any threatened attack, whether it be from dissatisfied labor or an alarmed government. The consequences of having permitted this unification to go so far, with so little attempt to bring it within the control of the only government capable of grappling with it, will soon be apparent.

Not until 1886 did the national Congress set itself seriously to the task of considering its duty, under the Constitution, towards the great subject of interstate commerce. The task had been put off from time to time, because it was too vast, too difficult, too delicate, — because Congress optimistically hoped that somehow it would right itself; it was let alone in part because every avenue of legislation was blocked by a powerful and corrupt lobby. When at last it had become a problem of overshadowing importance, it was taken up timidly, not as a whole, but piecemeal, and a law was evolved which purported to concern itself only with one branch of the subject, and that not the most important nor the most urgent, which contented itself with an effort to correct discrimination in rates, to prevent pooling, to collect information, and to secure publicity. Congress distinctly disavowed any intention to deal with the rights of shareholders and bondholders, except incidentally, and did not at all enter upon the questions of the mutual rights and duties of employers and employees. Legislators felt that any attempt at national interference with an agency so vast, powerful, infinitely complex, and bound up so intimately with every interest of the community would be unavailing unless it were at once minute and sweeping, comprehensively gathering within the jurisdiction of the United States government the whole transportation business of the country; and they

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shrank from so long a step toward centralization and state socialism. They therefore contented themselves with passing a law creating a tribunal which it did not venture to dignify with the name or functions of a court. This law and tribunal, thus mild and tentative, the courts of the country have, by a long course of narrow construction, rendered still more ineffectual for good or evil. The commission, entrusted with vague supervisory power over some five hundred railway companies, big and little, intolerant of control and in a state of intermittent war, may spend $225,000 a year in trying to make its influence felt; while a fluctuation of a twentieth of a cent per ton per mile in the average annual freight rate means, according to a recent authority, an annual gain or loss of $800,000 to the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, $900,000 to the Northwestern, $1,385,000 to the New York Central, $2,190,000 to the Pennsylvania division of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Congress has laid upon the commission responsibilities of vast extent, without any clear and positive definition either of its powers or duties, and without placing in its hands any machinery at all commensurate with the work to be performed. Yet even the timorous and halting legislation known as the interstate commerce law professes to deal with one phase only of the railroad problem.

There is at present, so far as the general government is concerned, an utter failure to take care that justice be done as between the companies and their employees, and to prevent the outbreak of disastrous strikes, whereby the public is always the chief sufferer, be the wrong where it may. A law was enacted in 1888 authorizing the appointment by the President of a commission, of which the commissioner of labor is to be a member, to investigate and make report as to the conditions and causes of controversies; but the commission is not invested with any power, and its function seems to be chiefly the gathering of trustworthy data as an aid to the formation of an intelligent public opinion. A committee of the Senate, if it chanced to be in session at the time of any great strike, could accomplish exactly the same results. No matter how forcibly the strike commission may point out the cause of the trouble or locate the responsibility, the law does not attempt to afford any remedy. The rights of shareholders are equally unprotected by any general law designed to guard them against those acts of maladministration which have been the chief factor in the present demoralization of railroad property. It is not very plain that the general power of Congress over the subject is sufficiently extensive to make the interference of the government in this direction altogether effective. Probably, for the present, the owners of railway stocks and bonds will have to depend on the state legislatures and on the general equity powers of the courts for such slight protection as these can give. It is hard to see how the laws of Congress can prevent the reckless building of useless lines, or the watering of stocks in companies organized under state laws; but the losses caused by rate wars may certainly be stopped whenever the government undertakes, wisely and vigorously, to control the whole matter of rates. And it cannot be long before the plundered and exasperated holders of railway securities will be found demanding such a comprehensive measure of national control as will give their property average stability. This class, by nature conservative, will be driven by self-interest to seek the protection of government, and will not be deterred from so doing by fear of state socialism. The railroads have been their own worst enemy. On June 30, 1894, 156 railways were in the hands of receivers, with an operated mileage of nearly 39,000 miles, almost equal to the entire railway systems of Great Britain and Ireland and France; the total capitalization of those

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insolvent companies being one fourth of the entire railway capital of the country. That this result was not caused chiefly by the panic of 1893 and the subsequent depression of business is shown by the fact that only 18 roads out of the entire 156 had paid any dividend to their stockholders from 1880 to the present time, or since their organization if later than 1880; their entire earnings in prosperous times being scarcely adequate to pay the interest on their indebtedness and other fixed charges. Railway securities can never become a kind of property in which ordinary people can safely invest their savings until some adequate central power undertakes to disarm the belligerents, and stamp out wars and boycotts among the competing corporations, and, by introducing fair play between employers and employees, render strikes as rare as in the postal service.

But, urgent as are the reasons for strong federal protection of holders of railway securities, and for a strengthening of the interstate commerce law in its present sphere of jurisdiction, there is the most imperative need for defining and enforcing the duties of railroad companies and their employees toward each other. These duties are now but dimly understood, and there is no tribunal in existence to which both sides in these colossal contests can resort with mutual confidence. We shall never know how near we came, last summer, to a social revolution, but we do know that the controversy was settled, not in accordance with any principles of law, but by mere force; and we also know that we cannot always go on silencing the arguments of great masses of discontented workingmen in this manner. If it is to continue to be a question merely of inflicting mutual injury, the battle will ultimately be on the side of numbers. It may be admitted that there was no real grievance of their own complained of by the strikers, and no real question at issue of which any court could have taken notice, no matter how it might have been constituted, or under what law; it may not be denied that the only duty of the government, under present law, was to put down violence; yet the trouble broke out because there was known to be no judicial power higher than the railroads to which labor might appeal, and in the absence of laws or courts the strikers claimed the right to make demands and enforce them by all means in their power, — a proceeding to which the railroads had long been accustomed. It is true there were appeals to the courts in several instances, and conflicting decisions were made, in which judges attempted to apply to the changed conditions obsolescent doctrines of the common law through the use of subtle refinements and far-fetched analogies. Some of them, whether technically correct or not, are regarded by plain people as judge-made law, novel, revolutionary, and one-sided. In some cases these decisions seem to have been cunningly contrived to tie the hands of labor, while leaving capital as free as before, and rules of the most sweeping character have been enunciated which could never stand for a moment before a popular vote. "Government by injunction," as administered by some bold judges, is a kind of government in which the people have but little voice; and, so far as the teachings of recent history go, it is apt to be arbitrary, and likely to still further embroil the conflict which is already quite acute enough. The result is doubt and uncertainty. What the law is nobody knows; when dissatisfaction arises, each side stands its ground, and, there being no tribunal and no fixed rules determining the matter, each resorts to violence. To cut down arbitrarily the wages of a large body of men, without giving them any chance to be heard, is, no less than a boycott, equivalent to a declaration of war. The situation is somewhat similar to that of nations which resort to war for the settlement of disputes because there is no power able to give

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them law. What is needed is such an intelligent code of laws governing the railways and their employees, and such judicial and executive officers to expound and enforce them, that strikes will rarely occur.

It is perhaps best that no such treatment of the subject as a whole has been hitherto undertaken by the government, for it is only in the crucible of experience that the principles which must lie at the bottom of such legislation are discovered and tested. It may be yet too soon to attempt it. Every new struggle, while seeming to disclose weak spots in our framework, helps to make clear the real nature of the problems which we must try to solve. It may be that the very chaos of the law at the present day has left the ground free for the growth of ideas and social organisms which are necessary to our healthful development, and which a system of rigid discipline and supervision, such as that in France, would have injuriously repressed. On the other hand, events will not stand still. If our future march be not along the lines of law and justice, its direction will be determined by the blind passions of the mob, by personal greed, by violence and cunning. It is a question how far we dare leave the potential anarchy that lies sleeping in a general managers' association, and the anarchy that tramps our city streets in rags, to settle between themselves the welfare of the rest of the community. The black-list and the torch are alike unsatisfactory arguments, and do not bring the disputants any nearer a good understanding. In the fierce, ungoverned conflict of these elemental forces of society there may some day be found a common ground of mutual interest, or the parties may wear themselves out by mutual destructiveness; but society has a right to protect itself, even if it shall require the reëxamination and restatement of rights and duties. The conservatism of self-interest and of ignorance cannot be permitted to stand in the way of great upward social movements, or the readjustment of the principles upon which social development is to go on. Whenever the government of the United States shall feel ready to assume its duty with regard to the labor side of interstate commerce, it will be confronted with questions which have for many years been slowly rising into view, and which must ultimately find solution. Here are some of them: —

In view of the inevitable violence and obstruction of traffic incident to all railway strikes, is such a strike lawful under any circumstances, or is it to be regarded as a criminal conspiracy?

May the government interfere in the fixing of wages to be paid by interstate railways, as well as in the fixing of rates? In other words, may the government require companies engaged in a *quasi*-public service to pay reasonable wages, as well as charge reasonable tolls?

Do the men engaged in such service owe a duty to the public, which they may not lay down whenever they please, if such desertion would cripple public functions and inflict injury upon innocent persons; and if they do, may its performance be compelled?

May federal judges issue manifestoes prohibiting acts which amount to crimes, and upon their orders being disobeyed punish the offender without a jury trial?

These are live questions, and their answers suggest startling departures from commonly accepted law and orthodox political economy. They are variously answered now, according to individual prejudices and interests. Each of them, as well as others that might be formulated, contains the seeds of social disorder, and they ought to be discussed in the national forum, and some attempt made to settle them.

The importance and difficulty of the subject will one day suggest the devotion to it of an entire department of the government. It is already too great to be

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left to a mere bureau. Either by gradual enlargement and extension of the functions of the interstate commerce commission, or by a single act of creation, a department of transportation must eventually come into existence. It will most likely, in accordance with Anglo-Saxon traditions, be the product of evolution, as the progress of events shows the necessity of bringing the various branches of the subject, one by one, within the domain of law. The department of agriculture, the post-office, the army, the navy, even the state department, will be less important than that of transportation when fully developed; it will demand the widest special and general knowledge, and the man who shall stand at its head will be but a little lower than the President. So much power must necessarily be concentrated here that it is questionable whether the department should be managed by one man or by a commission. It should be entirely non-political, its members holding office during good behavior, and all subordinates, as a matter of course, placed strictly under civil service rules. This great department should consist of two divisions, administrative and judicial. One of the chief elements of weakness in the present commission is its anomalous dual character. As prosecutor, it cites people to appear before it as a tribunal. It renders its decision in the form of a report, and upon this as a basis it brings suits as a plaintiff in the federal courts. It initiates proceedings without waiting for anybody to make complaint, and in so doing must to some extent prejudge cases. Its organization confounds the essential distinction imbedded in the American system, whereby all functions of government are classified as legislative, executive, and judicial. It collects evidence to be used in criminal prosecutions in the district courts against certain offenders, and as arbitrator takes cognizance of the civil aspects of the same offenses. Such a commingling of diverse functions is fatal to efficiency. They must be separated and differentiated, and to each branch of the department must be committed the duties logically belonging to it. The administrative side might be something like the present commission, whose duties are rather more executive than judicial, the latter being vague at the best, and largely shorn away by successive decisions of the courts. The gentlemen who now compose the commission are undoubtedly accomplishing all that is possible under the present law, and only need to have adequate means placed in their hands by an enlargement and extension of the existing law to meet exigencies now at hand.

It is certain that the passage of the law permitting pooling (which has already been accomplished in the House, and seems imminent in the Senate) will mark a radical departure from all the past history and traditions of this country. Competition has seemed to be the root of all evil in railway management, from the point of view of holders of securities. Apparently, wherever competition existed it ran inevitably into suicidal excess. The people, however, clung to it because they had no other hope of fair treatment. Without it, rate-fixing is a one-sided matter. Pooling eliminates it, if the pool is strong enough to hold together. Unless competition determines freight and passenger tariffs, they must be fixed by law; or, at least, pooling contracts must be so effectually subject to legal supervision that the rights of the public shall be protected. This supervision would fall to the transportation department, which, if it did its duty, would take the place of competition, and become in its turn the only reliance of the public against the aggressions of monopoly.

Every pooling contract must be regarded as a treaty, to which the public, represented by the department, is a party, and a zealous conservation of popular rights will require the most cease-

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less vigilance. It being admitted that pooling contracts are to be made legal and to become universal, any permanent law providing for the enforcement of these contracts should require that they be subject to the inspection and approval of the commission, and that no rate sheet, nor contract for the regulation of rates or division of business or territory or earnings, should be of any validity until first assented to by it. If the commission should refuse its assent, the question of the reasonableness of the contract or the proposed rate should be tried before the tribunal of commerce, and the burden laid upon the carrier to prove the affirmative. This court would be the judicial side of the transportation department, a court of exclusive jurisdiction over all cases arising under the laws of Congress relating to interstate commerce, with appeal to the Supreme Court. It should have the right to punish criminally for any violation of such laws. The judges of this court would be selected with reference to their special equipment for the intricate and responsible duties devolving upon them.

Not the least grave of these duties would be the adjudication of causes arising between railway companies and their employees. The want of a court competent to deal with such matters, and of statutory rules to guide the court if one existed, is what makes labor troubles so frequent and so dangerous at present. The Congress which grapples with this subject will be confronted with many hard questions, among them the question whether the government may interfere in any way in the making of contracts of service. It is now thoroughly established that it has something to say as to what tolls shall be charged on interstate commerce, and it interposes between the carrier and shipper, and requires that the contract shall be reasonable. It is only a step, then, to the requirement that all contracts between companies and their servants, whether made individually or through incorporated associations or other accredited representatives, shall be reasonable. It would be scarcely more of an invasion of the right of contract than numerous other laws now in operation. Many States endeavor to prohibit sweating and overtime work; railroad companies are sometimes forbidden to require their men to sign contracts surrendering civil rights, and such clauses are rejected as contrary to public policy; railway and telegraph companies are not permitted to insert in their bills of lading or contracts provisions relieving them from their common-law liability. Every civilized country interferes in behalf of seamen; unusual or oppressive clauses in shipping articles are forbidden, and the courts of admiralty in the United States rigidly inspect these contracts, and if additional burdens or sacrifices are imposed upon the seamen without adequate remuneration, the courts interfere, and moderate or annul the stipulation. It is surely introducing no very novel doctrine to require that any railroad that proposes to perform a quasi-public service shall pay fair wages and impose only reasonable conditions of service. It would not be revolutionary to provide a standard contract of service for all railway employees, analogous to the standard statutory insurance policy now generally compulsory in this country, with such flexibility as the varying conditions of the country might require. The government should undoubtedly encourage the incorporation of labor associations, so that railway companies might enter into permanent contract relations with their employees. The supervisory duties of the commission, in the case of contracts between large masses of men thus dealing on terms of equality with their employers, would be very limited.

Whether or not the country is yet prepared to countenance any interposition between the government and the railway employees in the making of the contract

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of employment, it is rapidly reaching the conclusion that, a contract once made, the faithful performance of duty by the employees must be enforced, and that the public then becomes a party to it, with fixed rights. The engineer who abandons his train in an exposed place, where it is in danger of collision with other trains, is a criminal, and should be punished. The doctrine that the specific performance of an agreement to work cannot be compelled, and the constitutional prohibition of slavery and involuntary servitude, cannot be made to cover such a case. A hod-carrier who has started up the ladder with his load of bricks may not stop halfway and drop his bricks upon the heads of passers-by, and excuse himself on the ground that he has a right to cease work whenever he pleases. In both cases the public has a right to require the man who has once assumed a duty to proceed with it until he can lay it down without direct and necessary injury to the public. This is true even in the case of merely private employment, and more evidently so where the work undertaken is public, and where whole communities are dependent upon its faithful performance. The law must be made plain by congressional enactment as to when strikes and boycotts on interstate railways are unlawful, and what punishment shall be inflicted on those who engage in a criminal strike. No court should be allowed to forbid such acts, and then punish them summarily without a jury trial. If the act is a crime, it should be dealt with as such.

Public opinion, the universal arbitrator, can be depended upon to enforce the law when it has been clearly enacted beforehand. The managers of strikes always study public opinion, and believe it to be on their side. It is likely to be divided as to the merits of any struggle when the law is obscure and the parties resort to force; it would not long tolerate outrage and chaos if it believed the government to be seriously determined to see fair play between companies and men, and as ready to punish railway officials for conspiracy to injure labor as it is to punish strikers for acts of physical violence. The law, therefore, which deals effectively with these questions should arm its tribunal with thunderbolts. Let it be understood that any railroad company which becomes a party to an unlawful conspiracy inimical to the rights of labor, or persistently refuses to observe the requirements of the commission in regard to rates, shall be operated by the court through its receivers until the owners are able to satisfy the court that they will obey the law; and all contracts made by the receivers, under the court's direction, with incorporated associations of employees in regard to wages, and with other companies for the purposes of pooling, should remain binding on the companies after the owners resume control. Such labor contracts are coming to be recognized in other countries; they are already largely in effective operation in this; courts now order their receivers to enter into them with organized bodies of engineers and other employees, and where they are most frankly adopted the relations between employers and employees are most cordial and permanent.

At the present time the railroads resent most bitterly any proposal of intervention on the part of the government; but this attitude is hostile to their own real interests. They are now engaged in fighting off the very measures of control which their stock and bond holders will some day be demanding for the sake of security and peace. Let them join hands with the impatient public and ask the government to arbitrate the whole matter with even-handed justice, and the public, which is itself both carrier and shipper, creditor and debtor, master and man, will see that everybody has fair play.

Henry J. Fletcher.

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TYRRELL'S LATIN POETRY.

THE fascination of Latin poetry is to many inexplicable. Its defects as literature have been often pointed out. It has been pronounced an exotic from first to last; its forms, subjects, and much of its thoughts and expressions being copied from Greek. Some critics have shown that the great Latin prose writers from Cicero to Tacitus offer a more fertile field for study of language or history; and others have wondered that time should be wasted on Roman literature at all, when the great stores of Hellenic authors in all their varied originality are open. Nor are there wanting many now to declare that the ever growing riches of modern tongues are all-sufficient for literary work or literary play. Yet still hardly a year passes without some addition to the commentaries, translations, and discussions of the Latin poets. No one of the giants of Grecian literature, with the exception of Homer, and possibly of Sophocles, finds his way so directly into men's hearts as their Latin rivals, from Plautus to Juvenal.

The work before us [1] bears on its very title-page a testimony to this strange charm. Professor Tyrrell holds at Dublin University the chair of Greek, which position, if the Hellenists say true, ought to raise him above the jejune attractions of Latin poetry; yet here we find him, as ardent in its illustration as though there were no Æschylus or Theocritus in the world.

These chapters, of which a portion has already appeared in our pages, were originally delivered as lectures at the Johns Hopkins University, and elsewhere in the United States. Of American audiences there is most kindly mention in the preface, and there is prefixed a singularly sympathetic sonnet in honor of Baltimore.

The book is avowedly devoted to literary analysis and criticism. The poets are grouped by periods and subjects, and discussed in connection and contrast rather than individually. The early dramatists have their meagre fragments done justice to; but it is hard to get much out of such scraps, preserved chiefly in the driest pages of grammarians, to illustrate some archaism. In the short mention of the adaptations of Greek comedy by Plautus and Terence, Professor Tyrrell rightly apprehends the sadness underlying all the apparent gayety of the heartless and unprincipled civilization of Macedonian days; but it is hard to agree when he attributes to Plautus a tone of severe indignation, akin to that of Juvenal. The feeling of genial fun generally ascribed to him seems nearer the correct estimate.

Professor Tyrrell points out that the Baconian theory of Shakespeare's plays (duly credited to "certain ingenious American writers") finds its likeness in the charges made against Terence, that he was indebted for some of his best things to his illustrious Roman friends, like Scipio and Lætius. But the poet's denial does not read quite so straightforward as Professor Tyrrell seems to think it: —

> "For what his critics say, that high-born men
> Help him, and write in constant union with him, —
> What those men think a terrible reproach
> He thinks the greatest praise, that he should please
> The men who you and all the nation please;
> Whose aid in war, in peace, and in affairs,
> Each man is glad at his own need to use."

It is a great satisfaction to find a competent critic doing justice to the poetic talents of Cicero; the notion that he was a miserable poetaster being

[1] *Latin Poetry.* By R. Y. TYRRELL. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895.

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chiefly founded on a few unfortunate lines picked out by Juvenal and others, whereas the great bulk of Cicero's poems, particularly his translations from the Greek tragedians, are eminently nervous and sonorous. In the construction of his verse he made vast advances on the uncouth rhythm of Ennius, and exercised great influence on Lucretius. Moreover, he is the real creator of national literature, the one under whom both prose and verse first took the bent which controlled them to the last. The frequent introduction of rhetorical passages, fit to have been spoken in the Senate, which are not wanting in Lucretius, and come with steadily increasing frequency in Virgil and Ovid, which form the staple of Lucan's poetry and underlie all Juvenal's satire, is due to his giving full literary form to the natural debating instinct of Rome. The merit of these passages Professor Tyrrell seems hardly to appreciate. They may not suit modern taste; but they have the true Roman sap. The phrase *sanctum senatum* may be spurious in the first book of the Æneid, but it was never absent from any Roman heart.

The chapter on Lucretius having already appeared in our pages, we may pass to that on Catullus, the other great poet of the transition. For him Professor Tyrrell has the same warm admiration which his poems have excited in minds so widely apart as Fénelon and Macaulay, by the intensity of his loves and hates, the vividness of his phrases, and the sometimes unequaled melody of his verse. A loyal follower of the late Professor Munro, whom it was always hard to differ from, owing to the weight of metal and skill of fence that spared no antagonist, our author seems to set Catullus in the very front rank, and wholly denies the inferior estimate set by Conington on his poetic art. And indeed, if we will surrender our ears and hearts to the song of Catullus at his best, we shall be almost sure to fall into unchecked admiration. But herein two dangers must be guarded against: first, that of ignoring a mass of absolutely revolting matter, violating the rules not merely of morality, but of art, yet lying in immediate neighborhood of the choicest beauties. These strains, like similar strains in Burns, show a want of poetic conscience, which we have a right to demand, because found in the real masters; in Sophocles, for instance, in Virgil, and in Milton. It exists notably in Lord Tennyson, who is clearly Professor Tyrrell's supreme favorite, and who has won a rank above what his natural gifts entitle him to, largely through his determined self-examination and regulation.

The other danger, when we discuss an ancient poet, is reading into him modern meanings, which the literal equivalents of the same words in a modern language would undoubtedly convey to our ears, whereas those words to a Roman were symbols of other ideas, often more passionate and vivid, but always less profound and sentimental. Professor Tyrrell rightly says the Æneid is not a romance. It is as true that such poems as Acme and Septimius have not an atom of romance in them; they are as alien from any feelings of Romeo or Sir Philip Sidney as the rout of Comus from the lady.

Of the other elegiac poets, our author, in strict accordance with current views, accords the first place to Propertius, for his masculine and intense strains; but he seems to cast Ovid aside with scant measure either of space or approval. Yet Ovid's control over the resources of Latin finds no rival but in Cicero; and the vividness with which he makes mythological characters into men and women is not surpassed by Euripides.

The chapter on Virgil is excellent. It affords another sign that the preposterous dictum of Niebuhr as to Virgil's inferiority, which once threw English and German critics off the basis of common sense, — if so *anti-burschisch* a quality

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may be ascribed to a Teutonic scholar, — is losing its hold. As Professor Tyrrell says, the French have always stood by the ancient creed of the supreme excellence of Virgil; and there have been lately in England several tender and thoughtful spirits, like Professor Sellar, Mr. Myers, and Frederic Harrison, to uphold the same standard. It does no credit to Mr. Gladstone's taste or discernment to have written on the other side; and it speaks volumes for the same qualities in Lord Tennyson that he took every opportunity of testifying to the profound respect and love due to him whom the first great English poet hailed as a guiding light. The sources of Virgil's power over the hearts of men defy analysis like the enchantments which the Middle Ages assigned to him.

Our author's estimate of Horace he allows to be novel and unorthodox. It deserves to be read, and would suffer by extraction or condensation. Perhaps one who retains the old love and admiration may best criticise it by showing that all the hard things that Professor Tyrrell says of Horace may be and have been said of Latin poetry as a whole. That it lacks originality and spontaneity, that it struggles with the effort to adapt the varied music of Greek to a less fertile and pliant tongue, that it has throughout a bookish rather than a popular strain, are assertions hard to disprove; yet somehow men persist in reading, in studying, and in loving the Latin poets, and Horace in exceptional measure. He is not, as he tells us, a swooping eagle or a soaring swan; but as a modest bee, he manages to extract from flowers that eagle or swan would disdain more sweet honey, more pliant wax, more tenacious glue, and not a little venom into the bargain, than any winged rover of them all.

Professor Tyrrell's discussion of the Latin satirists is vigorous and perspicuous, and he does full justice to the fire and force of Juvenal. His estimate of what we may call the *morale* of that great writer is less favorable, giving him credit for little more than bitter cynicism in his attacks on the vices of his time, and scarcely for the loftier purposes of the true reformer. But in fact, the purest reformer — and we estimate Juvenal much higher in this regard than does our author — could do little more in the age of the emperors than pull down the existing structure of society. A moral fire akin to that of Nero was needed to purge Rome; and all the precepts of Epictetus, all the example of Antoninus, were unavailing to regenerate her from within.

Professor Tyrrell has taken great pains with his handling of the Satyricon of Petronius, a work which can only by courtesy be introduced into an analysis of Latin poetry; and which, as it has come down to us, is so fragmentary and so outrageously realistic that one grudges it the space which he accords it, even while one allows its amazing genius.

In dealing with the poets of the decline, Professor Tyrrell is evidently tinctured with the dislike of "rhetoric" which is widespread among English critics of the present age; a notion that careful training in language and argument for use in the senate and the courts, such as was extensively cultivated in the period from Cicero to Tacitus, is alien to true poetry, whether in feeling, in thought, or in expression. This idea is eminently one-sided. In all ages some of the greatest poets that ever awakened the fancy or elevated the soul have used the rhetorical method to kindle the emotions. The ninth Iliad, the Hecuba of Euripides, the eleventh Æneid, Shakespeare's Coriolanus, Dryden's Fables, do not lose a single poetic attribute, because they are instinct with the same pungent and antithetic force which animates the Oration for Archias or the Reply to Hayne. The greatest orators have always been devoted students of poetry; and any criticism that denies true poetic genius to

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Ovid, to Lucan, or even to Statius, on the ground of "rhetoric," stands self-condemned.

Professor Tyrrell appends to his book an interesting analysis of recent English translations of Virgil, supplementary to a lecture by the late lamented Professor Conington; his entire volume may be commended as in the highest degree scholarly, graceful, and suggestive.

THE LIFE OF THE SPIRIT IN THE MODERN ENGLISH POETS.

It may be still an open question for the critics whether thought should be considered as lying within the scope of poetic art, or should be rigorously excluded from its productions; but in the mean time the world has had the habit, from the dawn of the earliest religions, of getting a good deal of its thinking done for it by the poets. For the thought of the poet is generally intuitive, if not inspired, and has been tested in the crucible which makes it one with the word. Its influence is the greater that it does not appeal primarily to authority or argument, and is therefore less likely to arm resistance or waken doubt, but enters as a little wind of suggestion through open doors of the mind, and is most sure of access at the most susceptible and formative period of life. To seize this sometimes elusive thought, to distinguish it from the evanescent mood and from the idea dramatically conceived, to trace its development and define its relation to the times, is one of the highest tasks which the critic has to perform. It is one in which a considerable risk is taken; for to detach the thought of the poet from his art even for a moment is to incur the danger of bringing it into wrong perspective, so essential in criticism is that unity of treatment which makes of its author a living whole, finding the springs of reflection and act in personality, harmonizing art and impulse, failure and achievement. But there are other wholes in literature besides the individual. And it is often possible, whether in dealing with one author or with a whole epoch, to gain new light by isolation of a single phase. Miss Vida Scudder, in the book before us,[1] has taken as her individual unit the pure poetic thought of the century on things pertaining to the spirit. She has traced its progress through different movements, its expression in unlike personalities and under varying ideals, and she has succeeded to a high degree in giving it unity and sequence, in showing the laws of its development, and gathering from it certain definite fruits of conviction.

To a critic preoccupied with the question of genius, or making constant comparisons of style, the progress of poesy in this nineteenth century would not inevitably appear an uninterrupted one. That of poetic thought, or rather of spiritual life in poetry, is in these pages a triumphal march. Miss Scudder has a peculiar aptitude (and it is a rare and valuable gift for a critic) for depicting intellectual movement, for registering changes of thought and holding the clue to an idea through many ramifications. Everywhere in her book is the evidence of a mind actively at work, constructing, coördinating, proceeding with method and plan as well as with rapid insight. Her sympathies, too, are active, and are with the idea that moves. Not that she looks at one aspect alone, or ignores contradiction and hindrance. On the con-

[1] *The Life of the Spirit in the Modern English Poets.* By Vida D. Scudder. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895.

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trary, her sympathies are many-sided, her intelligence is peculiarly alive to the existence of complex streams of tendency. She seeks for affirmation, but is susceptible to doubt, and keenly sensitive to morbid phases of thought, though she has not the morbidness of accepting them as abiding-places. She enters with special comprehension into the doubt that is in motion, the doubt that is struggle, not negation, and she welcomes every note of hopefulness and triumph, not because it is final, but because its way is onward. She is an admirable interpreter of the development that has taken place in complexity and definiteness of theological idea in poetry, and while the various phases of which she treats have all been analyzed again and again, the entire trend and outline of English poetic thought, from Wordsworth and Shelley to the latest writings of Tennyson and Browning, has never, to our recollection, been brought out with equal vividness.

The criticism to which her work comes nearest in scope and spirit is perhaps to be found among Mr. Dowden's studies, where some of the same questions are discussed, particularly in regard to the influence of science upon modern poetry, the ideas growing out of the French Revolution, and the spiritual message of Tennyson and Browning. Mr. Dowden has many defects as a writer of criticism, chief among them being a certain looseness of writing, both in expression (especially in the use of figure) and in arrangement. At the same time he has qualities of sympathy and perception which set him above more finished but less impressionable critics. Miss Scudder, too, has sympathy and insight, with perhaps more quickness of apprehension than Mr. Dowden and less justness of perception. As a writer she resembles him in a tendency to inaccuracy of figure and phrase. She has a well-stocked vocabulary, and the movement noted above in her ideas extends to her style, giving it spring, energy, and at times charm. But she too often injures her charm by abruptness, and the fineness of her thought by not writing sufficiently close to it. Her arrangement, on the other hand, is always well knit. Her book consists of separate essays, but the sequence of idea is no more interrupted than if they were merely chapters, the headings serving only to gather up the lines of the argument and to mark its advance. Her mapping out of an intellectual region is very good. The influence of science is considered under the different heads of the idea of force, the idea of unity, and realism, that is, in the light of the stimulus given to poetic thought by the vastness of scientific theory and speculation, and that given to observation by the increase of exact knowledge. Much of this field has been covered by Mr. Dowden and other writers, but Miss Scudder's treatment is in some points fresh and suggestive. Her essay on Wordsworth and the New Democracy brings out the humanitarian side of the poet, who in Mr. Dowden's *résumé* stands as the type of transcendental thought. It says something for the breadth of this great thinker among great poets that he can be equally well placed in either category. Yet the height of his spiritual significance is perhaps better reached from the side of Mr. Dowden's criticism, partly from the fact that Wordsworth's love of man and feeling for rural life have been merged in a larger democratic stream and become part of every-day experience, while his more transcendental thought still remains distinctive, a cooling draught in none of its tributaries so pure or so refreshing as at the spring itself. But to separate Wordsworth's poetry into two streams is to leave each the shallower. Taking Wordsworth at the beginning of her thought-sequence, Miss Scudder gains impetus for her progressive argument in dwelling on the political aspect, for here comes in that descent into Lost Leadership which has been so often bewailed, and

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which seems to have been an intellectual abandonment of the reason and will of the race corresponding to that forsaking of the reason and will of the individual which takes place in every conversion to Christianity.

Miss Scudder has already written on Shelley, as may be remembered by readers of The Atlantic; the papers on the Prometheus which form the introduction to her edition of the play having first appeared in these pages. She does not repeat herself, nor does she leave unheeded the witness of so ardent a spirit. Mr. Dowden took Shelley and Byron as representatives of the thought growing out of the Revolution. Miss Scudder, looking at the more reflective and permanent element in that thought, has made Wordsworth its type, while she takes Shelley as representing the primary impulse and idea of the Revolution. From this dawn of the modern world, she looks back to that other dawn of poetic impulse in the Renaissance, and to the Christian thought which lies as light behind them both, and groups together the Divina Commedia, The Faerie Queen, and Prometheus Unbound as presenting three ideals of man's redemption: in Dante, redemption through submission and purification; in Spenser, through knightly quest and battle for the right; in Shelley, through liberty and the freeing of the spirit regarded as inherently pure from an evil oppressing it from without. She takes due account of the fact that the three poems are by no means equal in importance, but she rightly discovers in the formlessness of Shelley's the protoplasm of many altruistic and socialistic ideas which make it significant as a text. Into this theme Miss Scudder has put her highest activity of intelligence and fervor of feeling. Her style, too, is at its best, with very little exaggeration, with thought and word welded together so that the little rift is scarcely perceptible between them. Her appreciation of the poems shows not only reading and study, but immersion in their spirit as well. Her remarks on the symbolism of the Paradiso are particularly happy; she does not fall into the common vacuity of taking for granted its inferiority to the other poems, but sees it rightly, not as more or less powerful, but as their fitting crown and consummation. "A future satisfying, nay, transcending every desire, glorifying all experience, a future for which it was worth while to descend into hell, — this he has given us." To one point only in Miss Scudder's Dante criticism would we take exception: to his being cited, for the sake of a progressive contrast, as one who lacked "the passion to redeem." She would appear to wish him to insist upon redeeming the lost who have already met their fate, or the penitent who are already working out their salvation. She does not ignore, indeed, but too often loses sight of the fact that he wrote his poem for the purpose of calling upon souls still on earth to seek salvation in time. Miss Scudder understands Dante too well to have any right to join with the many who misunderstand him in setting him up as the opposite of Abou Ben Adhem. Shelley's desire to be "the saviour and the strength of suffering man" was a pure and altruistic sentiment, but the interest of Dante in sinful man was not less profound.

A new misery, as Miss Scudder shows, has come into the world, since Dante's time, in the development that has taken place of intellectual doubt from a condition of revolt against a single definite creed to a state of creedless uncertainty. "To choose the Good was the struggle of Dante; to find the Good is the struggle of to-day." Miss Scudder carries the torch of inquiry into the literature of doubt in modern poetry, from the simple affirmative negation of Shelley to the skepticism "serene, yet tinged with infinite desire" of Arnold, the struggle towards light of Clough, the questioning and attainment of Tennyson. "The Poets of

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Search" make a definite link in the chain of her criticism. "The Poets of Art" are more difficult to work in, and she hardly reaches the vein of melancholy philosophy that was hidden under the art of Rossetti, though she extracts some spiritual significance from his mysticism. Tennyson and Browning are left to the last, save for an essay on Browning as a humorist, where humor which is a gift seems to be somewhat confounded with that grotesqueness which is an intention. In taking the two poets at the date of their later rather than of their earlier work, Miss Scudder is in the right chronology, for they outlived, or at least outwrote, many successors as well as contemporaries. Then their thought was progressive, taking on new shades of meaning to the very last.

In the treatment of Tennyson it is interesting to compare criticisms. Mr. Dowden dwells chiefly on his inherent reverence and love for law, his cherishing of the ideals of an ordered life. He insists upon the permanency of this trait, and the Tennyson of his paper is unchanged throughout, neither younger nor growing old. Mr. Myers devotes himself to Tennyson's later cosmic poems, and makes him the prophet of a new religion, taking care to assure us that he has the poet's own authority, given in his conversation, for thus representing him. But Mr. Myers's wish, as the founder of the religion, to have prophesying done in its name, may have been the father of this assurance. The prophecy in Tennyson reads like the final utterance of his sense of law, the expression of that aspiration which in his poems goes hand in hand with reserve. To Miss Scudder, Tennyson is primarily the poet of In Memoriam, and that poem, published in 1850, "is the central and most representative poem of the century; it is the climax of the Poetry of Search." She finds in In Memoriam, of which she gives a close analysis, the agnosticism of modern life. "He marks the final stage of agnosticism, feeling its way towards faith." The process by which he wins faith is minutely traced and with delicate insight. The clue is sought in that curious recurrence in In Memoriam of the same thought at different stages of development. "Facts of nature and of the soul come to the poet, whose love is clasping grief with desperate instinct, as mocking, hideous, serene denials of the spiritual truth for which he longs. . . . Long after, when much new experience has been entered, when the spirit has been strengthened by courageous endurance and the conquest of practical solutions, the same fact will recur; and behold! it is no longer dark with insidious denial, but the radiant witness to faith. In the mystery of sub-consciousness the great change has been wrought." She sees also in Tennyson the effect of the will to believe. "This method of double interpretation is at the very heart of the intellectual life of Tennyson; it is the key to his spiritual victory. Sometimes the aspect of faith comes to him as a gift after long and seemingly remote brooding. Again, and perhaps more often, it is won by deliberate and resolute choice. In an open question he claims the right to the hypothesis of consolation. It is easy for either the ascetic or the cynical impulse to brand him as insincere; yet effective life must be lived on some assumption."

If Tennyson won faith, Browning had it. The affirmation of Browning is the victorious crescendo in the symphony of poetic thought as Miss Scudder interprets it, and Christianity five centuries after Dante finds a new embodiment in poetry. But how about Wordsworth and Coleridge, who also believed, as poets ardently, as pillars of the Church of England stanchly? And Shelley and Keats, who believe in poetry? They are brought up in the last pages and reëxamined. The Faith of the Poets of the Revolution is compared with that of the Victorian poets. The earlier poets believed in "a world interpenetrated

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by a Divine and Living Soul;" the later poets believe the fuller Christian revelation of a more intimate personal relation to God and to humanity. The earlier poets listened for truth; the later struggle for it. "Contemplation was the watchword of our earlier poetry; action is the cry of that which presses nearest to our lives to-day." And in action is salvation and the life of the spirit; it is not only as the poet of faith, but as the poet of action and of the deed, that Browning stands at the summit of the century's aspiration. This is all true, and very finely brought out, though a comparison on some other lines between the poetry of Browning and that of Wordsworth might suggest the inquiry whether, while action is undoubtedly the most effectual agent in the development of character, contemplation may not possibly be a greater power in the production of poetry. One thing is clear from Miss Scudder's sequence, — that for critics of modern English poetry to represent the age as a wailing and hopeless period is to import their ideas ready made from France; for the actual quantity of skeptical and gloomy verse is a small outfit in agnosticism, while the optimistic tone of the large bulk of English nineteenth-century poetry ought certainly to afford us consolation.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Fiction. Under the Man-Fig, by M. E. M. Davis. (Houghton.) The odd title of this book carries an interesting reminiscence for the reader, since it reminds him, what he might carelessly have overlooked, how cleverly Mrs. Davis makes a village chorus introduce the characters and story, comment on the persons and facts at critical points, and finally sum the whole business up. The author has caught well the easy-going life of the Southwest, with its touch of fading aristocracy, and has used an innocent piece of mystery in such a way as to intimate a tragedy without forcing the note. Possibly the passage which will make the most vivid impression on the reader will be that in the chapter headed The Palm-Tree Girl, a striking piece of negro romance. — Messrs. Holt have brought out two new volumes by Anthony Hope, whose tales follow one another with surprising rapidity. A Man of Mark is the inner history of a certain revolution in the South American republic of Aureataland, told with the writer's usual epigrammatic and incisive cleverness. The narrator, the untrustworthy guardian of the English bank in the republic's capital; his friend and patron, the president, a former citizen of the United States; and other persons in authority, of varied nationalities, comport themselves after the manner of Tammany statesmen, with the local advantage of revolution in time of need. Fortunately, the story is tolerably sure to be read at a sitting, else the unblushing rascality of all the personages principally concerned in it might prove a little wearisome, as, unhappily, the picture of the statecraft of Aureataland cannot be regarded as an altogether romantic imagining. In Sport Royal and Other Stories, the leading tale, which fills about half the book, is in its author's lightest and most entertaining vein, but the trivial sketches which accompany it might well have been left uncollected. — Bog-Myrtle and Peat, by S. R. Crockett. (Appletons.) Mr. Crockett can rival Mr. Hope, not only in a quickly gained popularity, but in the diligence with which he takes advantage thereof. In this collection of short tales and sketches, the studies of the humors of rural Galloway easily take the lead in naturalness, spontaneity, and insight. When the writer goes further afield in search of material, a tinge of artificiality is apt to appear in his work, as well as slight but marked affectations of style. Possibly some of the productions of Mr. Crockett's liter-

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ary apprenticeship appear in these pages, which may account for the influence of Stevenson and Barrie being more than usually apparent. The book will inevitably be compared to The Stickit Minister; and though, as a whole, it must take the second place, it contains some character sketches quite worthy of the excellent company to be found in the earlier volume. — Under Friendly Eaves, by Olive E. Dana. (The Author, Augusta, Maine.) A score or more of New England sketches depicting village and country life. It is a field well worked by others, and Miss Dana comes rather as a gleaner than a reaper; but her sheaves, though not abundant, have some good grain in them. A kindly spirit pervades her book; there is fidelity to the familiar aspects of New England life, and a gentle piety touches the scenes. If there is not much invention or very noticeable characterization, neither are there forced situations or monstrosities of humanity.

Travel and Nature. Chinese Central Asia, A Ride to Little Tibet, by Henry Lansdell, D. D. (Imported by Scribners.) In two octavo volumes, with three maps and eighty illustrations, mostly from photographs by the author, Dr. Lansdell describes his journey to and through Chinese Turkistan and home to England again in the years 1888–90. His object was to make a preliminary survey of the region as a missionary field. He found a country where few white men had been before, and where the Christian religion was unknown. He fell in with people of many different nations and tribes, having strange customs and costumes, but was fortunate enough to meet with no very thrilling adventures, — good fortune which is surely a misfortune for his readers; for a traveler in strange countries must have hair-breadth 'scapes to tell about, to make his tale interesting, unless, indeed, he has a real gift for description and narrative. Dr. Lansdell made good use of his time by collecting birds, fishes, insects, and so forth, along his route. A catalogue of the collection, given as an appendix, shows it to be particularly rich in lepidoptera. He discovered one new species of fish. — Corea, or Cho-sen, the Land of the Morning Calm, by A. Henry Savage-Landor. (Macmillan.) Mr. Landor gives us an account of his experiences and observations during a few months' stay in the Hermit Nation in 1890–91, and illustrates his book from drawings of his own. He disclaims any pretense to literary style, but we confess to experiencing a slight shock on encountering such expressions as "takes the cake," and when we are informed that "the Japanese women . . . are not a patch on the Venuses of Cho-sen." Nevertheless, though Mr. Landor is neither a polished writer nor a great artist, he is a good observer, and what he has to tell us has, in the present case, a good deal of interest. The accounts of his own experiences are often quite entertaining. He seems to stop at nothing. After seeing the execution of seven traitors on a barren plain outside the city, he goes there the next day to make sketches, which gives him an opportunity to assist the father of one of the victims in stealing his son's body — and head. Returning, he reaches the city after the gates are closed, but succeeds in scaling the wall after setting fire to himself with his paper lantern in the process. — The Mountains of California, by John Muir (Century Co.), is a thoroughly delightful book. Mr. Muir has done for the Sierra Nevada what Mr. Burroughs has done for the Catskills, and Mr. Bolles for the White Mountains; but, naturally, this collection of studies has a spice of adventure which the works of our Eastern authors lack, while some readers will doubtless miss that appeal to personal experience which is wont to move them in descriptions of more familiar sights and sounds. Mr. Muir tells of mountains that fly pennants of snow, of glaciers with beautiful ice caves, of gigantic pine-trees which yield sugar; but it is not all grandeur and wildness and strangeness, and the author's touch is light when his subject requires it. As a piece of bright, playful, and sympathetic description, what can be more charming than the chapter on the Douglas squirrel? When one is agreeably surprised, there is always a tendency to exaggerate, and perhaps our praise of this book may appear extravagant. If so, we can only say, as Mr. Muir says in speaking of his beloved forests, "Come and see." — Our Native Birds of Song and Beauty, by H. Nehrling. (Geo. Brumder, Milwaukee.) This admirable account of popular ornithology, of which the first three parts of the second and concluding volume have now been issued, does not offer to the reader the dry bones of science. On the contrary, these bones are well cov-

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ered — sometimes even to corpulence, it must be confessed — by a living and breathing flesh, and the spirit which animates the whole is an enthusiastic love of nature. Mr. Nehrling presents his birds in their natural surroundings, and manages to give us a good idea of the flora of his territory as well as of its ornithological fauna. Though describing more or less fully all the song-birds of North America (north of Mexico), his text has special reference to Wisconsin and Illinois. Aside from all local considerations, however, this book will go far towards filling a place which has been empty since the works of Wilson and Audubon became out of print and out of date. The matter is largely original, but there are also quotations from reliable modern writers. The author is an ornithologist of standing, and his book is apparently free from inaccuracies. The work is also published in German, and a few verbal infelicities in the English edition are doubtless due to the author's nationality. It is written brightly and entertainingly, and glows with enthusiasm. It is distinctly popular in its treatment. The colored plates are of irregular merit, but are probably as good as can be expected in a comparatively inexpensive work. They are from water-colors by Professor Robert Ridgway of the Smithsonian Institution, Professor A. Goering of Leipzig, and Gustav Muetzel of Berlin. The typography is excellent. — The Land-Birds and Game-Birds of New England, by H. D. Minot; Second Edition, edited by William Brewster. (Houghton.) Both beginners and more advanced students in ornithology will welcome this volume: the former from its interest and usefulness as a whole, the latter chiefly on account of the valuable notes which Mr. Brewster presents. Mr. Minot's book has been familiar to New England bird-lovers since its original publication in 1876, and we need not now do more than call attention to its many excellent qualities, — its systematic arrangement, its originality, and its scientific thoroughness and accuracy, — though we can hardly help expressing our renewed surprise that this was the work of a sixteen-year-old boy, and was completed before its author entered college. But of the editor's work something should be said. Most important of all is the series of footnotes giving in succinct form the geographical distribution of the various species throughout New England. Mr. Brewster has made a special study of this branch of his science, and these notes are, therefore, as authoritative as anything of the kind can well be. Indeed, as to the editor's fitness for his entire task, there can be but one opinion. He also gives us an appendix, with additions to Mr. Minot's list of birds, including a page and a half devoted to Bicknell's Thrush, besides notes on certain other birds, mostly rare or accidental visitors to England. Footnotes are also given here and there, correcting errors or supplying obvious deficiencies. By the way, those persons who habitually skip footnotes will do well to reform their ways in reading this book. Mr. Brewster has taken great pains to preserve his author's text intact, and has evidently preferred to err on this side, if err he must. Else why has he let the description of the kingbird stand as it is, without anything to indicate the color of the under parts? And Mr. Minot was surely perpetuating an error in saying, on Mr. Maynard's authority, that the Hudsonian chickadee's song-note is "more quickly given" than that of our common chickadee. This new edition of Land-Birds and Game-Birds has for a frontispiece a portrait of the author from a photograph taken in 1887, three years before his untimely death. There are also twenty-two outline figures of birds, as in the earlier edition.

History and Biography. Life and Letters of Erasmus, Lectures delivered at Oxford, 1893–94, by J. A. Froude. (Scribners.) "My object has been rather to lead historical readers to a study of Erasmus's own writings than to provide a substitute for them," said Mr. Froude in the introductory note to the latest volume which he should himself prepare for the press, and we think this states briefly what will prove the peculiar and lasting merit of the work. It cannot be said to add to the student's knowledge of Erasmus; and though composed of academic lectures, it is in tone and manner an address to the intelligent general reader rather than to the scholar. Indeed, the latter will probably sometimes criticise more or less adversely the delightfully readable paraphrases of the immortal letters, finding that, in the necessary process of abridging, compressing, and epitomizing, misinterpretations of the writer's meaning are not infrequent, while the author's atti-

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tude throughout is that of the eloquent advocate, rather than of the broad-minded philosophic and judicial observer. Allowing for this, there yet remains a study of one of the most fascinating personalities in all literature by a great master of English, whose unsurpassed gifts as a narrator and powers of vivid portraiture are as brilliantly displayed as ever in these pages, where, of course, the writer himself often appears in his own proper person, commenting with much wit and pungency on things present as well as past. It is a book which will gain and hold the attention even of the unhistorical reader, a thing to be grateful for, if, as we believe, the picture it gives of one of the most extraordinary men of a memorable epoch is not only full of vitality, but essentially truthful. As Mr. Froude finally reflects, the story of that time is still disfigured by passion and prejudice, and others beside him have felt that it can best be seen as it really was if it is looked at through the eyes of Erasmus. — Prince Henry the Navigator, the Hero of Portugal and of Modern Discovery, by C. Raymond Beazley. Heroes of the Nations Series. (Putnams.) Of the personal history of the central figure of Portugal's heroic age, the most famous of the five brilliant, half-English Infants, sons of John of Aviz and Philippa of Lancaster, such scanty memorials remain that not much more than half this volume is needed in which to tell with sufficient detail the story of his life and work. An appropriate enough introduction to this is the scholarly account given in the earlier chapters of the progress of geographical knowledge and enterprise in Christendom throughout the Middle Ages. The series of maps which illustrate the narrative would always serve that purpose admirably, if the rather startling reduction in size necessary in adapting some of the great mediæval charts to the dimensions of an ordinary page, single or double, did not occasionally result in a somewhat trying indistinctness. Full justice is done by the writer to the achievements of his subject, whose career he treats as the turning-point in the history that he has been tracing through many centuries, and he also connects him with the more momentous discoveries which should soon follow. "The whole outward and onward movement of the great exploring age," he affirms, "was set in motion by one man. It might have come to pass without him, but the fact is simply that through him it did result. 'And let him that did more than this go before him.'" — Letters of Emily Dickinson, edited by Mabel Loomis Todd. (Roberts.) The two volumes of Emily Dickinson's poems have made many readers familiar with her strange mind. These two volumes of letters disclose more of what is unmistakably the same mind. The fantastic humor, the frank egotism, the defiance of all usual manners of expression, are no less evident here than there. With equal clearness, Miss Dickinson's insight into deep truths, the pervading strength of her affections, and her absolute independence of thought are revealed. Yet one cannot feel complete satisfaction in the books as they stand, or repress some wonder as to what the writer herself would have said to the publicity thrust upon the many intimacies of her offhand notes. Self-conscious as many of them seem, their very nature is of the *meum* and *tuum* sort of letter-writing; and some of the notes are without sufficient interest to print. We may well be thankful, however, for the best of them, and wish for more of the spontaneous correspondence with her brother and cousins. Quite remarkable are the letters after the loss of some of those nearest to her. In one vein she is perhaps at her very best, in writing of the death of Frazer Stearns, in the war. It is worth passing remark that the strained mannerisms reached their height in the letters asking for literary advice. — The Making of the Nation, 1783–1817, by Francis A. Walker (Scribners), is the third issue in the American History Series. Though somewhat briefer than the volumes by Professors Fisher and Sloane, it is no less satisfactory. The threatening weakness of the original Confederation is clearly described, and the evolution of our national life is carefully traced. General Walker dwells especially on the increase of population and territory, the development of political ideas, and the growth of national sentiment. He says some suggestive things about money, taxation, and tariff, and supplements the body of his book by maps showing the distribution of population in 1790 and 1820, and a tabular appendix about censuses, public debt, electoral votes, etc. Before the book is re-

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printed, a "not" should be inserted in the contradictory statement about Mr. Adams on page 135, and the error in addition on page 174 should not stand to the discredit of so eminent a statistician.

Literature and Criticism. The fourth volume in the new edition of De Foe, edited by George A. Aitken, is The History of the Life and Adventures of Mr. Duncan Campbell, who was deaf and dumb, and was credited with the gift of second sight. This attracted De Foe's notice, and besides his narrative, in which is inwoven much curious lore of the supernatural, there are two short ghostly speculations. The book has some good photogravures by Mr. Yeats. The fifth volume has also been published, containing Memoirs of a Cavalier. Mr. Aitken is clearly of the opinion that De Foe constructed the book out of materials accessible to all readers, but he holds to the view that it is, as historical romance of the verisimilitude sort, a graphic and truthful picture in its main lines. (J. M. Dent & Co., London; Macmillan, New York.) — Tom Cringle's Log, by Michael Scott, a book which for more than sixty years has bravely held its place among the best sea-stories in the language, is the latest addition to Macmillan & Co.'s series of standard novels. The volume is illustrated by J. Ayton Symington, and Mowbray Morris has furnished an admirable introduction, — a more than usually needed prefix in this case, for perhaps no successful writer of this century is so unknown a personality as Michael Scott, a man apparently quite careless as to literary reputation. And indeed, after diligent search, Mr. Morris has been able to add little to the few facts which make up Scott's brief and colorless biography. — Early Venetian Printing Illustrated. (Imported by Scribners.) Here is a volume in folio of 228 pages, of which 200 are given up to facsimiles and copies of ornaments, printed pages, initials, colophons, devices, and designs for binding, all taken from examples of the printing and binding art of Venice in the days of the great masters. How paltry and thin do most of the specimen books of the present day look beside it! It is a treasure-house for the lover of the typographic art, and we doubt if it will be prized anywhere more highly than in America. The introductory pages of text contain some interesting historical notes on printers' marks, water-marks, the printing of music, and other subjects. The book was made in Venice, and is a worthy monument of that city's preëminence in its great day. — The second in the series of Björnson's Tales, Arne (Macmillan), is much better translated than the previous story. It is by Mr. Walter Low, who has since died, and who receives an appreciative notice in this volume by Mr. Gosse, the editor of the series. Arne is the one story by Björnson which must not be overlooked. — The second volume of Mr. H. E. Watts's admirable translation of Don Quixote covers chapters xxv.–lii. of the First Part, with much of the delectable conversation of the Don and Sancho Panza. The notes are judicious. (A. & C. Black, London; Macmillan, New York.) — In their new edition of Dickens, Macmillan & Co. now include Bleak House, with an Introduction by the present Charles Dickens, who furnishes an agreeable compilation of the facts attendant on the writing, and the criticisms which accompanied the publication. — The three parts of Henry VI. form the latest volumes in the tidy Temple Shakespeare. (Macmillan.) The etched frontispieces are of the Tower of London, the Abbey at Bury St. Edmunds, and Micklegate Bar, York. The convenient glossary at the end of each part furnishes a body of annotation in very compact form. — The part of A New English Dictionary for April 1 comprises Fanged–Fee. We get a little light — not enough to dazzle — on the choice between "farther" and "further." (Macmillan.) — Another six months has come round, and has brought a bound volume of The Century, covering the numbers from November, 1894, to April, 1895. It is not easy to remark any special change in character year by year. Possibly there is an increase in solidity, a disposition to seek for the permanent, and to choose the historic and the serious even in contemporaneous matters.

Education and Textbooks. Chaucer, Spenser, Sidney, English Men of Letters for Boys and Girls, by Gertrude H. Ely. (E. L. Kellogg & Co., New York and Chicago.) Mrs. Ely has attempted a difficult and, we are inclined to think, ill-considered task in proposing to interest young people in early English writers, not only because the work calls for a definite knowledge of the period, and an instinctive sense of what can be selected in personal history capable of holding

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the attention of the young, but because an interest in old authors cannot be made to induce an interest in their writings. The book seems another contribution to the great class of books about literature which obstruct rather than aid a love of literature itself. — In the English Classics Series (Maynard, Merrill & Co., New York) place has been found for Hayne's Speech, better known to most as the occasion of Webster's Reply. It is edited, with notes, by James M. Garnett. As a useful historical tract it will serve, but Webster's speech has been kept alive by qualities which are not to be found in this, whatever may be said of its logic.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A Hunter of the Grass-Tops.

At forty minutes past two in the afternoon I am lying in the shade, on "Lotus Island," — the island of us lotus-eaters, who come to this part of the meadows in order to forget everything but the pleasures which the fields supply. Not that it is really an island, — more reason yet for the name we give. True, on one side it is bordered by a veritable river; but that other arc of the watery circle which would make this a real island is no more than the ghost of a stream which we can easily imagine flowing in a now deserted channel. This old bed, higher than the level of the water in the present river, has its sedgy, frog-haunted pools, which were the old stream's eddy-basins; and a row of alders and shrubby trees still impends above the empty bed. Completing the arboreal screen about this retreat, there grows along the present stream's margin, with here an elm and there a maple, the new fringing tangle of willows and alders.

Near my feet, on a spire of grass, is one of those small, dark-colored jumping spiders. He is one fourth of an inch in length. Hop! He is a lively little fellow. Without an effort, and with the directness of a stone from a catapult, he springs nine times his own length, two and a quarter inches, horizontally, to the next spire. Before he goes again I have a good look at his build and marks. His small abdomen is fox-colored, with six or eight dark-brown spots. The head and chest part, which is very large and strong in proportion to the abdomen, is glossy black, beautifully patterned with old gold, while the mouth parts and legs are dappled gray. The legs, designed for leaping, are short and powerful.

He walks a few steps up the grass blade, and, with another of his sudden springs, shoots, or snaps like a snapping seed, to another spire. I now notice a new fact of spider life: for an instant, as a breath of air stirs, a thread of light spans the last-crossed chasm, straight from the spider to his previous resting-place. It is plain that he traces the course of his wanderings by a web, a sort of clue to the grassy labyrinth; though for what purpose I cannot understand.

Now he displays his skill as a tumbler, for in leaping from one grass stem to another he turns a somersault, and alights head downward. That certainly puts to shame your ordinary floor-tumbling gymnasts. Then he travels onward for a minute or two, with little rest, making about two inches at a leap. Once he shows another feat of mid-air gymnastics. He sees, six inches lower and nearly beneath him, the horizontally spreading leaf of a little herb, towards which he leaps. But he alights on the under side of the leaf. Apparently this is impossible, yet I happen to perceive how it is accomplished. He aims to clear the leaf's edge by ever so little; then, at the moment of passing, strikes out all the sharp-hooked feet of one side, catches the leaf, thus arresting his fall, and swings himself to the under side. Imagine the attempt of the best human gymnast to perform the same feat, with proportionally one tenth the downward leap which the spider makes, and you realize something of the structural superiority of this little being over mankind.

Several times I observe the gleaming thread carefully attached before each jump. It serves no manifest purpose, such as that of fly-catching or of a bridge. Before leaping, the little fellow prettily raises his hands,

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or fore legs, evidently in the act of taking aim. He springs for a definite mark, and is remarkably sure of his aim, — a fact which, it may incidentally be pointed out, proves that for distances of several inches the vision of hunting spiders is perfectly distinct and clear.

Alas! At the very instant I brag about him to my friends he misses entirely, and falls — no, he does not fall to the ground, but swings on that little, well-fastened web back to the stalk from which he jumped. I see now the purpose of that fine thread, the clue to the maze, of which he always carries one end. It is a kind of fire-escape, to be used in case he does not make the target aimed for. And the failure to reach footing this time is rather the fault of the slender yielding grass-stalk whence he sprung.

It is now five minutes before three o'clock. In the last fifteen minutes he has traveled five feet from the place where I first saw him. He has rested briefly here and there, looking about for prey, and twice has made an unsuccessful attempt to strike down a very small individual of the fly kind, which had alighted on an ear grass leaf. Each time the winged atom has flown at the instant of the hunter's springing. These flying mites, of a delicate green tint, hundreds of which would weigh scarcely a single grain, have upon their heads tufts of finest hairs, which in the sunlight appear like queerly fashioned halos. The sunbeams easily pass through these little insects, while a breath blows them with resistless force. There are thousands of them flying in and above the grass; and all these thousands, like scholastic angels, could dance upon a pin-point. At rest on the herbage they are nearly invisible to my coarse eyes.

The hunter has now given up the plan of flushing his game. As he sits upon the stub of a very young tree, untimely cut off by last year's scythes, he looks not unlike a lion in waiting for his prey; or, let us say, like Satan casting his baleful eyes about him. Smaller than that hero as he is described in Paradise Lost, indeed; but on this island all things flow, and the stream, flowing backward, turns great to small, and small to great.

A beetle, one sixteenth of an inch long, perhaps, comes lumbering up the stalk of a dwarfish herb. As he gains the roof of a leaf, he comes into Satan's ken. The latter turns about, to eye him; but beetles seem not to his taste, and he resumes his former position. An "angel," alighting on a grass blade about eight inches from the spider, attracts my eye; I wonder if hunger has sufficiently sharpened Satan's? Yes, he is off, and making nearly the whole distance in three leaps is within an inch and a half of the angel; he raises his hands for the leap, and — but the angel, discerning its enemy's motions, perhaps, now takes flight. The spider comes back to the stub. Another minute, and he suddenly springs downward, alighting on the under side of a procumbent grass leaf, and immediately returns, successful; for in his massive jaws, feebly struggling, is an angel. His victim clasped to his breast in malign embrace, he settles to his orgies. For a time the unfortunate's antennæ feebly wave. In six minutes I can see no trace, not even the shell of the body, of the angel. Then for seven minutes afterward the satisfied monster does not stir. The beetle, or a twin brother, upward bound for the summit of the stub, crawls by without disturbing his huge content.

A Second Marriage. — When we took possession of a little cottage, we discovered in one corner of its piazza, at the south and west, traces of former occupants. A collection of sticks, straws, and grass formed a nest across the corner of a ledge which ran all around the inside under the roof. Upon inquiry, we learned it had been occupied for two or three seasons past by a pair of tiny wrens.

One lovely morning in June our expectant hearts and ears were rejoiced by a burst of melody from an old apple-tree near the corner of the piazza, and soon after a grateful, happy song from a syringa bush still nearer. We had suspended a basket of ivies and ferns very near this cosy corner, and were soon rewarded by the appearance of Mr. Wren clinging to the cord, most carefully inspecting the ruins of his old home from that convenient point. He was evidently pleased and satisfied that things were to be as they had been. During the day, the soft, gentle little "gluck, gluck, gluck" of Mrs. Jennie Wren was heard in and about the apple-tree. The next day operations began for house-building. Every twig and fibre

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was taken away, and dropped at some distance from the house. Then the rebuilding went on vigorously until the nest was completed. The presence on the piazza of people, or even of newspapers blown about, caused no alarm, and we were viewed with the same interest, as we watched their movements, without suspicion or fear. The little brood were hatched in due time, and left the nest on the glorious Fourth, sprawling and flopping on the piazza half the day, and finally getting their balance in the apple-tree before dark.

For three seasons we enjoyed these melodious little lodgers and friends. Then we gave them a pretty house made fast to the same corner ledge. They had to do battle for it, as we found the testy English sparrows and wandering bluebirds had discovered its advantages before Mr. and Mrs. Wren arrived to take possession. However, by their energy and quick wit they gained the victory, and arranged their apartments to suit themselves ; always giving us in return their lovely songs and confidence. We became very intimate and devoted friends, so that the shock and grief were excessive when, one morning in June, after the soft, cosy nest had been occupied by five tiny pale blue eggs, we found our dear little Jennie lying stiff and cold at the foot of the piazza steps, not a wound or blemish on her tiny form or feathers. We could only surmise that she had flown after dark, with miscalculation, against the roof, and had been killed by the force of the blow. We left her there for a time, that her mate might learn his misfortune. To our surprise, he seemed indignant and unbelieving, sang impatiently, and flew to and fro. At last we buried her with much sorrow. Then his fury knew no bounds ; his wild song was almost constant, as if demanding her return at once. He tore bits from the nest and flung them about; later, he scrambled into the nest, and kicked madly backward, until every egg was tumbled out on the piazza. He swooped down on them, and, with his sharp black beak and slender claws, picked and stamped upon every remnant of his hopes and affections. Then he was exhausted, and was neither seen nor heard again that day, poor fellow.

The next morning he appeared, in a more humble frame of mind and song. He had evidently decided that dear Jennie did not like her home; he would build her a better one, and she would return to him ; so with busy brain and tender song he worked on alone the entire day. At dusk, when this nest was finished to his satisfaction, he seemed happy and hopeful. To our amazement, the next morning he perched himself on the topmost spike of a tall pine-tree at the north of the house, and began to sing in the loudest, most bewildering notes he was capable of. This continued for three days, until it was pitiable to see his thin, weary little form dilating with this effort of melody and love. On the fourth day he was in the apple-tree, using his most endearing tones and manners. A young, plump, pretty little Miss Wren was evidently appreciating them. For a day or two she was coy and hard to please, but was finally induced to take a peep at his residence from the hanging basket. She was so pleased that she soon took up her abode there. Mr. Wren was very devoted, but his plumage was ragged and gray, his eyes were less bright; it was plain to us that the week of agony, fatigue, and temper would never be effaced even by this fascinating young wife.

His decline in vigor and pluck was still more apparent the following spring, as he did not succeed in putting to flight his enemies, the bluebirds and sparrows, but gave up his old home, and took refuge in an orchard near by. Possibly the young wife preferred pink decorations and pale green portières as more artistic. Such tastes and compromises have been known among the unfeathered tribes.

Les Jeunes Revues. — It is known that the average French youth who goes in for literature, before he settles down to a prosaic sheephood, tries bleating like a lamb in verse. It is a puzzle to those who are not behind the scenes how he gets his verses published. Usually a few like himself put their slender purses together and bring out a new review, which may not pay for itself, but in which each one can see himself in print. By way of exception, La Plume, founded in 1889, and applying itself especially to the newer art, had a clear surplus of two thousand dollars in 1893 ; while the dinners which it gave, ostentatiously, to older writers supposed to detest one another have proved a yet greater success. The Revue Blanche, dating from 1890, and numbering among its contributors half a dozen founders of schools (all under thirty), has this year taken on

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the air of a serious review. But, for the most part, these "young reviews" appear and disappear under the arcades of the Odeon Theatre, where the literature of the Latin Quarter is sold, like the short-lived snows of the Parisian winter.

A deal of French literary history is bound up with the personalities behind these reviews. The Décadents have been made much of in England and America. They form but one set, already past, in a series comprising Parnassians, symbolists, instrumentists, and evolutives, and the Romanesques who follow that Parisian Greek, Jean Moréas, and have nothing to do with the Romanticists of Victor Hugo's early day. It is hardly worth while speaking of minute schisms, though the "hydropaths" and "hirsutes" were made up of men like Maurice Bouchor, who is now a mystic poet of marionettes, and Jean Richepin, who is under a slow process of conversion from the "tramp" songs that landed him in prison.

All these young reviews began in 1863 with the Revue Fantaisiste of Catulle Mendès, then a boy scarcely out of his teens. He is a Judeo-Greek of Marseilles, where his father was a judge, and his mother the most beautiful woman of her time. The elder Mendès had paid out sixty thousand francs on his young hopeful's Parisian venture, without any likelihood of returns, when, one day, Catulle was lugged off to prison. It was the period when Louis Napoleon's Empire lost no occasion to badger and repress the young republican pamphleteers of the Latin Quarter. The alleged offense was a comedy printed in the review.

The poet's friends were in the court when he was tried, to lend him countenance. Among the younger men like himself were Alphonse Daudet, who had not yet made a success of his novels, and Sully-Prudhomme, whose poetry, now that he has become an Academician, has proved a starting-point for the symbolists. Among the older men, already famous across the river, along the Boulevard, were, Aurélien Scholl, who is now the last of his *boulevardier* tribe, and still correct behind his single eyeglass and irreproachable cravat; Théodore de Banville, a greater though scarcely a readier rhymer than Catulle Mendès has turned out to be; and Baudelaire, fresh from singing the Flowers of Evil. Baudelaire had before this been up before the court. The public prosecutor took advantage of his presence to exclaim, with dramatic gesture, "What can you expect of a young man whose intimates are old offenders, already sentenced by their country's justice!" Baudelaire was beside himself with rage, and his friends had difficulty in leading him from the court-room, where he was on the point of being guilty of grave contempt. Mendès was sentenced to a fine of five hundred francs and a month's imprisonment. His review did not survive the sentence.

After the coming of the republic in 1870, Catulle Mendès started another review, called La République des Lettres. To it belongs the honor of furnishing the first regular output of both Parnassian verse and naturalist fiction. When the weekly paper which was publishing Zola's L'Assommoir grew frightened, and refused longer to print it, the remainder of the novel was given hospitality in this review. Mendès soon joined it with another, devoted to art, and edited by a certain Ricard, who now, in his demure age, works at a provincial paper and a project for "federalizing" the various Protestant religious denominations. The new review was called Le Parnasse Contemporain, and it paid for the poetry of as great men as Leconte de Lisle. This gave origin to the name *Parnassiens*. Those to whom it was applied, unlike their descendants, were quite correct and clear in their writing of verses. Paul Verlaine was then a youth, and had not yet begun his experience in prisons and hospitals with rum *à l'eau*. At his mother's house such Parnassians met as François Coppée, Sully-Prudhomme, and José Maria de Hérédia, — all three now of the Academy. The Décadents descend more directly from Verlaine himself.

Bohemianism was, perhaps, in the blood of Catulle Mendès. After a temporary marriage with Judith Gautier (Théophile's daughter, who writes notable historical romances under her maiden name), he went through the dueling age with only less credit than Aurélien Scholl, and finally subsided into his present position as writer of erotic verse and stories, with an occasional success at the Théâtre Français which tells what he might have been.

In 1884 appeared the publication which has had the most to do with the later poets, La Revue Indépendante. Its editor in chief was hatchet-faced Félix Fénéon, who was

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tried as an anarchist a few months ago. He was acquitted, though dynamite caps were found concealed in his desk at the Ministry of War (where he was a government employee), and it was known that he was intimate with Cohen, the Dutch anarchist, who got a living by translating Ibsen and Gerhard Hauptmann. One of the ultra-æsthetic writers whom Fénéon gathered round him was Laurent Tailhade, who, at a public supper, just after Vaillant's bomb had been thrown, gave utterance to a sentiment of refined anarchy: "What matters the deed if the doing be beautiful (*si le geste est beau*)!" By an uncommon instance of poetic justice another anarchist bomb blew his own cheek open, some weeks later. It was in the Revue Indépendante that the symbolists, from whom all the latest schools are derived, first showed themselves definitely in the writings of Moréas, Verlaine, and Stéphane Mallarmé. Here, too, young Maurice Barrès began a career that may reach to any height by his "cult of the Ego."

Climbing Ben Voirlich. — For several days we had been loitering and lazing at Inversnaid. The tide of travel swept by, but we did not feel the effect of its smallest eddy. Loch Lomond remained placid for us; the Scottish sky withheld its mists, as though in fear of our maledictions. The silver sheen of the adjoining waterfall in Glen Arklet seemed to gather daily a new glamour from the sun, and sometimes we thought, as we watched the falling floss, that if we tarried long enough it would turn into a shower of gold.

We often spent our mornings in the vicinity of Rob Roy's cave, for whose dark and damp recesses we had no especial fondness after curiosity had once been gratified. The world of under-earth, when seen at its best, has little attraction for mortals, and in Rob Roy's cave it shows to a decided disadvantage. We found an exhilaration, however, in clambering about among the huge boulders with which the slope above the lake is strewn, and in seeking out new points of vision, from each one of which unfolded an infinite variety of lake and mountain views. Nevertheless, after all our experiments, we invariably reverted to a tiny shingly cove, where great banks of soft bracken made love to the beach timorously, like a shy wooer. Here we would stretch at full length in the sun, and watch the ever-changing clouds above the summit of Ben Voirlich, which was now capped with shadow, and now agleam with amber rays. Though from the first we had felt a fondness for that soaring pinnacle, it did not exert its magnetic influence upon us strongly until we had studied it several days. Then, suddenly, we began to realize that we must obey its beckoning. It bade us climb, and there was no escaping the mandate.

The morning on which the final command came down to us was one of those unsurpassed half-days with which nature, in pity, sometimes dowers the Scottish highlands. Before noon we had all our arrangements made, and at two o'clock we embarked in a stanch rowboat. We shaped our course towards Inveruglas Island, which lifts its rounded cap of greenery not far from the opposite shore. When we first dipped our oars there was scarcely a film of cloud near Ben Voirlich's crest, but by the time we had beached our boat in a tiny bay on Inveruglas the white forerunners of the storm had begun to rally. In the days when the highland clans mustered for war, and descended upon the lowlands through the pass of Beal'maha, there was a stronghold of the MacFarlanes upon this craggy isle. The massive fragments of wall that peep from enveloping boughs bear witness that these clansmen were substantial builders, as they were, if tradition err not, wild and fearless raiders. By night they gathered for their reckless forays, and if "MacFarlane's lantern," the moon, shone in a clear sky at the harvest season, there was anxiety among grain-gatherers in adjacent lowland districts. The shepherds as far as Clyde-side had keen ears for the war-cry of these marauders, — "Loch Sloy! Loch Sloy!" — which was the ominous herald of their comings and goings.

The south wind was whispering its secrets to the reeds when we landed at the base of Ben Voirlich. Pathway up the mountain there was none, so we were left to choose our own course. At first the slopes were grassy, starred with tiny flowers of blue; then heather began to show itself, and erelong we were knee-deep in bracken. We were just congratulating ourselves upon having made a propitious start, when, gaining the top of a somewhat steep ridge, we discovered a precipitous seam at our feet which separated the height we had just

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scaled from the main bulk of the mountain. Down we were forced to scramble, and practically recommence the ascent.

Though the fleecy outriders of the storm had now darker company, we allowed hope to lure us into the belief that it was not above the goal of our desire that the clouds had appointed a tryst. With one or two notable exceptions we made easy work of our climb until we reached the spot where the peak proper springs suddenly and sharply from Ben Voirlich's shoulder. Here the heather and fern vanished, save in sheltered clefts, and we picked our upward way along the dry bed of a torrent, then by a series of shelves or natural stairs, and finally, on all fours, over a steep slide of loose rock-fragments, to a diminutive boulder-dotted plateau just below the summit. While we stretched ourselves here for a long, restful breath, the thunder began to growl behind the peak.

Although we now realized that we had ventured into the very lair of the storm, we resolved not to be baffled of our conquest of the crest, and so gathered our energies for a final effort. The wind came in powerful puffs, smiting us as with invisible goads, and we found it necessary to crouch as near as possible to the earth in order to avoid being carried bodily into space. Thus we reached Ben Voirlich's crown, and sheltered ourselves as best we might in a slight depression while we looked down into the great gulf where lay Loch Sloy, over which the gray darkness of the tempest brooded. The water was inky, save in one spot near the further shore, where, as fitfully as a firefly in the June dusk, there wavered ever and anon a line of foam. The trees that skirted the base of the mountain cowered as though they were human creatures smitten with awe. Ben Vane, beyond the loch, was lost in a blur of mist.

Now from the heart of the cloud, and now from its edges, flash followed vivid flash. Soon, borne upon the vicious wind-bursts, great raindrops fell about us, and we knew if we tarried another moment we should be enveloped in a drenching downpour. With a simultaneous impulse we rose, ran a few steps, and then stumbled, rolled, slid, to where, upon the edge of the little plateau, a gigantic boulder threw out a shelf like a roof. Beneath this shelter we were as dry for the time being, as protected from wind and rain, as though we were in the cosy hotel smoking-room at Inversnaid, where, I will not deny, we rather wished ourselves.

Yet we were rarely recompensed both for past privations and for those in store; for while we sat listening to the roar of the elements about us, the lake below and to the south was as placid as a smile, a striking contrast to the scene we had just viewed upon the other side of the peak. The remote islands were all aglow with sunshine, and around Ben Lomond's summit hung a halo of golden haze. Even while we watched, that portion of the cloud which blotted the blue above us parted, there was a sudden gleam of kindling rays, and lo! opposite, from hill to hill, spanning Glen Arklet, setting distant Loch Katrine in a glorious frame, arched a perfect rainbow, unbroken from end to end, brilliant in color, beautiful beyond words, miraculous.

Upon our descent recollection bids me not to dwell. The bracken through which we must perforce plunge, knee-deep, was soaked; the bog-holes, which had been dry an hour previous, were each a-brim; the shingle and lichened rock-slopes which had afforded reasonably sure footing were wet and slippery. Yet, that evening, as we lingered in the long, slowly deepening twilight beneath the beeches by the Inversnaid pier, we thought of these discomforts laughingly, so quickly does human nature rebound. As the moon rose above the giant shoulder of Ben Arthur (the Cobbler), and lightened the purples that shrouded Ben Voirlich, once again in imagination, as we have often since, we sat beneath the boulder, just below the mountain's storm-swept crest, and looked into the etherealized distance at the lake of Ellen's Isle, slumbering in unsullied sapphire under the arches of that marvelous bow.

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